

July Cosmopolitan

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**A suffragette is Mrs. Brown
Who's cleaning up in Spotless Town.
When she discovers wrongs to write,
The mails assist her in the fight.
De-voted readers high and low
Are voting for**

SAPOLIO



You know that harsh, chemical cleaners give poor suds.

Try this: Lather your hands with Sapolio. Swish them back and forth through a bowl of warm water. See the rich suds form.

Now try the same with any other cleaning compound.

Where are the suds?

Of course, strong harsh compounds will remove dirt. (So will sand-paper and caustic soda.) But they give tins a dull, "frosted" surface. In time they grind off

the tin coating. Then your tins rust. If you want tin-ware that shines like a mirror, use Sapolio. It contains no strong chemicals or coarse, injurious grit.

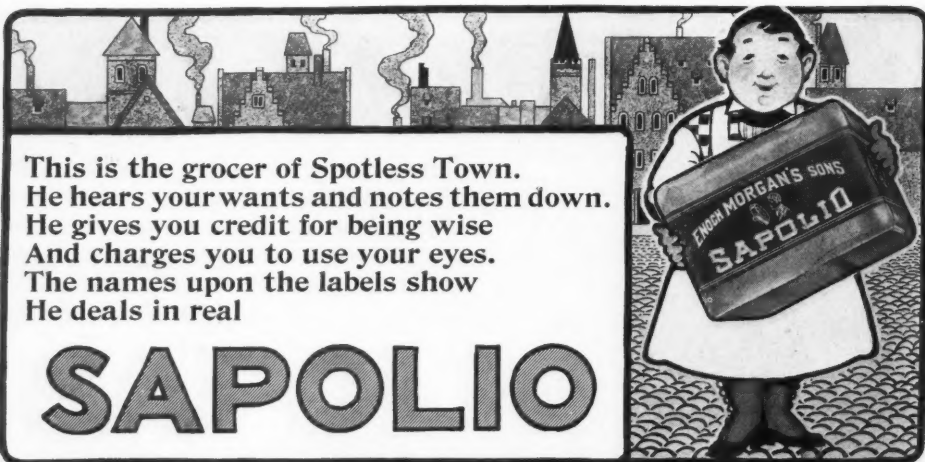
Rub a damp cloth on a cake of Sapolio. You then have a quick economical cleaner for tin-ware, enamel-ware, kitchen knives and forks, pots and kettles, dishes, woodwork and marble. Works without waste.

Our Spotless Town booklet tells more about Sapolio and more about Spotless Town. Write for it. Sent free.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company
Sole Manufacturers
New York City

**This is the grocer of Spotless Town.
He hears your wants and notes them down.
He gives you credit for being wise
And charges you to use your eyes.
The names upon the labels show
He deals in real**

SAPOLIO

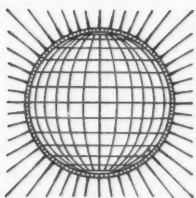


Cosmopolitan

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Everlastingly alive—alive to the big, every-day problems that hit your home and hit it hard; alive to new, straight-from-the-shoulder ways of presenting these big questions; alive to any magazine producer—anywhere—who can add one stroke to the interest and quality of Cosmopolitan; and alive—everlastingly alive—to get for you “the best—and only the best—at any price” for every issue; that is one reason why Cosmopolitan jumps ahead every month and is bound to break even its own high record as

America's Greatest Magazine

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The Master Man

By

Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by Charles A. Winter

THE world is being made over by the Master Man. Streets, parks, roads, fields, houses, barns, skyscrapers, stores, reflect his face.

Sympathy, wisdom, poise, action, seem to be the elements that are most needed in forming the Master Man. No person is great who does not possess sympathy.

Sympathy and imagination are twin sisters. Your heart must go out to all men, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned, the unlearned, the good, the bad, the wise, and the foolish; it is necessary to be one with them all, else you can never comprehend them.

The saviors of the world have simply been men with wondrous sympathy.

But wisdom must go with sympathy, else the emotions will become maudlin, and pity may be wasted on a poodle instead of a child; on a field-mouse instead of a human soul.

Knowledge in use is wisdom, and wisdom implies a sense of values—you know a big thing from a little one, a valuable fact from a trivial one. Tragedy and comedy are simply questions of value: a little misfit in life makes us laugh, a great one is tragedy and cause for expression of grief.

Poise is the governor that controls your sympathy and your knowledge.

Sympathy must not run riot, or it tokens weakness instead of strength. In every hospital for nervous disorders are to be found many instances of this loss of control. The individual has sympathy but not poise, and therefore his life is worthless to himself and to the world.

Poise reveals itself more in voice than it does in words; more in thought than in deed; more in atmosphere than in conscious life. It is a spiritual quality, and is felt more than it is seen. It is not a matter of bodily size, nor of bodily

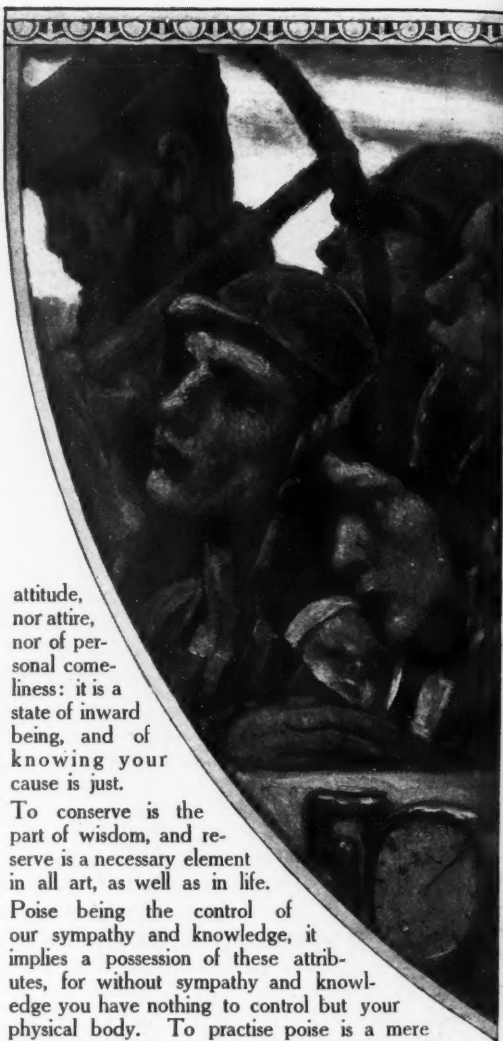
attitude, nor attire, nor of personal comeliness: it is a state of inward being, and of knowing your cause is just.

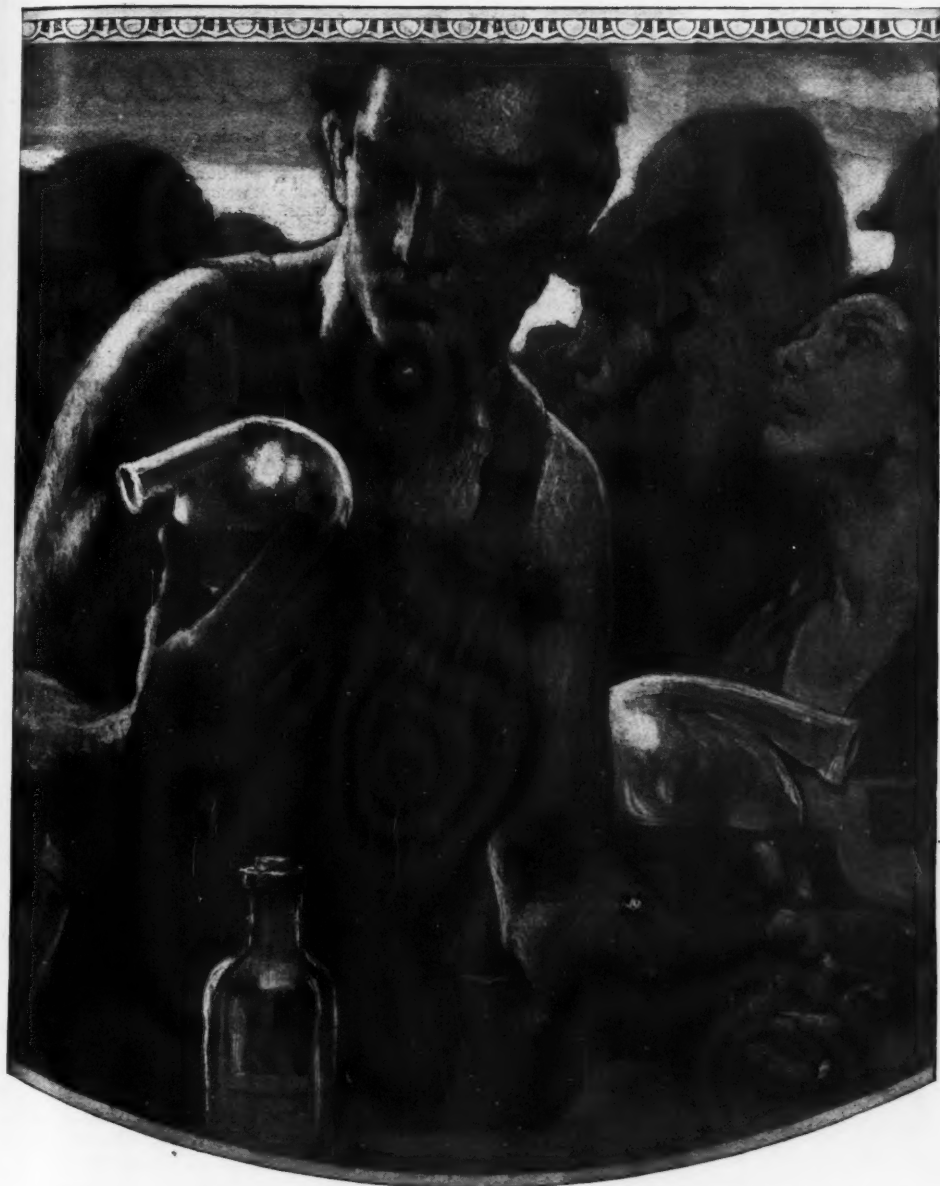
To conserve is the part of wisdom, and reserve is a necessary element in all art, as well as in life.

Poise being the control of our sympathy and knowledge, it implies a possession of these attributes, for without sympathy and knowledge you have nothing to control but your physical body. To practise poise is a mere gymnastic exercise; just as to study etiquette is to be self-conscious, stiff, preposterous.

Work is action guided by poise and purpose. Action accomplishes, performs. Deity creates through man. Nobility manifests itself in action; and what the man is, is revealed in what he does. The Master Man always and forever is a workingman. It is work that has tempered and tamed him. And out of the fulness of his strength he guides, directs, counsels—creates.

That man is the greatest who best serves his kind. Sympathy and knowledge are for use—you acquire that you may give out; you accumulate that you may bestow. And as God has





Deity creates through man. Nobility manifests itself in action; and what the man is, is revealed in what he does. The Master Man always and forever is a workingman

given unto you the sublime blessings of sympathy and wisdom, there will come to you the wish to reveal your gratitude by giving them out again; for the wise man is aware that we retain only as we give. Let your light shine. To him that hath shall be given. The exercise of wisdom

brings wisdom; and at the last, the infinitesimal quantity of man's knowledge, compared with the Infinite, and the smallness of man's sympathy when compared with the source from which ours is absorbed, will evolve a humility that will lend a perfect poise.

Do You Choose

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Have I the right to get married? If already married, If I have children, will they be healthy in mind and body, or will they be or epileptic, or so sickly and defective that they will be a burden to themselves time is coming when every intelligent man and woman must ask himself or as these—direct, personal, practical questions. The new knowledge of heredity to do so. The long controversy about the relative influence of heredity and been settled for all time. We know now that the possibilities of any individual before birth. If you are to select a marriage partner wisely, and give your proshalf a chance in life, you must be familiar with at least the essentials of this new That is the purpose of the following article, which is authoritative and cannot

THE essential constitution and mind of the individual are born and not made. Such is the clear, emphatic, and thought-provocative teaching of the new science of heredity. You, perhaps, are inclined to doubt this.

You have seen bright, healthy, robust children in families where the parents were sickly or unintelligent or depraved. You have also seen defective children whose parents were robust and intelligent. Such observations seem to deny the influence of heredity. But the new studies explain these anomalies; explain them not by the citation of theories merely, but by the piling up of illustrative cases, by the massing of evidence that no one can ignore.

At the very beginning it must be understood that we do not inherit our traits exclusively from our parents. We inherit them from grandparents and great-grandparents as well. Indeed, traits of a perfectly definite character—our stature, the color of our eyes or hair, our mental abilities—may come by direct inheritance from even more remote ancestors, after skipping two or three generations. Each individual is now thought of not so much as representing a blend of traits as a mosaic.

The new studies show that there are many characteristics of

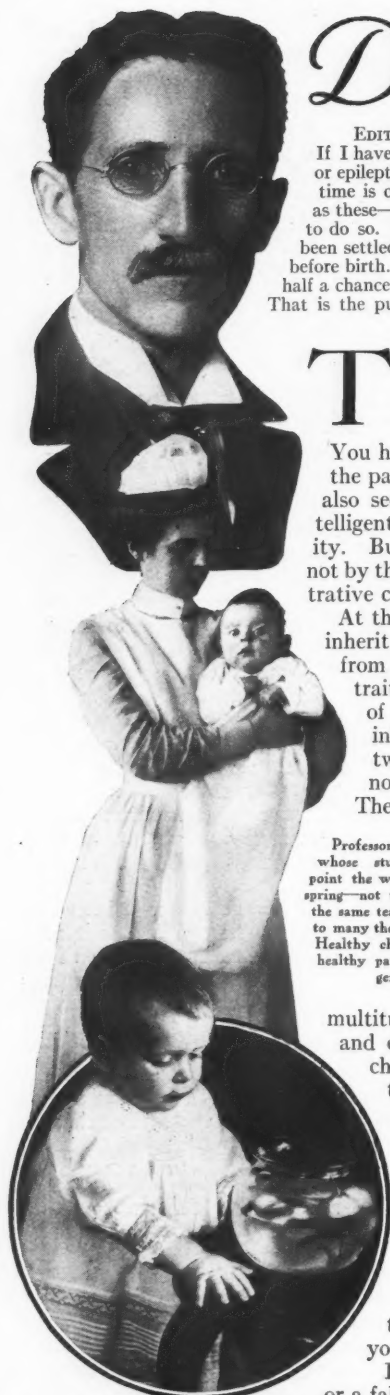
both body and mind that do not tend to become modified through blending, but which may seem altogether to disappear in a given generation, or even for successive generations, and yet reappear with full force in a remote descendant. This means that each individual bears within his system and may transmit to his descendants a

multitude of characteristics that he gives no evidence of having and of which he is quite unconscious. Just what these latent characteristics are can be known only through study of the characteristics of our forebears.

In a word, then, each of you is the bearer of a message from your ancestry to your posterity. You stand at the meeting point between galaxies of ancestors and other galaxies of prospective progeny. In your system lies the bit of germ-plasm that—miracle of miracles!—conveys the potentialities of good and evil of all the past—the epitome of the racial history of all your myriads of ancestors. Nothing that you can do will change the character of that germ-plasm. Its potentialities are fixed irrevocably. In a sense it is not a part of you; it is a heritage placed temporarily in your stewardship.

But it is open to you to decide whether you will be a true or a false steward. You may determine whether the progeny

Professor W. E. Castle, whose studies in heredity point the way to healthy offspring—not to every man, for the same teaching would deny to many the boon of children. Healthy children must have healthy parents—unto many generations



CENTER PHOTO (C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Your Children? *By Stoddard Goodhue*

have I the right to have children? feeble minded, or consumptive, and to their parents? The herself such questions makes it imperative environment has are determined pective children knowledge. be denied.



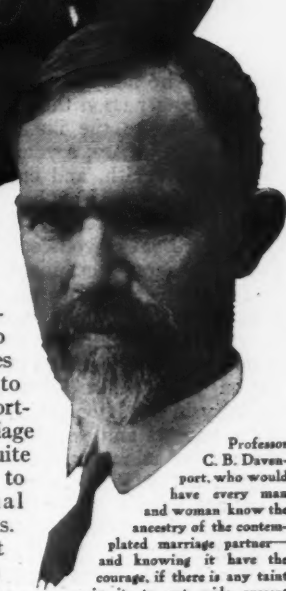
flowing from that germ-plasm shall be worthy of its best possibilities, or whether they shall exemplify its worst possibilities. And the whole

momentous question hinges on a single decision—your choice of a marriage partner. All the evolution of the past has been determined by mating selections; all the progress of the future will be conditioned on mating selections.

Viewed in this light, it might almost be said that a couple going to the altar stand before a court where thousands of ancestral ghosts sit in judgment, ready to chorus approval or to forbid the unworthy alliance. It would be well for the world if our dull human ears could hear the verdict—for none but the most foolhardy would dare to ignore it.

You do not go alone to the altar. Back of you—part of you—are generations of ancestral ghosts. The new heredity would have you investigate all these potential ancestors. If they approve, go on; if they warn, for the sake of the race—for your own happiness later—turn back

It is not necessary, however, to invoke the galaxies of past or future to show the all-importance of the marriage selection. It is quite enough to appeal to your own personal and selfish interests. However slight your interest in the welfare of remote posterity you are at least concerned about



Professor C. B. Davenport, who would have every man and woman know the ancestry of the contemplated marriage partner—and knowing it have the courage, if there is any taint in it, to put aside present happiness for the good of the race. Thus may many diseases be stamped out

Do You Choose Your Children

the welfare of your children, and that is the topic at present in hand.

The central fact to get clearly in mind is that in your germ-plasm are mingled the relics, so to speak, of very diversified ancestors. It is obvious that many of these traits are antagonistic or mutually exclusive. For example, you cannot be both tall and short. You cannot have both dark hair and light hair; or at the same time both black eyes and blue eyes. You cannot be strong and weak; healthy and unhealthy; sane and insane. Yet your two parents may represent these and scores of other divergent traits.

BE CAREFUL WHOM YOU MARRY

A multitude of observations have shown that the great variety of traits that go to make up the physical and mental characteristics of human beings are weighed against each other and transmitted as patent or as latent characteristics. It is obviously important to ascertain, particularly as regards diseased conditions, which traits tend to be directly transmitted from parent to offspring, and which ones tend to disappear in a generation and reappear in a later generation. Enough facts as to this all-important matter have been collected in very recent years to afford a basis for the scientific selection of marriage partners. We now know that in many cases seemingly normal individuals could not be mated without entailing the gravest danger upon their progeny.

Let us make the illustration concrete. You are, let us say, a young man of seemingly good health, and entirely normal in mind and body. You have fallen in love with a young woman also sound and healthy. Both of you could pass the most rigid life insurance examination. Seemingly you are well suited for each other.

It is true that one of your great-grandparents was mentally unbalanced, but there is nothing very startling in that, for investigation shows that there are strains of insanity in about one-third of all families. Your parents and your four grandparents were of normal mentality. So why give the matter a thought? In point of fact, you need not, were it not for the fact that one of your fiancée's grandparents was subject to epileptic seizures. But if you are wise that fact will make you pause. Insanity and epilepsy are not the same thing, to be sure; but they are allied neuroses which operate in the same way in the scheme of heredity.

It is more than likely, then, that the two neurotic taints if brought together will act like fire and tinder; and your offspring will be neuropathic—feeble minded or epileptic or sexually perverted or destined to become insane.

So your contemplated marriage involves matters far more profound than the mere question of your individual happiness of the moment. It involves the weal or woe of those years of the future when your children will be to you either the supreme blessing or a source of the profoundest remorse and sorrow. Dare you take the hazard?

Before you answer look about you and consider the families of your neighbors. More than likely some of them include children that are congenitally crippled or scrofulous or "backward" or vicious and depraved. You have supposed that this was an unavoidable misfortune; an inexplicable "interposition of Providence." You are wrong. The seeming misfortune that is bringing the head of your neighbor in sorrow to the grave was really of his own choosing. He predetermined that his child should be neuropathic or epileptic or deformed or congenitally blind or deaf or morally depraved when he selected the mother of that child. He made the choice unwittingly, of course. But nature makes no allowance for ignorance. You will invite the same disaster if you act with like lack of foresight. There are estimated to be four million children in the United States that are classified as "exceptional." The Binet tests show that in some of our schools 30 per cent. of the children are below the normal standards of mental development. Do you wish to be responsible for children that will add to this class?

WHAT HEREDITY HAS DONE

There are estimated to be 200,000 individuals in the United States that rank as imbeciles. And with the rarest exception the cause of imbecility is heredity—and heredity alone. The parents of an imbecile may be mentally sound and normal; but they carry inherited defects in their germ-plasm or their child would not be congenitally defective.

And this, be it understood, applies to moral defects no less than to mental. Hereditary instability of the nervous mechanism—weakness of brain and mind—may reveal itself differently in various members of the same fraternity—in one case as feeble-mindedness, in another case as criminality,

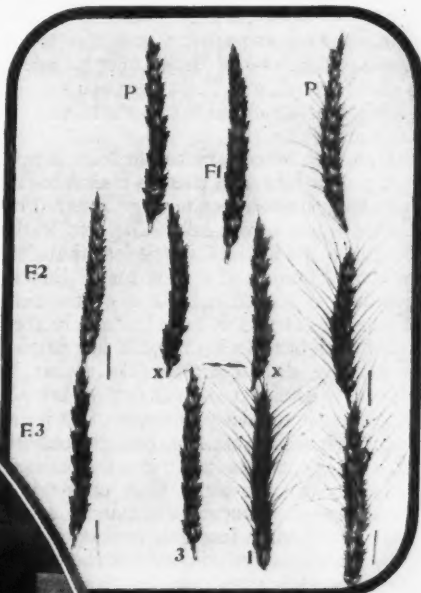
and in yet others as epilepsy or as insanity or drunkenness or debauchery. Such details of difference as these imply are often determined by the environment; but the deep-seated nervous defect that underlies them all is a matter of inheritance.

All this, you admit, is very harrowing; but you thank your luckstars that your family is free from any such taint. Do not be too sure of that. Do you know the names, let alone the antecedents, of your eight great-grandparents? Are you quite sure that no one of them was

consumptive, or addicted to alcohol, or the victim of venereal diseases? One-tenth of all deaths are due to consumption. So it is more than an even chance that your forebears of the past three generations included at least one victim of this disease.

If such is really the case, there is a strain of susceptibility to the attacks of the tubercle bacillus in your system—bred in the bone, as the saying is—however free you may be from any outward indication of the fact. And the one sure way to bring that latent tendency to the surface is to choose a mate who carries the same latent hereditary tendency. Look about you and see how many of your acquaintances, themselves healthy, have scrofulous or nervous or ill-nourished, pale, sickly children. Then ask yourself whether you would knowingly choose such progeny for your own.

The choice lies with you. If you mate



Science declares that there is one law of heredity for man and the beasts and flowers of the fields. On this page are illustrations of what scientific breeding can do—and does do where dollars are concerned, not sentiment. Crossing a black-faced, coarse-wooled, hornless sheep with a fine-wooled, white-faced, horned sheep produced the latter type without the horns. Professor Biffin of Cambridge (portrait) crossed a small-grained, rust-resisting wheat with a large-grained strain susceptible to rust and produced in the third generation a large-grained, rust-free strain

with a person of a family strain not susceptible to tuberculosis, your children will in all probability be normal in this regard. Even the children of a consumptive who mates with a normal person may be normally resistant. But to unite two tainted strains, even when the individuals themselves are normal, is to challenge fate; in effect, to invoke a curse on your own progeny. "It is highly undesirable," says Professor C. B. Davenport, "that two persons of weak resistance [to tuberculosis] should marry, lest their children all carry the weakness." If that simple rule could be known to people in general, and if they could be prevailed upon to act on it, how rapidly would the fight against the great white plague be carried to a successful issue.

THE DANGER IN COUSIN MARRIAGES

Consider now a pedigree that introduces another complication. A young man falls in love with his cousin. Both are normal; so are their four parents; and they ignore the fact that one of their common grandparents was deaf. The two cousins marry and have four children, of whom two are born deaf.

Here the hereditary defect had skipped two generations, and there is reason to suppose that it would not have reappeared but for the union of cousins. The justification for this belief is found in the fact that deafness may be due to a good many different conditions, so the marriage of unrelated deaf mutes results in deafness in only about one-fourth of the offspring, the low percentage being due, Professor Davenport believes, to the fact of one parent bringing into the combination what the other parent lacks, thus neutralizing the defect. But when the parents are related—belonging therefore to the same type or strain of deafness—the percentage of marriages yielding deaf children increases in proportion to the closeness of relationship of the parents. In one case in which the marriage partners were nephew and aunt, 75 per cent. of the children were deaf.

"There is," says Davenport, "no one taint that results from the marriage of kin; the result is determined by the specific defect in the germ-plasm of the common ancestor." It follows that if there is no hereditary weakness in your family—no taint of mental or physical disease—you may marry your cousin without jeopardizing the interests of

your prospective offspring. But if there is a heritable taint—and very few families are altogether free from one defect or another—you magnify the defect by the union of two strains that carry it. A totally unrelated person *may* have the same defect; but your cousin is almost *sure* to have it, because you inherit from the same ancestor. So the marriage of cousins should never be consummated without very careful scrutiny of the common pedigree.

When the marriage of persons related in some degree of cousinship is in question, it is well to recall that the entire population of a country that has been long inhabited and not much subject to immigration, comes to be made up of closely interwoven elements. To see how inevitable this is, we have only to recall that the descendants of a single individual, were each of his progeny to have on the average five children, amount to more than eight million in the tenth generation. Ten generations span little more than three centuries; so the total population of America to-day might be accounted for as descended from a dozen couples or so that came over in the Mayflower—provided there had been no intermarrying. But it is equally obvious that marriage partners could not have been found for the successive generations without constant intermarrying.

THE NEED OF NEW BLOOD

In point of fact, all students of genealogy know that where a population is established in a restricted territory a few generations suffice to make the entire community related within recognized degrees of consanguinity. In such communities, family traits and any heritable weaknesses become accentuated. The "racial characteristics" of New-Englanders, for example, and of Virginians, furnish illustrations in point. In the long run the laws of heredity operate to bring to the surface the undesirable latent traits, which, when they become sufficiently preponderant in the community, tell of racial degeneration. Nothing saves a closely inbred race that has reached this stage except the infusion of good new blood from outside.

But in view of this intermingling of descendants, in virtue of which everyone in a given region becomes more or less closely related to everyone else, how does anyone escape being tainted with a variety of

heritable defects? Until very recently no one could answer that question in anything but the vaguest way, but the new studies of heredity have supplied a perfectly definite and precise answer, the gist of which is that the same traits are not transmitted to all the offspring of a given couple, and that by proper selection even the worst defect may be bred out of a family.

To make the matter clear, we may draw an illustration from the animal world. It is quite valid to do so, because it is fully conceded that the same laws of heredity apply to animals and to men. Indeed, the knowledge that is now being applied to human matings was first gained by experiments with plants and animals.

Let us take, then, the case of two guinea-pigs. If a black and a white guinea-pig, both of pure strains, are mated, the offspring are all black. If a pair of these offspring of the first filial generation are interbred, the progeny show three black individuals and one white in each group of four. Then, if the white members of the fraternity are interbred, they will produce only white offspring. They are to all intents and purposes of a pure white breed. Notwithstanding the fact that both their parents are black, the tendency to blackness has utterly disappeared from their germ-plasm.

If, meantime, the black members of the fraternity are interbred, it will presently be revealed that, whereas they all look alike, there are deep-seated differences between them. Certain among them, if interbred, will produce only black offspring. Regardless of the fact that one of their grandparents was white, all tendency to whiteness has disappeared from their germ-plasm. But there are others among the black members of the fraternity which, if interbred, produce both black and white offspring, in

the proportion of three to one. Their germ-plasm, like that of their parents, contains elements of both blackness and whiteness.

This seems remarkable enough; and the wonder grows when we learn that however often the experiments are repeated the same results are obtained generation after generation. Of any four grandchildren (on the average) of a black and a white guinea-pig, one is pure black, with no tendency to whiteness; one is pure white, with no tendency to blackness; and two are individually black, but with a latent tendency to whiteness that will make one-fourth of their offspring white.

Thus it appears that the offspring of the same parents—brothers and sisters in the same litter—differ radically from one another not only in their personal traits but in the latent traits carried in their germ-plasm. Some are pure black, some are pure white, and some are mixed; and the same law of heredity accounts for them all.

Now for the application.

It appears that most of the heritable human traits we have all along been considering act in inheritance precisely as do the qualities of blackness and whiteness in the guinea-pig. As regards a large number of conditions, normality may be said to be matched against abnormality as black is matched against white in the animal. When a normal person mates with a feeble-minded person, for example, the children are likely to be normal, but with a latent tendency to abnormality. Of the offspring of these children (mated with others of similar heritage), out of each group of four, one will be purely normal, two will be seemingly normal but with a latent tendency to transmit abnormality, and one will be abnormal.

Thus it appears that three out of four of the grandchildren of an imbecile may be altogether normal, and that one of the three



The world's most famous example of hereditary features—the Habsburg jaw. Charles II of Spain inherited it from an Austrian princess in 1661; the present king of Spain got it from the same source

may have not even the latent tendency to the affliction of their grandparent. The other two have the latent tendency, but it need never reappear in their offspring if they mate with normal persons. And this fact is, on the whole, the most wonderful, as it is the most beneficent, revelation of the new heredity. In effect, good health preponderates over ill health in transmission; a trait that has been bred into your family through the injudicious mating of an ancestor may be bred out for all time by judicious mating. In the course of three generations purely normal strains may be developed from families that were permeated with abnormality. And to accomplish this, nothing more is required than the judicious selection of marriage partners.

THE UNALTERABLE RULE

But, on the other hand, the selection of wrong partners results in abnormal children with equal certainty. Dr. H. H. Stoddard, of the training School for Defectives at Vineland, New Jersey, has gathered a mass of evidence showing that the mating of two feeble-minded persons produces only feeble-minded offspring. Similarly Drs. Cannon and Rozanoff, of the Kings Park Hospital for the Insane, find that when both parents have any form of "functional" insanity, "all of their children will 'go insane.'" If one parent is insane and the other normal but of insane stock, half of the children tend to become insane. When both parents, though normal, belong to insane stock, about one-fourth of the children become insane."

Thus these practical studies emphasize anew the lesson that *everything* depends upon the matings.

These all-important laws of heredity have been understood only in very recent times. A clue to their interpretation was gained through study of hereditary transmission of a great variety of characteristics in plants and animals. The pioneer work was done by the Austro-Silesian monk, Gregor Mendel, a full generation ago, but no one paid any attention to his work until it was re-discovered by the famous Professor de Vries of Amsterdam.

Mendel's experiments were made chiefly with ordinary garden peas. He found that if he interbred a tall variety of pea with a short variety, tallness prevailed in the offspring, and shortness remained only as a

latent tendency that could reappear in a later generation. In a similar way such traits as white flowers versus pink flowers, green pods versus yellow pods, hairiness of leaf versus smoothness of leaf, could be matched against each other, and experiment would show which of the mutually exclusive traits would directly reappear in the third generation. It was discovered that each particular trait showed always the same hereditary capacities in this regard. Similar tests have now been applied to a great variety of antagonistic and complementary traits of many species of plants and animals. Thus Professor Punnett in England and Professor Davenport in America have made classical experiments with fowls; and Professor Castle, at Harvard, has elaborately tested the hereditary characteristics of mice, guinea-pigs, and rabbits.

By utilizing the knowledge thus gained, it is possible to produce new breeds of plants or animals in the course of three generations. Thus Mr. Woods of Cambridge, England, by crossing a white-faced race of horned sheep with a black-faced hornless race has been able to produce a white-faced race without horns. Professor Biffin, also of Cambridge, has crossed two strains of wheat, one of which produced large kernels but was susceptible to the plant disease called rust, whereas the other produced small kernels but was insusceptible to this disease; and in the third generation has produced a new breed combining large kernels and resistance to disease. It is estimated that the production of this new breed of wheat will save the British farmer many millions of dollars annually.

THE HOPE IN HEREDITY

In the light of the new knowledge, the message of heredity is not fatalistic. It is true that your tendencies and mine were fixed irrevocably before birth. From that conclusion there is no escape. You may have inherited a family taint that your brothers and sisters have escaped. But it does not follow that you must pass that taint on to your children. On the contrary, as we have seen, the traits of your prospective offspring are to be determined very largely by your own choice. If you wish to have strong, healthy, sane children, it is (barring a few exceptional cases) open to you to have such children. You make the choice when you select a marriage partner.



That is the inspiring, the wonderful, message of the new heredity. It shows that it is largely open to your choice whether the good traits or the bad traits that are latent in your germ-plasm shall become operative in the personalities of your children. You may accentuate strains of abnormality or disease that existed in some of your ancestors, or you may eliminate such strains, accordingly as you choose ill or well. There is no sorrow like that of having offspring that are diseased or

There is menace in alien blood. Fourteen thousand insane aliens are in the hospitals of one state, New York. More than 88% of the insane patients admitted to the New York City hospitals last year were aliens. Exceeding great care must be taken not to turn these streams of disease into floods of disaster by scattering them among our native population. One drop of tainted blood inherited by your child may blight his life



crippled or depraved. So you are juggling with your own happiness when you make selection of a marriage partner without considering the coming generation. The new heredity does not tell you whom to select as a parent for your children; but it can tell you whom *not* to select.

The one simple, all-encompassing rule is this: do not marry into a family that carries a defect of a kind that is carried also in your own family strain. If, for example, one of your parents died of consumption, you know that susceptibility to the tubercle bacillus is latent in your germ-plasm, even though you personally are thoroughly resistant. It would be the height of folly for you to marry an individual whose germ-plasm carries a similar taint of susceptibility, even though this individual were also personally normal.

Yet the rule may be modified to this extent, and there is hope in it,

in accordance with the teaching of the new heredity: if the consumptive member of your direct ancestral line was as far removed as a great-grandparent, and if you have at least three brothers or sisters all of whom are normally resistant, you are justified in assuming that (through wise selection) the taint has been bred out of the particular strain to which you belong; and this despite the possibility that you have uncles and aunts and cousins that are consumptive. The diagram given on the following page, which illustrates the formula according to which persons of the same ancestry may inherit different groups of tendencies, will make this possibility more clear than could be done by a verbal description.

DISEASES DIRECTLY TRANSMISSIBLE

All this refers, it will be understood, to the various abnormal conditions that tend to remain latent in a generation and to reappear under unfavorable conditions in later generations. It must not be overlooked that there are certain diseased conditions that are directly transmissible from parent to child and which therefore do not come within the scope of the formula just given. For example, there is that protean malady syphilis; there is the painful eye disease called glaucoma; and the systemic condition producing diabetes. Doubtless these directly transmissible conditions (in particular venereal diseases) were chiefly in the minds of the Chicago clergymen who recently declared that in future they would refuse to perform the marriage ceremony unless medical certificates were presented along with marriage licenses. Of similar import is the proposed New York marriage law requiring a certificate showing freedom from disease "due to immorality."

In the light of all the evidence we have just examined, it is obvious that a mere personal bill of health carries us only a small way toward the goal of safety. Still it is a beginning, and as such it marks notable progress. Ten years ago such a suggestion could hardly have been tolerated. Now there is every prospect that we shall soon be prepared to go much farther—challenging not merely the personal health of the marriage applicant, but his family history as well.

What might be called the negative side of the problem has already received attention in the laws permitting the sterilization of criminals, which are in vogue in several

states. Questions of heredity in relation to the hordes of immigrants from the lower order of population of Europe are also receiving recognition. The fact that 14,000 aliens are public charges in the hospitals for the insane of New York State alone challenges public attention. It is not pleasant to think that our children must interbreed with the children of atavistic strains of the race. Moreover there are students of heredity who call attention to the menace of a negro population which has doubled with each generation till the 700,000 individuals of colonial times have become 10,000,000. The very thought of miscegenation is repulsive, yet statistics show us that in some states more than 50 per cent. of the colored population carries a recognized strain of white blood. Here and there the question is raised as to whether it may not become necessary to restrict the fecundity of the negro population that the intellectual status of the American race be not hampered by too large an incubus.

STUDY YOUR FAMILY TREE

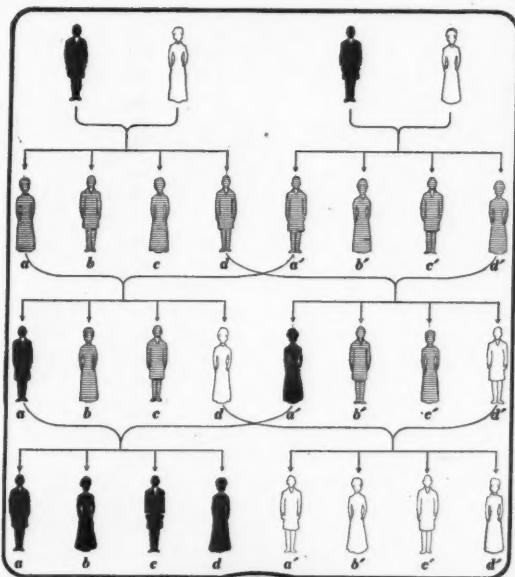
All these larger racial questions have a personal bearing for each of us if rightly considered; but our present purpose concerns largely the question of the application of the new laws of heredity to the average normal individual. It is obvious that you cannot avail yourself of the knowledge supplied by the new studies of heredity, in its practical application to your own case, unless you can gain detailed information as to the traits and characteristics, normal and abnormal, of your own ancestors for at least two or three generations. In this view the study of family trees takes on new meaning. Once genealogy was a theme for the dilettante. It now becomes a study of the utmost practicality for every one of us, in our own interests and the interests of our children.

It is clear that such an investigation of family traits as is here suggested involves search that will often prove difficult. But when we reflect on the care with which breeders of animals trace and guard the pedigrees of their select stocks of dogs and cattle and horses, it would seem as if intelligent human beings might be willing to safeguard the interests of their progeny with at least as much assiduity.

If you say that this seems to rob marriage of all romance, I content myself with suggesting that there is nothing

appealingly romantic about a brood of feeble-minded or tubercular or epileptic children.

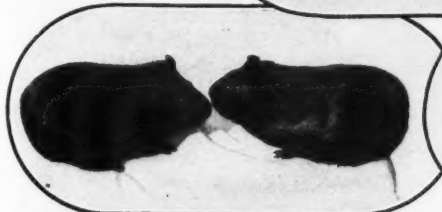
I would suggest, then, that every reader of these lines should undertake a personal investigation as to his own ancestry, with reference to heritable abnormalities of mind and body. If you are in doubt as to the best method of procedure, you can secure practical information by addressing the Eugenic Record Office at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, N. Y. Not only will the investigators there be glad of your cooperation in securing genealogical records, but the bureau proffers its services free of charge to persons seeking advice as to the consequences of proposed marriage matings. Thus you may have the advantage of expert advice based upon the fullest collection of records of



human matings and their results that is anywhere in existence; indeed the only comprehensive set of records of the kind that has been made for its purely scientific value.

What the scrutiny of your own pedigree teaches you regarding your own germ-plasm will be useful precisely in proportion as you apply the knowledge in the interests of your

progeny. By letting your passion of the moment overmaster your judgment, you may be responsible for offspring that will rebuke you every hour of your life. By making practical application of your knowledge, you may avail yourself of the hopeful message of heredity and may give yourself reasonable assurance of such a coterie of children and grandchildren as may justly fulfill the Scriptural injunction to rise up and call you blessed.



The menace—and the hope—in heredity. The diagram represents two normal men who married abnormal—diseased—women, who were cousins. The children were all apparently normal, but with the disease taint in their blood. Cousins married, and the children were, one normal, two apparently normal, and one abnormal. Then by a wise selection the fourth generation of one family was entirely normal. Careless selection, on the other hand, produced, in the other family, a progeny all abnormal.

The lesson is that hereditary weaknesses may be overcome by matings with blood free from them. With the guinea-pig the same thing has been proved for animals. Study this picture in connection with the text on page 153



DRAWN BY JOHN ALTON WILLIAMS

"Was it a good game?" The voice was weaker, but his gaze questioned me eagerly. "Splendid!" I exclaimed. The heavy lids fell, but lifted again, and the eyes beckoned to me. I bent lower that I might catch the next faint whisper. "Mother," breathed the half-conscious lad, "you're a dead game sport!" Verily I had my reward

Confessions of a "Successful" Mother

Should a mother give up everything for her children? Is the time-old idea of mother-sacrifice necessary or justified these days? What is the effect of it on the home, on the parents, on the children themselves? Mrs. Van de Water is unquestionably the leading writer to-day on all problems like these which come close to the hearthstone. She writes her stories in fiction form, but underneath is the keenest kind of analysis of present-day home conditions as they exist in the great majority of American families. Here she takes up the time-accepted idea of mother-sacrifice and shows how in one case, at least, it worked out

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Author of "Why I Left My Husband," "Good for the Soul?" "The Liar," etc.

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

LAST Sunday morning, in the church pew in front of mine, sat a young mother and her little son and daughter. I could see the mother's proud look as she glanced at the pair—the handsome boy, the dainty girl—and as I watched the trio I felt a constriction of the heart, and tears rose to my eyes and blinded me. I did not envy the happy woman, but for a moment my thoughts traveled back to the days when my own boy and girl were as young as these children, and with the remembrance came the pain.

My acquaintances would not understand these tears, for they consider me a fortunate woman and a successful mother, for I have raised a son and a daughter to honorable manhood and womanhood. But I am lonely.

As long as my children needed me I was unconscious of the meaning of that word "lonely." My little ones and my husband occupied all my time. They were all I wanted. Bill, our boy, was named for my husband; the little girl, Winifred, was my namesake.

I do not think that mothers love their sons better than their daughters, and yet, although Winnie was my companion and darling, my boy was my pride and the "man-child I had gotten from the Lord." He was a sturdy little lad, and by the time that he was seven years old he considered himself the protector of his mother.

"Take good care of your mother and sister, son," his father would say with a smile when he left the house each morning, and Bill would reply gravely, "Yes, dad!"

While Will, my husband, was proud of his boy, the little girl was his pet and joy. She

showed toward him a tenderness such as only a daughter can give a father. I like to remember now how much happiness she brought into his life.

Will was a devoted father, but as our boy outgrew babyhood and early childhood I felt that my husband was sometimes over-severe with him, and it was my endeavor to avoid having Bill punished. I often pleaded his cause with his father, frequently added a little money to his regular allowance, and, if he overdrawed this, I would make up the deficit from my own purse. When Will suspected that I had done this, he would protest that I was spoiling the child. But it was always my joy to play Providence to my dear lad.

I did not have to "make up" for so many things to our daughter. Perhaps her father did this for her, and she was a quiet, methodical, and conventional lassie who modeled herself somewhat upon other little girls, and was satisfied if she might do as they did and play as they played. She seldom got into scrapes. She loved pretty clothes, and, as she grew older, had very decided notions as to what she wanted. At times I disagreed with her views on dress, but her father would smile indulgently and say, "Oh, let her have what she wants."

My husband and I agreed on many points with regard to training our children, and one of these was the determination that our boy should not play football. Never, said the father, would he consent to Bill's engaging in that brutal game, and I, with a mother's horror of it, heartily agreed with his verdict. Our son had asked tentatively several times during his first year of high school

what we would say should he want to play, and our answer was always the same. When the football season was over, he confessed to me that because of his size—he was very tall and broad shouldered—he had been urged again and again to play, and that he had been sneered at when he said that his father would not allow it. He actually dreaded going through the same kind of thing next year. But I insisted that his father and I were in the right, and the matter was dropped until the fall term began. Then I noticed Bill's depression, and when his father asked him the cause of his lack of enthusiasm with regard to his school, he replied that a fellow who would not take part in athletics when he was strong enough to do so was sent to Coventry by the other students. Will suggested that there were several athletic sports besides football, and Bill made no answer to this. I saw that something was far wrong, and watched my opportunity to learn what it was. I always went into my son's room before he slept at night, to "tuck him in," he used to say jokingly. It was our time for confidential chats and for talking over the events of the day. On the night in question I saw that the lad had much on his mind, and by the time I had asked a few questions he poured out the whole story. Good men were wanted for the football team. He had been approached often on the subject, and always had declined to play. The fellows suspected him of cowardice, of having "a yellow streak," he called it. If he would not play the game for which he had been named, he was not wanted for other sports. He had been accused frequently lately of lacking school spirit. He was losing all the pleasure he might have in his student life, as a man among other men (that was the way my seventeen-year-old boy put it)—all because he could not play football.

"It's hard, mother," he said, "to be placed in such a position through no fault of mine. Some fellows would play without telling their people, but I won't do that. Can't you and father change your minds about it?"

I promised to think it over. Lying awake that night I fought the matter out with myself. Most of my battles have been fought out in the darkness when the world is supposed to be asleep. On this night I decided that since I had brought a son into the world I had no right, because of womanly

cowardice, to deprive him of what he regarded as his legitimate pleasure, nor to place him in a situation that made his life hard and unhappy. The troubles and disappointments of youth look large, I reflected, and are seldom seen by the sufferers in their proper perspective. My ideal mother would set aside her own feelings for the happiness of her child. So there, in the smallest and darkest hours before the dawn, I resolved to abandon my personal prejudice. It cost a struggle, but it was for Bill. That made my course plain to me.

The struggle I had with myself was as nothing compared with the one I had with my boy's father. He looked at me in reproachful surprise when I suggested that, after all, perhaps we had been a bit too decided in our prohibition of football. He could not understand my change of attitude.

"I thought you felt as I do in this matter, Winifred," he declared. "You told me you did, and we agreed perfectly—in word, at least—upon the subject."

"I know," I acknowledged, "but, since then, I have had a talk with Bill, and really he has shown me the matter in a new light."

"And only from his own standpoint," affirmed my husband. "No, I will never consent to his playing; scores of men have been injured for life in the game; I am surprised that you, a loving mother and sensible woman, should for a moment consider it."

Bill never suspected the long and painful altercation we had—one that brought with it the sharpest words my husband and I had ever exchanged. We were out for a long Sunday afternoon walk when I broached the subject, and we tramped on, block after block, our hearts so hot and both of us so miserable that we noticed little that was happening about us.

We returned home, tired and depressed. At our Sunday night supper we chatted persistently of impersonal things. My head ached, and my husband looked worn and pale. When, at bedtime, I went to my room, I heard Will call Bill into the library. I felt sick and faint, for I feared that my husband was going to tell the lad that he wished to hear no more arguments in favor of football. But in less than five minutes my son rushed into my room, his face aglow.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, "dad is the finest ever. He says that you told him of the rotten position I'm in at school about

football, and he's going to let me go out with the team. I say, isn't he a trump?"

"He is indeed!" I agreed, averting my eyes that the boy might not see the tears in them. I would not mar his joy by showing how weary and spent I was. "You have a good father, Bill."

"I know it," he averred, "and," giving me a rapturous hug, "the best mother, too! I know that if you had not said that you were willing to have me play dad would have held fast to his prejudices."

Later I put my arms about my husband's neck and drew his face down to mine. "Thank you, darling," I whispered.

"That's all right!" he said huskily. "I held out as long as I did only because I love the boy, and now"—with a sorry attempt at

a laugh—"I have given in because I love him—and you!"

"I know it," I said.

"Let's forget the quarrel," he urged. "I'll never mention it again."

And he never did—not even when our boy was hurt in football the second year he played. "Buster," as Bill was called by his classmates, became popular as soon as he joined the football squad and, to use the popular phraseology, "made good." He liked to have me attend the games, so I went whenever it was possible. I sat on many a bleak day shivering with what those near me thought was cold, but which was largely nervous fear. When there would be a scrimmage, and the players would go down in a mass, I strained eager eyes until I saw that my boy, conspicuous by his height, was again on his feet. I had done this for two seasons before the day came on which he was hurt. On that afternoon I watched him start down the field, saw him tackled by a man as large as himself, and then there was a confused group of bodies, legs, and arms, and, as usual, I waited, breathless, to see my boy rise to his feet. But I searched in vain for him. Still

I said nothing to the kindly woman friend who sat with me on this bright November day. There was an ominous pause. All mothers who have

watched football games know that pause. Then I saw four men carrying somebody from the field, and among those who stood looking on I did not see my son. I found myself whispering, "Where's Bill?" and the friend beside me said softly, "I hope he's not hurt."

"Fellows!" yelled the cheer-leader in front of the grandstand in which we sat, "Buster's knocked out! Give him a long Ye-a-a!" I heard the enthusiastic bellows with which the American youth

show appreciation of what they consider heroism. "Is he much hurt?" I heard some one ask, and a voice behind me said, "That's his mother sitting down there."

My friend laid her hand on my arm. "Shall I take you to the team's dressing-room?" she asked sympathetically.



"Take good care of your mother and sister, son," his father would say with a smile when he left the house each morning, and Bill would reply gravely. "Yes, dad!"

I shook my head. "No," I said, forcing my stiff lips to frame the words. "Bill would *hate* it."

I remembered with startling distinctness that he had said that fussy mothers mortify their grown sons.

The whistle shrilled forth, and the game went on. I sat waiting, for I had seen a fellow whom I recognized as the manager of the team start across the field, and I was sure he was coming to me. When he reached me he spoke in what I knew was meant to be a reassuring tone:

"Buster's knocked out, but he opened his eyes just now and asked me to tell you he's all right. The coach'll take him home in a cab as soon as the doc gets him fixed up."

"Where is he hurt?" I asked calmly.

"He got a kick in the head, but I guess he's all right now."

He was making light of the matter so that I would not cry. He need not have feared that. I rose to my feet.

"I will go right home and will be there before he is," I said, and my friend and I went out quietly together. Those of us who declare that we "hate the New York subway," forget how it sometimes annihilates space for those who are in such an agony of haste as was I. So well did it serve my purpose on that awful day that I was at home and pacing the floor for a half-hour before the football coach and a friend of Bill's brought my boy home. They helped me undress him and put him into bed. By the time they had gone our own physician arrived. As he was examining his patient the dear lad opened his eyes and looked into my face. I forced myself to smile cheerfully.

"Well, darling!" I said.

"Did I make a touch-down?" he whispered.

"Indeed you did!" I replied, although I had no idea if I were telling the truth or not.

"Was it a good game?" The voice was weaker, but his gaze questioned me eagerly.

"Splendid!" I exclaimed.

The heavy lids fell, but lifted again, and the eyes beckoned to me. I bent lower that I might catch the next faint whisper.

"Mother," breathed the half-conscious lad, "*you're a dead game sport!*"

Verily I had my reward.

Concussion of the brain may or may not be very serious. Our son came through it

safely and, after a few weeks, was, apparently, none the worse for the accident. For nights without number I would see in my sleep a sunlit field, a group of men in blue and scarlet jerseys standing about while four others carried away an unconscious form. And I would wake with a start and find myself sobbing aloud. But I never told Bill of this, for I knew he would want to play football at college.

We sent him to an out-of-town university, so I saw him on the football field only a few times after the mishap of which I have written. Those times stand out in my memory as nightmares, but my husband was with me on each of these occasions and, under the steamer-rug which he threw over our knees, he held my hand, and that kept me from giving outward evidence of the fear that clutched at my heart. I heard Bill tell a classmate in his senior year that his mother was one of the women who "never go to pieces." "She is remarkably calm and strong," added my boy. I smiled and said nothing. I think that only God and Will have ever understood what a coward I really am.

It was when Bill was a junior at college that Winnie became engaged. She was so young that I tried to persuade her that she was mistaken when she told me that the man of her choice was the only one whom she could ever love enough to marry. He was a fine fellow, with a growing business on the Pacific coast. I knew that marriage to him would take my little girl away from me for life. I felt that I could not bear it, but I did not say so to Winnie. Nor did I say much of my hurt to my husband when I saw his distress at the condition of affairs. He looked up the record and credentials of his daughter's suitor with an eagerness that made me suspect that he longed to find out something against the man, something that would warrant us in breaking the engagement. But Albert Wandell was all that he claimed to be, and his family and character were irreproachable. Still we insisted upon a year's engagement. It fell to my lot to reconcile my husband even to this, and, as with Bill when he wanted to play football, I had to argue from the standpoint of the child's happiness. But, the matter once settled, Will, as was his way, offered no more objections, and we set ourselves to work to save all that we could to provide for our daughter an up-to-date trousseau and the

large wedding that she wished. Still, we fell far short of what we wanted to do, for our circumstances were very moderate, and educating two children had proved an expensive task. Three months before the marriage my husband said to me:

"Dear, I have, without telling you, been saving a little sum for several years—money with which I meant sometime to surprise you by giving you and myself a little vacation, when the children should be through with school and college and could stay at home by themselves. I meant that you and I should take that cash and go away for a few weeks alone, and loaf, and rest, and get young again. But"—with a sigh followed by a little laugh—"I did not know then that marrying off a daughter was such an expensive business. In fact, I did not think about the little girl's getting married at all, although I ought to have known she would. What I have saved is not much, only a few hundred dollars; and perhaps, for Winnie's sake, we would better use this for her clothes and wedding, and then begin again to save for ourselves. I want her to have things as nice as other brides."

That was our feeling about Winnie, always. And yet I knew, away down in my heart, that the child contrasted her trousseau and all the wedding arrangements with those provided by richer parents than hers. I did not let her father suspect this, nor that, after her wedding trip, when she came to visit us, to pack her presents and say good-by to her friends, she admitted as much to me.

"I did not know that anyone could be as happy as I am," she confessed, "for I never knew that people could love each other as much as Albert and I do. He makes up to me for many of the things I had to put aside and do without at the time of my marriage."

"What do you mean?" I asked with a sinking heart.

"Oh," she said, "I suppose that you and dad did all you felt you could do, but my wedding was so much less elaborate than that of many a girl I know. For instance, the floral decorations were very plain, and the music was nothing extraordinary."

"I am sorry, dear," I began, but she interrupted me impatiently.

"For pity's sake, mother, don't take that martyr tone! I have heard already all you are going to say along these lines, and of course I understand that you and dad have

not got such lots of money as other people have. Still, to be frank, I always have suspected that dad would be more extravagant than you if you did not restrain him."

"He did all that he could afford to do, Winnie," I said, "and I thought you were satisfied with your trousseau."

She laughed lightly. "Because I had to be!" she remarked. "I was reminded often enough, goodness knows, that you were 'doing your best' for me. The fact remains that I had four evening gowns—and simple ones at that—while Elise Stebbins tells me she is going to have eight. Many of my dresses were made by dressmakers hired by the day, but Mary Dawson's street and evening gowns were all made by one of the swellest modistes on Fifth Avenue. I am not complaining, but I just want to call your attention to the fact that, after all, I am not such a favored, pampered, and petted darling as your attitude would lead one to think."

"But we are not rich, dear," I reminded her.

"You have brought us up as if we were!" she retorted. "There, mother, has been your mistake. You sent me to a fashionable school, where I met wealthy girls, and made them my intimate friends; you gave me to understand that I was to appear as well as they, and yet you had nothing with which to back up all those associations later. Had I been brought up to deny myself, and to do without things, I might not mind it. As it is, I have been forced or thrown into surroundings that have fostered expensive tastes and the love of luxury. There's a fault somewhere in your training, mother. Look at Bill now! He's at an expensive college, a fraternity man, swelling around as if he were the son of a millionaire. But," with a shrug, "I fancy *he* will be indulged as long as he lives, for there is nothing he wants you wouldn't give him. The boy is always the favorite, I suppose. Yes, darling!"—as she heard her husband's voice calling her name, "I'm coming!" She turned to me with an indulgent smile. "Don't worry, mother," she advised. "We all make mistakes, and the thing's done now. And it may have been for my good in the long run, for if I ever have a daughter of my own I will have learned by your errors just how *not* to train her. And I know you have really done what you believed was best for me."

Confessions of a "Successful" Mother

I had to be content with that assurance. At all events, I reminded myself, my daughter was happy in her marriage.

Will and I had a quiet year together after our little girl had left us. When the wedding-bills were paid we did not have enough money to go away together to rest, but we stayed at home and grew closer to each other than ever before. And all the while I was looking forward to the time when my boy would come home and settle down to his profession as electrical engineer in our city, and live at home with his father and myself.

A part of this dream never came true, for in the spring that Bill was graduated my husband died.

For the first year of my widowhood I was comforted only when my boy was with me. An excellent position was offered him as soon as he left college, which he accepted. How I wished that his father could see him—how I prayed that he might see him from that spirit-land that kept him from those he loved here. But one can only hope, for one never knows.

But this hope sustained me often when my son was not with me. As months passed he was at home less often than at first. When he had a spare evening to give me he would lie on the couch in the darkened drawing-room and ask me to play and sing for him. I had been in the habit of doing this for his father, and the dear boy never guessed how hard it was at times to keep my voice from breaking as I sang the sweet old songs that Will and I had loved. But it was for my son's sake that I kept back the sobs and forced sad thoughts from my mind. "I must do this for our boy," I would say over and over. And it was for his sake, too, that I wore on his evenings at home the white dresses he liked, for he "hated black," he declared. And he was all I had now. Had Winnie been near me I might have been allowed even now to make sacrifices for her, but she was far away, and her new home and her husband filled her thoughts and life. She seldom wrote. I urged her often to make me a visit, until at last she sent a positive declination, giving as her reason that she had not the heart to come East now that her father was gone.

"It was he who made the old home dear to me," she wrote, "and I could not bear to be

there without him. You have Bill, so you are happy and do not need me. But Bill can never make up to me for dear dad's absence."

Once in a great while now she sends me a paper containing a paragraph in the "society notes," in which she is mentioned among other fashion leaders, and in which is described the gown she wore upon some special occasion. She loves that gay kind of life, and as, when she was a girl, I never went into society with her, but stayed quietly in my home, she thinks of me as in a different sphere from that in which she moves.

So my boy made up my life. He cared little for general society, but enjoyed his men friends. I kept home bright and cheery for him, and encouraged him to bring his companions there as often as he wished. He did not know the effort it was to me to entertain without his father, for I would not let him suspect it.

Time may not heal, but it lessens the poignancy of grief, so when two years had passed after Will's death I found myself feeling that, after all, life still held sunshine for me. My son was willing to live with me. To have him near me, safe and satisfied, was all I asked. While underneath, in my heart, there was always the sadness, I was, nevertheless, so content in my motherhood that I found existence sweet. I would muse often on the peace that was mine as I waited in the evening for Bill to come home from his office. What more could I ask than this life in which I could have my boy near me always? I lived but for him; his wishes were my law; his satisfaction was my recompense; his affection was my exceeding great reward.

During the last part of the third year of my widowhood Bill met and fell in love with the only girl to whom he had ever given a serious thought. I had never let myself forget that he might some day take unto himself a wife, although he scouted the idea. He was not a marrying man, he declared. "Why should I marry?" he would ask. "You make home comfortable for me, you care for me, you encourage me when I get discouraged about my work, and you help me out when funds run short, at least as much as your small income permits. No, mother dear, as long as I have you I need the care of no other woman." Never-

theless, I would tell myself, when the right girl came into his life he would change his mind. I used to think, frequently, of how I would love her for making my boy happy, and of how fond she would be of me—the woman who had trained that boy and made a fine man of him. I dreamed of how she would call me “mother,” and consult me about her housekeeping cares and Bill’s likes and dislikes, and, perhaps, some day, would ask my advice about the dear babies when they were teething or had the colic. Of course I would not live with my son and his wife. But my boy and daughter-in-law would, I hoped, have a little home near mine, and we would see each other every day or two. Even if she, the busy housekeeper and wife, could not come in each day, she would, of course, be glad to have her husband do so. So my dreams of Bill’s possible marriage had all been happy.

My son told me of his betrothal on the night that Madge Pierson accepted him. It was still my custom to go to his room, as when he was a boy, and “tuck him in” the last thing before I slept. On this particular evening I sat up late to finish a bit of sewing I had on hand, and Bill’s light was out when I kissed him good night. But when he took my hand in his and said, “Sit down, mother dear, I have something to tell you,” I knew

at once what it would be, although I had never thought that Madge Pierson would win his heart. She was pretty and fond of society, having been brought up by worldly and wealthy parents in a fashionable set. And, as opposites attract each other, my son fell in love with her. I let him talk it all out there in the dark, and did not tell him that, some months ago, when I was calling on an old acquaintance, Madge Pierson, whom my son had not yet met, came in to see the daughters of my hostess. The young people chatted gaily, and I remembered clearly now that when the subject of relatives-in-law was brought up,

Madge said flippantly:

“I tell you, girls, I am like the man I once heard of who vowed he would never marry any woman who could not repeat truthfully the first sentence of the Lord’s prayer—‘Our Father which art in heaven’—for he wanted no father-in-law in his family! I want no parents-in-law when I marry, so I am looking about for a fine young man who is a brotherless and sisterless orphan!”

Of course this speech had been in fun,

but it recurred to me now, and even then had shocked me a little. To-night I shivered slightly as I recalled it. I spoke no word of it to my boy, but told him I was



“Don’t worry, mother,” she advised. “We all make mistakes, and the thing’s done now. It may have been for my good in the long run, for if I ever have a daughter of my own I will have learned by your errors just how not to train her”

thankful for his happiness, and what a fine thing it was for a man to marry a good woman whom he loved. And I played my part so well that, later, he told me what a comfort it was to him to know that I was prepared to love his wife as a daughter.

He was right. I was prepared to love her as a daughter. When he suggested my living with him, I knew he did so without her knowledge, and my reply was what I had always meant it to be should my son marry, a decided negative. "Young couples should begin their life together alone," I said. "It is the right way, and the way that your father and I did."

Bill and Madge were married in the spring two years ago. Since then they and I have drifted steadily apart. At first, my daughter-in-law would come to see me every few weeks, but I saw from the beginning that I bored her intensely. Her training and environment were different from mine. Bill saw it, too, and, naturally, became immediately one with his wife and her set. Once, a few months after his wedding, he attempted to explain this to me.

"It is too bad, mother," he said, "that you brought me up just as you did; that is, that you did not keep pace with your children, did not go out into society when they were growing up, so that you might be more one with them when they were grown. It was, perhaps, different with Winnie, because she married early and went away from home. But looking back over my own life I cannot remember that you and dad ever went into such society as I have married into."

"But, dear," I said, "you have married a wealthy girl. Your parents were not rich."

"No, they weren't, but it does seem to me that you might have kept up with the times more. Why, just see how it has been all of my life. You have just been a quiet, stay-at-home mother, ready to care for your children's physical wants, but never reading with them or going into society with them, never accustoming them to really up-to-date people and things. Of course at college I met fellows who were brought up in the smart set, and through them I got the *entrée* to their homes, and so met my wife. But I know you would feel uncomfortable there, because you are not used to it. Yes, my dear mother, I hope, if you had your life to live over again, you would keep yourself *au courant* with the world, and go about

more for the sake of your children. You could have made anything of yourself, if you had chosen to do so."

And then he went on to tell me how happy he was. "I did not know people could be so happy, mother!" he said enthusiastically, in the same words that Winnie had used during her honeymoon. "I have a dear little home, and the best wife that ever lived. She is so dependent upon me that she needs me at every turn. You are so strong and independent that I do not suppose you can appreciate how a wife like Madge clings to her husband, and brings out what is best in him. She is certainly my ideal of all that is lovable in a woman. But, as I said, this must sound ridiculous to you, for I really believe that if Madge were left alone as you are it would *kill* her. You are so self-reliant that perhaps you cannot understand just how she feels about such things."

"Oh, yes, I can," I said gently. "I understand it entirely, and think it the most natural thing in the world."

He did not know that he had hurt me, and I did not let him know it. I have kept from him all his life much painful knowledge. That is why he thinks me strong and self-reliant, and not lonely.

But that conversation took place almost two years ago. Now my boy has a dear little daughter, nearly a year old. I have seen her only once. I called when Madge was well enough to have me come with other outsiders to greet the pink morsel that was enveloped in filmy laces and dainty embroideries. She told me then that she was using the little cashmere cloak that had been Bill's in his new babyhood, and which I had embroidered myself, as a "night-wrapper" for baby. "I was glad to get it, for it is plain and warm, and will, I suppose, wash well?" she remarked. I told her it would, and apologized meekly for the fact that it was rather yellow, explaining that it was "almost as old as my boy." She laughed lightly. "What funny unshapely things children wore in those old days, didn't they?" she queried.

I came away soon. Two months later I invited my daughter-in-law to bring the baby and spend the day with me. She declined in a little note, saying that her life was so full that she had no time to give a whole day to anyone except her very own people, and that she never allowed the baby

to go into "strange houses," but that she herself would stop in for a half-hour on the afternoon of the day mentioned. She came, and, during that call, she made me understand plainly that her world and mine were widely divided. I do not know how the conversation got to that point, but she chatted lightly of Bill's improvement since his marriage, of how satisfied he was in his new surroundings, of how he said he almost liked his work now, as he had her and the baby to labor for.

"Although," she admitted, "he knows that I have a nice little fortune of my own, and that hard work is not necessary to him. But he says it keeps him out of mischief, and that he needs something to hold him to earth nowadays, for otherwise he might float off on his happiness right into paradise. He is such a dear, silly boy!" she mused smilingly.

And then she told me of how her family had noted his development intellectually since she had first known him.

"You took excellent care of him, physically, dear Mrs. Gordon," she said patronizingly, "but I do not think you ever brought out the best side of the boy's character. He was crude when I married him; now he is a polished man of the world."

I need not repeat the rest of the conversation. I said little, but I am not such a dull scholar that I did not see where I belonged in her estimation. And as a man's wife thinks in her heart, so does he.

So, for months at a time, I do not see my fashionable son and his wife. I have called Bill's attention only once to this fact, and his answer was in the form of a question.

"Mother," he said, "has it ever occurred to you that a son is what his mother makes him? Do you ever wonder if your training may not have been at fault?"

I asked myself that question over and over that night. My answer was always the same: I have sacrificed everything, my tastes, pleasures, my own inclinations, my



I have sacrificed everything, my tastes, pleasures, my life. I almost think my husband himself, to my ideals of motherhood and to my children. They were my world. And I am hideously lonely

life, I almost think my husband himself, to my ideals of motherhood and to my children. They were my world. And I am hideously lonely.

Yes, the sight of the mother in front of me in church last Sunday, with her little son and daughter, brought the tears to my eyes. Nobody would understand but Will. And he is not here.

Yet, as I said before, I have, the world would insist, a grown son and daughter of whom any woman might be proud, and in looking at them might claim, with truth, that she had been a successful mother. But my little girl is a satisfied wife on the other side of the continent, and does not need or want me, and my son is a happy married man. And I, at fifty, am a woman whose life-work is completely finished—a woman out of a job.



DRAWN BY E. F. SCHAEFFELT

She "got over the footlights." No doubt of that. So thought a man in the last row of the orchestra, as he gazed at her, critically. He had come in late, and she had not caught sight of him. Within the radius of her magnetic personality, but not consciously held by her, James Howard could study her at leisure and try to analyze her charm for him

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Is there any good reason in the world why there should be one standard of morals for women and another—quite distinct—for men? We think not—and we asked Carolyn Shipman to say so in her own way in this story. The story, by the way, is another example of the Cosmopolitan idea of the “fictionized special”—the material for a dozen special articles digested and boiled down into one dramatic short story. We guarantee that the story will interest you and that you will remember it—which, after all, is more than you can say of the majority of special articles, no matter how high their purpose. Here the author points out the results in a home where the man had the wrong idea

By Carolyn Shipman

Author of "The Coward," "The Sneak," etc.

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

SOME women there are who radiate magnetism. It flows from the tips of their fingers, and charges all the air around them. They vibrate more intensely than others.

Such a woman was Rose Atkinson.

As her accompanist—long haired, with nervous, alert fingers and rhythmic body—rippled the ornate prelude affected by his class, and finally struck the opening bars of Rachmaninoff's "Springtide," her glance swept the little theater, and she unconsciously assumed an attitude of dominance. That glance seemed to bind to her each person in the audience by an invisible thread of highly tempered steel, all converging to one center, of which she was the animating force. She drew herself up proudly, and with a deep, imperceptible inhalation began to sing. She was a compelling picture, as she stood with head slightly raised, pouring forth a volume of lovely, limpid tone, and apparently unconscious of her audience. She "got over the footlights." No doubt of that.

So thought a man in the last row of the orchestra, as he gazed at her critically. His especial steel thread was not yet added to the number in her possession, for he had come in late, and she had not caught sight of him. Within the radius of her magnetic personality, but not consciously held by her, James Howard could study her at leisure and try to analyze her charm for him.

They had been friends for five years, very close friends—he smiled reminiscently—but, completely as he felt himself under her spell, he had decided to break with her. The courts had recently freed him from his

wife, for many years a wearying encumbrance; he was only fifty years old, and, in spite of appearances, essentially domestic by nature. He wanted the companionship of a charming woman of his own set, who should belong to him legally—some one with whom to travel, to whom he could introduce his friends, a woman of whom to be proud. He was blasé, tired of club life, tired of subtuges and social complications. Probably no one would take him seriously, but the truth was that he wished to settle down into the comforts of home. His tired, gray-green eyes softened as he pictured a home.

The idea of marrying Rose Atkinson had occurred to him; when he first met her, intensely. The very sincerity of a man's desire often misleads him as to fundamental motives. If a woman is clever, she understands this; the superman triumphs, and she succeeds in marrying him before he realizes what his real motives are.

But Rose Atkinson's art—a large part of it magnetic indifference—was matched by Howard's astuteness. Intimate acquaintance had shown him that she was hard, calculating, and inordinately selfish. She certainly looked pliable and softly feminine, he thought, as he watched her gracious acknowledgment of applause.

Yet hard she was! He wondered cynically if all women were not at heart a bit hard. He couldn't blame them, especially women in Rose's position. Yet an eye to the main chance made them less attractive surely, and part of the lesson was to learn to conceal it adroitly.

He knew now that, in spite of his good looks and social position, Rose Atkinson

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would not have suffered his devotion and exactions for five years if he had been without money. In the first days of their ardent friendship he was blind and egotistic enough to believe that money made no difference to her. Time, however, gently furnished him with an illuminating realization of the error of his first boylike judgment. He smiled sadly as he thought of the hopeless gullibility of a man's passionate love. He had accepted his lesson philosophically, hurt though his pride was, and was now so far advanced on the path of perfect knowledge of women as to doubt honestly whether indeed she would marry him even if he asked her. She loved freedom, he knew, and would weary of restraint. She was less attracted than he, instinct told him, and he believed that she would fold her restless wings only for a richer man. If, indeed, she could fold her wings! He rather imagined that the habit of flight was already too strong in her, and that memories of untrammelled soaring aloft in the blue before he met her would forever preclude the possibility of rest in a dove-cote, spacious though it might be.

Time was when he would have been "a bally idiot" and asked her—yes, urged her—to marry him. Now she would never have the chance to refuse, for he had asked Hortense Rossiter to be his wife, and to-day he intended to tell Rose Atkinson.

After the concert he betook himself to the dainty dressing-room of the theater, where he found her surrounded by flowers and a swirling throng of adulating friends. She held out her hand to him impulsively, and he pressed it warmly. She was flushed from thirstily drinking in praise. She could live on flattery and excitement. Without it she was like an inert chameleon on the dull-brown bole of a tree.

As he wrapped her fur coat around her—one of his latest gifts he said masterfully: "I'm going to take you home now. You look fagged." Yieldingly she allowed herself to be led to a carriage. Part of her charm lay in knowing when and just how far to be feminine. Many times he had been angry with her, but he could not resist her feminine wiles, plainly as he saw them. He had never tired of her, and that was a triumph. She knew how to play the game.

In her yellow drawing-room, where she left him while she changed her gown, he

nerved himself to the task before him. Alone in the theater it had appeared simple enough. Here, in her home, he was at a loss to begin. How would she take it—angrily, sadly, or with disappointment? As she seated herself beside him, and began to make the tea, he felt her magnetism flowing toward him to enthrall him. He marveled at her power over him, for he knew her shallow soul as it was.

No detail of her elaborate tea-gown escaped him—a wonderful French confection of white lace over soft maize-colored silk, with a quaint little tunic of cut yellow velvet on rose chiffon. By the art of a skilled coquette, a tiny gilt slipper peeped out—not unconsciously, he knew—from underneath her petticoat. A subtle Oriental perfume was wafted to him to complete the enthrallment. She was like a brilliant topaz in a setting of softest gold—yellow walls and rugs and hangings, even jonquils and a yellow candle and shade on the tea-table. If wives would only study the art of charming as sweethearts must, he reflected.

He closed his eyes. Each moment's delay made his task harder. He decided to plunge, but diplomatically.

"I have always known, Rose, that you wouldn't marry me. You love your freedom too well."

She looked at him inquiringly, the bottle of rum suspended above his teacup. Her hand trembled slightly, but he was too much occupied with the difficulties of his position to notice it.

"Yes, I do like freedom. So do you."

"Now that I am free again—" He paused, while she watched him closely, her lips slightly parted. The difficulties were increasing. He inwardly cursed his cowardice. "I might as well tell you at once, without preliminaries," he burst out, "that I've asked Mrs. Rossiter to marry me."

She drew her breath in sharply. "Mrs. Rossiter?"

"Yes, Hortense Rossiter. You've met her, I think. We knew each other before she was married."

"Do you love her?" She was nervously toying with a curiously carved jade ornament suspended from a long, gold chain around her neck.

He glanced up in surprise. "That's rather a big question, isn't it? I like her very much, and I think she likes me—at least, well enough to marry me. She doesn't

fascinate me as you do, if that's what you mean. But she's a very charming woman."

"Oh, I didn't mean anything." A bitter tone in her voice struck his ear. He wondered just what she was thinking—the woman behind the actress.

"I know what you're thinking of, Rose, but you needn't worry. I shall arrange your affairs satisfactorily. I'll settle some money on you."

"I'm not thinking of money," she replied sharply.

He knew that she lied, but he rather liked her quickness in grasping the emotional possibilities of the situation. His admiration for her increased, and in spite of himself his vanity was pleased. What a pity that she hadn't all the qualities he wanted in a wife, for he was used to her, and she suited him in so many ways.

"Does she know about me?" after a pause.

"I haven't told her," he replied, "and I have asked her no questions. My name has been rather prominent in the newspapers for the past few years. She would have to be a cloistered nun not to know all about me. Whatever her information, she doesn't appear to have been influenced by it. Besides, she is marrying my present, not my past."

"Let us hope your future, too, for the happiness of both of you." Her smile was enigmatic.

After leaving her, he tried to puzzle out her attitude. She baffled him. How much did she care for him and how much for his money? In any case, he would miss her.

Then his thoughts turned to Hortense Rossiter. Another clever woman! What a number of them he had known in his long and varied life. His wife had been rather clever, too, in some ways, but he had tired of her. Perhaps she had cared too much for him and showed it too plainly. A great mistake—always boring to a man. He preferred delicate reserves and finesse. He had left her to her own devices, and she had fallen in love with another man. The divorce was substantial evidence of his appreciation of her right to happiness.

Hortense Rossiter had held him off successfully, while stimulating his interest and desire for the chase. A less adroit woman would too long have feigned indifference. She was warm and feminine and alluring, but worldly-wise enough to allow him no liberties. He smiled with a grim sense of

satisfaction as he reflected how few women in her straitened position would have had sufficient *savoir faire* to guard their independence zealously and make him come to terms. The other course would have been fatal to her hopes with a man like him, he told himself, thereby tacitly admitting the material plane of his affections.

His inscrutable gray-green eyes softened as he entered the library of his club. With intense satisfaction he thought of Hortense as his wife. A certain aloofness in her bearing spurred his curiosity. Her practical ideas of life pleased him, and her independence. She would accept no money from him for her wedding clothes; he had delicately offered it—as a test of her character—and she had as tactfully refused it. He liked that, for he knew she had little enough. Not mercenary, Hortense, yet she liked money, too. They would get on famously together—of that he felt sure.

II

"So, after due consideration, you've finally decided to marry him?"

"Yes, I've decided."

"And what about me?"

A pause, while the man lighted a fresh cigarette and the woman put another log on the fire.

"It isn't too late to change your mind," he pursued.

"Change my mind? Why should I?"

"Come now, Hortense, you know you don't love Jim Howard. You're marrying him for his money. You might as well be frank with me."

She gazed for a brief space at the leaping flames. "No, you're wrong, Billy. I'll confess that if he hadn't money, I wouldn't do it; but money is not my sole motive in marrying him. If I'd wanted mere money, I'd have taken Silas Gregg, who has ten times as much."

"Silas Gregg—that bourgeois!"

"But he has money—heaps of it, more than he knows what to do with. He'd have bought Warwick Castle or the Champs Élysées for me, and blindly adored me, world without end."

"What is it, then, if not money? You know you don't love him," he persisted.

"Love! How necessary is love in marriage to-day? There are certain things I want that Jim Howard can give me—

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sufficient, if not great wealth, a secure position, some one to be with—I get frightfully lonely—to depend upon, to live for. I can give him what he wants or he wouldn't have asked me to marry him. He knows the world and women."

"Yes, especially women," dryly. "Has he told you about Rose Atkinson?"

"Don't be spiteful, Billy. I've asked him no questions, and he's told me—what he chose."

"Does he know about me?"

She looked at him quizzically. "What an innocent, childlike question, dear; really charming in its simplicity. Why should he know about you? Who would tell him? Since I've asked him no questions, I expect none from him."

"Well, you'll get them fast enough, once you're married, my dear girl. A man likes a frank confession and a clean slate from the woman he marries, no matter what his own past record."

"That's as may be," she replied, with a cryptic smile. "My views on that subject are different. Jim Howard is marrying my present, not my past, and I stand in the same relation to him."

"One standard for both, not two! That's the idea? And you don't object to marrying a man whose wife has divorced him?"

"You know the circumstances, Billy. Don't be a sophist. You know he gave his wife the divorce so she could marry Clifford Babcock."

"Gave it? He didn't need to give it. There was Rose."

"You can't move me, Billy. I've thought it all out and decided irrevocably. If Larry Rossiter hadn't been killed in that motor accident, I'd have divorced him, and then there'd have been two of us. You're the only one in the world who knows he was drunk that night, and you know, too, that my patience was quite exhausted. I kept silence and mourned as his loving widow, but I count those five years with him clear loss. How he made me suffer!"

"No, not lost, dear girl! You're stronger and braver and finer for that experience. And younger, too, by Jove, than when we first met, eight years ago."

"Thanks to my masseuse and hair-dresser," she replied imperturbably. "A woman of forty can't afford to take chances with time, Billy dear. She must conquer or be conquered."

"You're a darling, Hortense. I can't let you go!"

A catch in his voice made her look at him. She seated herself on the arm of his chair and drew his blond head to her breast. He encircled her waist in a passion of tenderness. As she sat there beside him, now caressing his hair, now kissing his forehead absent-mindedly, she looked as delicately finished as an etching by Helleu—small, dark, with exquisite long lines, black hair piled high, clinging black gown revealing a pointed jet slipper. His pale face, rather colorless eyes, and lanky, stoop-shouldered figure emphasized the alertness of her bearing.

"Won't you wait just a little longer for me, Hortense? Perhaps my luck will take a turn."

"My dear boy, how long have I waited already? Six years you've been under the evil planet Saturn. My youth is passing, and I want to live in the present, not in hopes of the future."

"But you love me—you've told me so, often."

"Yes, I do love you, Billy. I'm not sure that I don't love you more unselfishly than I love anyone else in the world. You've never done anything for me financially, so my feeling is unspoiled by material considerations." She wound her arm around his neck and kissed his forehead tenderly.

"I believe you enjoy petting and mothering me more than anything else on this planet," he said fondly, as he stroked her long, slender hands.

"Your egotism is delicious! That's so like a selfish man. He never thinks that a woman wants to be petted and mothered. He really believes that it gives her infinite pleasure to look after him and protect him. That's just why I wouldn't marry you, Billy—you depend on me too much. I want to do the leaning now. I've had a hard, lonely life, full of disappointments and struggle for existence. I don't want a man who will cling to me. I've become a habit to you, and we should always go on just this way. Besides, a woman stands a much better chance of ultimate happiness if she's not too much in love with her husband!"

"If I had money, you'd marry me fast enough," he retorted fiercely.

"That refreshing egotism again, dear boy. I'll put my statement to the test. If you had as much money as James Howard, I should still take him, and I'll tell you why.



"Always money, money, money, money! That's all you women think of nowadays," he said cynically, throwing her hand from him roughly

He's successful and reliable. I like success, and I must have a man to depend upon. That means more to me than romantic love with its charming illusions. An understanding friendship is what I want—a good working basis for life together." He took her left hand and touched the cluster of brilliant diamonds, in quaint setting, on her third finger, then ran his hand up her arm to the jeweled bracelet that shone there.

"I'd be extravagant with you, too, if I had the money," he said bitterly.

"I wonder!" she replied, looking at him reflectively. "My reading of you, Billy, is that your extravagance would be for yourself, and for me only in a matter of display. I should want strong proofs of your real generosity." Her mouth tightened to a firm, straight line of decision, and a rapier-like quality crept into her voice.

"You see, you've formed the habit of not

doing for me, because you couldn't afford it. You've followed the line of least resistance and lapsed into the married attitude."

"Always money, money, money, money! That's all you women think of nowadays," he said cynically, throwing her hand from him roughly.

"And men?" she replied imperturbably. "Once that accusation would have made me uncomfortable. Now I know your motive in making it. Poverty warps and chills me. I loathe it. Prosperity frees and warms me. I long for it, and I confess it. It makes me happy and useful. It changes my whole nature."

"You've grown so worldly-minded, Hor-tense. It's amazing!"

She turned on him fiercely. "And who taught me worldly-mindedness? You and Larry Rossiter, between you! What did I know of the world when I married?" Check-

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ing a sob and a rush of tears, she sprang passionately to her feet.

Kemble rose and put his arms around her soothingly. "There, dear, I didn't mean to irritate you. It's almost our last day together, and I don't want to remember you in tears. I'd give my life to make you happy."

"I don't want any man to *give* his life to make me happy," Her mood was metallic. "I want him to *spend* his life in doing it. Actions, not words—the little things that make life worth living. You talk so beautifully and practise so badly. Once I used to believe all you told me, Billy. But I know now that your love is largely emotion. To me love means service—doing."

"You could teach me," he whispered, suddenly facing her with a tense look in his eyes. "You bring out all the best in my nature."

"Ah, yes, but I want a man to know without teaching. It's too late, if eight years have taught you so little. We must meet as equals, my husband and I, on the same plane, shoulder to shoulder—one standard for both."

"But I understand you better than he does, dear." It was the last desperate cry of the drowning man. "I love you as he cannot. I could make you happy if I only had half a chance, and I'd be as true as steel to you."

"Who knows but Jim will make me happy? Yet I don't want him to make me fall in love with him. I've been in love once. It hurts too much." She caught her lower lip tightly between her teeth. "Now I want peace. No man shall ever again have the power to hurt me so much." She turned to him and said gently: "We're not losing each other, dear. We're not saying good-by forever. I shall love you, too. Some women can love two men at the same time, you know."

"Your husband may not agree with you," he replied dryly.

Before she could speak, he was gone. A sudden mist blinded her eyes. Her heart yearned more than ever over this new, unknown Billy.

III

THEY were quietly married, without the publicity and ostentation which unfortunately seem inseparable from a woman's first

marriage. It was proof to Howard of her immense superiority to other women that she did not wish the gay trappings of joy. Hortense had no illusions and no desire to be conspicuous. Howard, manlike, was secretly elated to "do the thing simply." Their mutual agreement made him more than ever sure that he had chosen wisely. His wife would have good sense, he reflected with satisfaction.

As for Hortense, she, too, during their honeymoon of four weeks, was convinced that she had made no mistake. By certain infallible signs a widow can judge a man intuitively, and she was gratified that her instinct had not played her false. If Howard did not thrill her as other men had done, at least he interested her and never bored her—the absolute requirement; and, as she wisely reasoned, a life of perpetual thrills might eventually become as monotonous as a mill-pond. She was glad she had chosen smooth waters, for one could always steer toward a ground-swell for diversion. His point of view interested her, and his opinions. She found herself listening with pleasure for his footstep—unusual and delightful experience.

He was distinguished looking, and showed his breeding in his clear-cut features, well-shaped head, and erect bearing. "The most robustly refined man I have ever known," she told herself, as she watched him at his dressing-table one day when she followed him into his room. The subtleties and amenities of life were necessary to her, and she was content with him.

Sometimes, when he looked at her with his inscrutable gray-green eyes, occasionally so pallid and world-weary, she was startled by a sudden expression of intensity, a focusing of all his latent powers into two glowing points of green fire. Then it was that she realized the hidden force which had made him a success in business. She could understand what it would mean for him to be in love with her. She wondered in what manner he had looked at Rose Atkinson. There was a strange tightening of her heart-strings as she wondered. Once the thought made her turn faint. She closed her eyes as she saw that look, and feared lest he should hear her heart beat. He misjudged her as indifferent and turned away.

She knew that he approved of her on their honeymoon, and was proud of her appearance. She wore a succession of gowns

carefully chosen with regard to her coloring—white, violet, blue, black. They had taxed her resources, but she judged it worth while. Once, as she stood dressed for a dance and gazing out the windows across the rippling Southern waters below their hotel, he came up behind her, locked his arms in hers, and drew her head back to his shoulder, kissing her neck and bare arms.

"You're lovely in black," he said, the green points appearing in his eyes.

Billy Kemble had liked her in black, too, and that trick of the arms was his. She wondered if Rose Atkinson knew it from Howard. How men and women in love repeated themselves! There were only just so many love tricks in the world, after all!

They had been married five months. Hortense was adjusted to the new régime, and she bloomed under the shower of benefits received. No worry over money and hateful bills, her own bank-account and check-book without supervision or discussion. It was peace after purgatory.

She did not always see her husband at breakfast-time—they lived in a large apartment hotel—but a note or a message by her maid always reached her if he did not bid her good-by. She liked finesse in devotion. It appealed to her esthetic sense; and James Howard knew well the art of being a lover. His methods, if a bit cold at times, were finished and effective.

One morning—it was on a Friday—he announced "a business trip to Boston over Sunday." Hortense looked at him inquiringly, but without comment. She packed his bag for him—such little attentions pleased and amused her—and bade him good-by with more than a tinge of loneliness. He fitted surprisingly well into her scheme of life, and she knew that she should miss him, even for that brief period.

The three days of his absence were dull, in spite of her efforts to amuse herself. Billy Kemble was out of town, she discovered. Two snakelike dinner-parties wound their heavy coils around her. She was glad to see her husband's pale eyes brighten as he met her on his return. His manner was somewhat more effusive than usual.

Two weeks later came another business trip, this time "to Washington for four days." Again she packed his bag, with an unexpressed question in the recesses of her mind. On his return, she unpacked the

bag—he had left her hurriedly for an engagement down-town. As she was about to close it, a small, unobtrusive tortoiseshell object suddenly caught her eye. It was lying in one corner—long, slender, as damning in its crinkled testimony as the labyrinthine lines in the finger-prints of a criminal. She picked it up, looked at it critically, put it into an envelope, and thrust it into a drawer of her writing-desk. She felt intensely, but without the power to analyze her feelings.

Three weeks later, the announcement of a third "business trip to Philadelphia" galvanized her into action. She watched her husband in the mirror as he detailed his plans. She resolved to divert herself. If these absences were to become chronic, she must begin to adjust her life accordingly. A wave of strong feeling turned her faint.

After he left her, she stood long at her bedroom window looking down upon the hurrying, surging throng of people, apparently driven by an inward restlessness. Where were they going and for what? She envied them their evident decision of purpose. The tangible things of life seemed slipping away from her. A sickening sense of defeat and crushing humiliation rushed over her, as she realized that her husband had gone back to Rose Atkinson. A telltale hairpin had betrayed him!

She wished—she didn't know what she wished. She might have known it would come. She took the risk when she married him. She had known all about him, yet she had hoped to be the exceptional case—to be all things to him, many women in one to meet the urgent demands of his many-sided nature. Men were all polygamous, insatiable, she reflected sadly, and women must accept the fact philosophically.

Her pride was hurt, but something more than pride was involved, she realized, to her dismay. She was essentially honest with herself, and she knew that she had grown fonder of James Howard than her original plan had provided for. Bitterly and resentfully she acknowledged that she was trapped by her affections, and that her husband was still free, and living according to a man's idea of two standards—one for woman and another for man.

Why two standards? Why, indeed? She passionately resented his selfish, conventional ideas and his disloyalty. Her somber reflections were opportunely interrupted by

Billy Kemble, who dropped in for luncheon. He kissed her affectionately—Billy was always satisfyingly demonstrative—and chaffed her about her serious expression. An idea suddenly came to her.

"Jim has gone away on business. I'm going down to Atlantic City over Sunday. Julia Minturn is there—I had a letter from her this morning. I want you to put me on the train. I'm tired and need a change."

He looked at her quizzically. "Not a change from matrimony, I hope? When are you going?"

"This afternoon on the three-thirty."

As he made her comfortable in the train, arranging and rearranging pillows and hassock, sympathetically solicitous, he leaned over her and whispered, with warm entreaty: "Let me go, too, darling. I'll be very good to you."

She smiled sadly and shook her head. "Don't, dear! Be a good friend to me now, not a lover. I need a friend."

The little catch in her voice stopped him. She could hardly see him for a blur of tears as the train pulled out.

The next morning found her walking briskly through the buoyant air. The sun shone brilliantly on the shining deep-blue water. All the cobwebs of the previous night seemed banished. Life, after all, was not so impossible. As she turned the corner of one of the piers to go southward toward her hotel, suddenly she stopped and went pale. Advancing slowly toward her, urged on by a brindle bull straining at a leash, her laughing eyes alert with interest, was Rose Atkinson with James Howard.

Hortense's heart all but stopped beating. Intuitively she had known that he was with her, but to meet them here! She never quite knew how it happened, but suddenly she found herself alone with her husband. The other woman seemed to have vanished into air. She faced him with flaming cheeks, angry and speechless. He was more calm. For a moment there was silence, vibrant with feeling. Then she spoke.

"You here—and with that woman! Then you lied to me—you told me you were going to Philadelphia." Her philosophy had evaporated like a soap-bubble.

"So I am. I came here first." He waited coolly for her next move. As she struggled to control herself for speech, he continued: "I don't know that you can consistently throw stones at me. What were you doing

at the Waldorf the other afternoon with Billy Kemble? I saw you go into the Turkish room, and immediately afterward he met you."

"Spying on me!" she exclaimed. "I should like to know why I can't go to the Waldorf. I'm not a child."

"No, but you're my wife, and I object to your meeting men in public places. That wasn't the first time you've secretly met Billy Kemble since we were married. You always forgot to mention it to me." He lit a cigarette nonchalantly, feeling that he had scored a point.

"I did not go there to meet him," she flung out. "I went to a sale of embroidery. He was in the corridor as I crossed it on my way to the dressing-room; he followed me and asked me to drink tea with him. What were you doing in the Turkish room of the Waldorf? Meeting Rose Atkinson?" Her anger mounted. "I don't know why I should make all this explanation. Even if I had met Mr. Kemble by appointment—and I distinctly did not—it is not comparable to your being down here with Rose Atkinson. I know all about you and that woman. Do you owe me no loyalty? I must be above suspicion, but *you* may be unfaithful! I don't quite follow your reasoning."

"Not so fast. And I know all about you and Billy Kemble! I've recently come upon the information, since I became suspicious of his devotion to you. You needn't protest. I know that he was your lover before you married me, and I have reason to believe that he is still."

She grew white with rage. "That's a lie, James Howard, and you know it!"

"How do I know it, pray?" A cynical smile played around his mouth.

"Because I tell you so!" She drew herself up and looked him full in the eyes. "I have never lied to you. My life after my husband died and before I married you belonged to myself, and I had a perfect right to live it as I chose. I asked you no questions, you asked me none. Ever since I married you I have been absolutely faithful to you, even in my thoughts. Why should you constitute yourself my judge? Under present circumstances I have as much right to freedom as you, supposing I wanted it." Her scorn was scathing.

"Indeed you have not. You share my name and my position. I support you, and



Two weeks later came another business trip, this time "to Washington for four days." Again she packed his bag, with an unexpressed question in the recesses of her mind

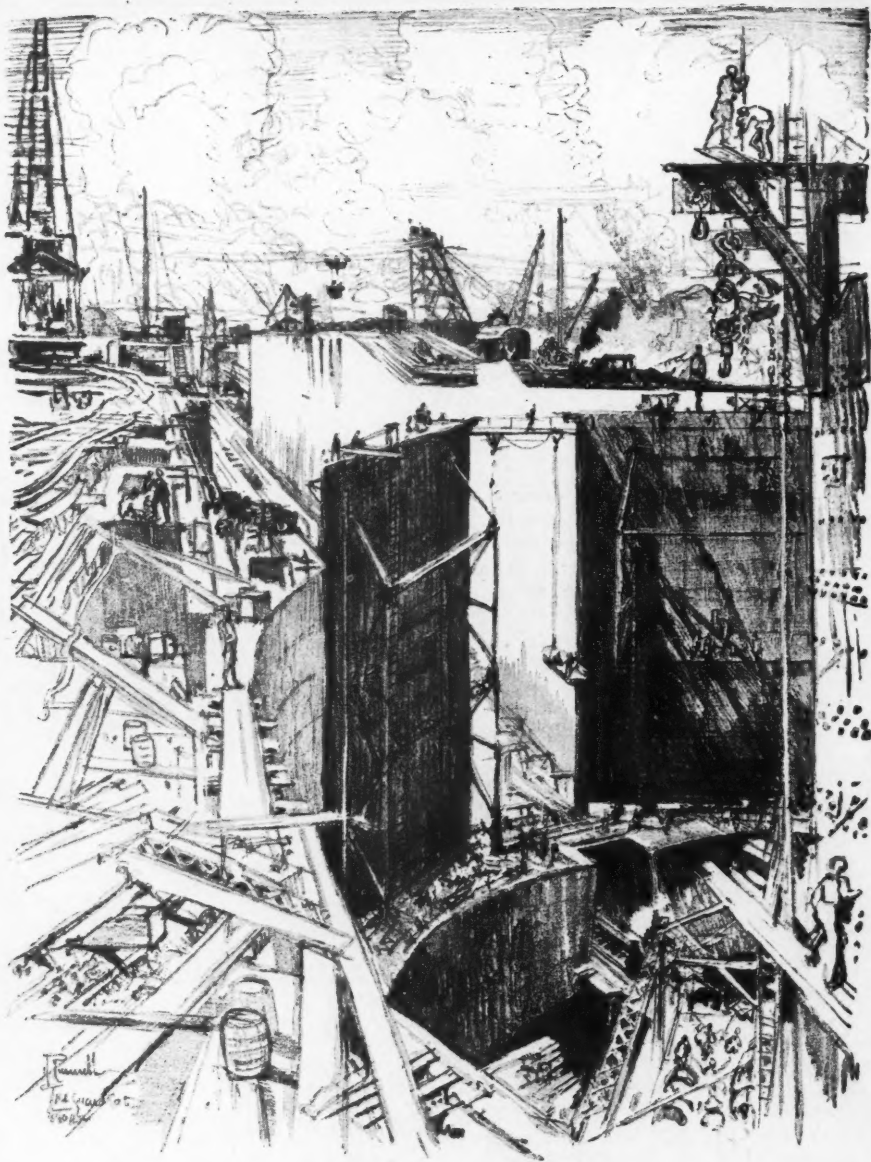
you owe me allegiance. The world has two standards, Hortense, one for a man and another for a woman, and your arguments will never change them. Every right-minded man insists that his wife shall be above suspicion before as well as after marriage. He can't be humiliated by having her talked about. If I had known that Billy Kemble was your lover before I married you, I never should have asked you to be my wife."

She grew strangely calm as she watched the expression on his face. Finally she said, with careful deliberation: "And I can assure you that if I had known that you held

such narrow-minded opinions, I should certainly never have accepted you. I don't admire the type! Now what are you going to do about it?"

"I have an appointment with Miss Atkinson, and I advise you to go back to your lover!" Lifting his hat, he turned on his heel.

Hortense gazed out over the sea with tense, dry eyes. Her heart suddenly rushed to Billy, and a flood of tenderness swept over her as she recalled his last words, "I could make you happy if I only had half a chance, and I'd be as true as steel to you!"



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. (c) 1917, JOSEPH PENNELL

THE GUARD-GATES AT THE GATUN LOCK

Lo! here a mountain pierced, a torrent spanned,
By Pennell's magic pencil may be viewed
How mightily the mass is gashed and hewed;
There locks that bosom barques of monstrous girth,
Culebra's final challenge to the earth

The Marriage of the Seas

By Stephen Phillips

Author of "Paolo and Francesca," "Herod," "Ulysses," etc.

SUFFER thou not ignoble dress to mar
The toil unparalled of Panama!
Nor let that slow-reared splendor stand suspect
Or by a rankling littleness be flecked.
That vast conception thou hast bought too dear,
The dream magnificent hast brought too near;
A dream for which two peoples strove as one,
Until it leapt incorporate to stone!
Those bases were too grandly, deeply laid
To be an argument for discord made.
Then creep not coast-wise down the shore of gain,
But spread full wings unto the ampler main,
Thou marriest sea to sea, and tide to tide,
Atlantic bridegroom to Pacific bride;
And the wrought wedding ring that sparkles far,
Lies on that stretched forefinger, Panama.
"What God hath joined, let not man put asunder!"
Thus saith the church in ritual of thunder;
Yet here, and in sublimer marriage met,
Thou joimest seas which God asunder set.
Thy priestlike task is here to reconcile,
Not troth of mighty waters to defile.

Since ne'er as here since first our earth began,
Rose nature so invincible to man;
Nor came he to such splendid grapple yet
With massy force as in this problem set.
Nor e'er did mind give matter such a fall,
In wrestle that might hand and brain appal.
For Pharaoh vanquished a more level soil;
And lashed his millions to a lesser toil;
His slaves in dumb obedience strove with sand;
Lo! here a mountain pierced, a torrent spanned,
By Pennell's magic pencil may be viewed
How mightily the mass is gashed and hewed;
There locks that bosom barques of monstrous girth,
Culebra's final challenge to the earth;
Chagres by dam stupendous of Gatun,
Transforms its valley to a lake immune.
Steam-spurts innumerable start and sigh,
Thousands of toilers murmur near the sky;
Some blast with dreadful dynamite the hills,
Some sweep the debris that explosion fills.
All signs orchestral to the timing rod
Of Goethals, and obeys his potent nod.
Whatever to man defeated nature gave,
Whether to lisp his message through the wave,
And human language on the foam transmit
Whatever he hath wrung by arduous wit

To waft him through the air in birdlike frame,
 Winged the midnight with an eye of flame.
 All art of enginery of air or ground
 Here apt and burnished for its task is found;
 And bridled lightning lies and harnessed thunder,
 To scorch a path or hurl a hill asunder.
 Behold a universal haunt of ships,
 Created proof 'gainst earthquake and eclipse!

And though not yet the memories grand and far,
 Of Suez's isthmus gild thee, Panama,
 Suez that heard the legions of Thotmes,
 The innumerable tramp of Rameses,
 Or sound of Syrian or of Persian hosts
 Militant murmuring toward Egyptian coasts:
 Whose sands adventuring Bonaparte essayed.
 Till Acre all that Eastern vision stayed;
 Yet here thy history is just begun,
 A legend that shall pass but with the sun.
 A peaceful story thine! Of East and West
 Now reconciled in deep unrankling rest.

Nor hast thou played, America, this part
 Alone in conflict, but in healing art,
 Since thou didst gird thyself a foe intense
 To vaporous poison, and to pestilence;
 And to the fatal fly with baleful breath,
 That bears on gaudy wings the buzzing death.
 That air that once was mortal now is pure,
 And Eden rose a garden sweet, secure
 Where Goethals wrought in energy aflame,
 Let Gorgas raise an equal plea for fame:
 Who from the pest-house and the evil fen
 Conjured a breathing paradise for men.

No speck then e'er abase thy starry shield,
 Who mad'st reluctant nature thus to yield!
 Break not thy pact! nor make the wide world rue;
 Thou art too mighty to be aught but true!
 Thus wilt thou please, whatever advantage won,
 Spirits of Lincoln or of Washington!
 Oh, loftier than all peaks in Darien
 Thy honor soars; unclouded be its ken!



In Little New New York

Gouverneur Morris knows his New York. From early boyhood he has been steeped in its atmosphere. In the older days many of the men prominent in the affairs and worth-while achievements of the big town were members of his own family. So when he writes of New York life he writes with authority—and this, in our opinion, with his exceptional skill in short-story telling, makes these Cosmopolitan stories more vitally interesting than any similar series of stories we have seen. In the present story he goes back a few years in the scale and shows what happens when love and convention clash

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Penalty," "The Claws of the Tiger," "Radium," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Snapp

IN the language of flowers there is much ambiguity. With equal conviction to the olfactory nerves that which was passing in the drawing-room might have been a wedding or a funeral. As a matter of fact, it was the latter.

In front of the fireplace, which was banked for the occasion with bay-leaves and Easter lilies, under the portrait of a beautiful young girl, lay an old woman in a rich coffin. That the corpse had been dressed in apple-green silk struck an unfunereal note, and seemed to hint of eccentricity. But then, glancing upward, you observed that the girl of the portrait wore apple-green silk also, and had upon her round, charming head a wreath of orange-blossoms.

Two very old friends of the deceased, a man and a woman, stood by the coffin.

"I can't bear to see her hands so idle," said the old man; "she was always making something."

The old woman was more interested in the green dress. Suddenly she remembered. "It's the dress she was married in," she said.

The old man made an ear-trumpet of one hand and said, "How?"

The old woman raised her voice. "It's the very dress she was married in."

"What a noble face she has," said the old man.

"But how gray it is."

"It looks as if it was stone."

"The family are going to listen to the service from the head of the stairs. Which are your flowers?"

The old man indicated a large wreath of pansies, their faces sad, or saucy, or engaging, even beseeching. "When she was a kiddie," he said, "I used to think that she had a face like a pansy. But now she has passed on."

"In the midst of life we are in death."

"No," said the old man, "she was seventy-nine."

"I said," said the old woman, "that 'in the midst of life we are in death.'"

"I don't call seventy-nine the midst of life," said the old man, "I call it old enough. I'm eighty-four."

"Eighty-three," the old woman corrected.

"Going on eighty-four," said the old man.

"Have you seen any of the family?"

He nodded, his face expressing a mixture of sympathy and mystery.

"I sent word, of course, to ask if there was anything I could do. But there never is. I wonder if they will have the same music they had for Horace."

"How?" said the old man. His tall thin body in its long frock coat was shaped like a question-mark. One hand or the other was almost always an ear-trumpet.

At twenty-five a well-connected, well-liked man is always being usher or best man for somebody or other if he isn't getting married himself. At eighty-three there is almost always a funeral for him to attend. And afterward he goes to his club and sits in a corner with some contemporary still, like himself, half alive, and they talk of old

times, of changes for the worse in men and manners, of politics, and of gall-stones.

It would be interesting if a vote could be taken among old men as to the relative sadness of weddings and funerals. Perhaps it's easier for them to believe that the dead rise up to a life of eternal happiness and glory than that two infatuated young things are going to love each other and make each other happy for the length of an average life. For one crime that is committed in the name of liberty, a dozen are committed in the blessed name of the Yoke.

The old man looked on the face of his old friend. He smelt faintly of sweet flag. He was chewing a piece of it. But people thought he was merely rearranging his teeth. He felt no especial regret or melancholy. The desire to participate in life's pleasures had long passed; the desire to go on living had so failed in him as to be negligible. That his house was in order, that his descendants would have plenty of money and a respectable name, seemed unimportant to him. He had a fine head of white hair; whenever he was in the public view, on parade as you may say, his scalp itched. He looked upon the face of his dead friend, and longed to scratch his head.

It was the second funeral which this particular household had given in a month.

First Horace had gone, then Rebecca—"died of grief," people said. The old man thought that he knew better. He had his reasons. He had also, in his left shoulder (it was there his rheumatism had first settled), a bullet. Not even his doctor knew of it. The dead woman had not known. Only himself, Horace, and the—"Lord-God-Almighty-hallowed-be-thy-name-thy-kingdom-come-thy-will-be-done-on-earth-as-it-is-in-heaven—" The old man opened his eyes with a start. His mind had been wandering. He was greatly shocked—for so old a man. If he had gone to sleep, bending forward like that, he would have fallen across the coffin, he would have lain, if only for a moment, where he had once so longed to lie. But breasts wither, and the hearts beneath. In the very old nothing prospers. Only their nails grow, and their hair, if they have any.

A handsome young man came forward and, sliding an arm around the old man's waist, pressed affectionately. For no better reason than that he had almost gone to sleep on parade, almost fallen into an old sweet-

heart's coffin, and that he was very proud of his grandson, the old man began to cry. The young man drew his grandfather to a chair in the front row of chairs. The others were nearly all occupied. The smell of flowers was so sweet as to be almost intolerable.

A young woman, all in black, her head, face, and body concealed by a thick, suffocating crape veil, came swiftly into the room. There was a dead silence. Then from a back row of seats rose a loud voice, "Yes, it took me half an hour to get up from Forty-second Street." Somebody tittered nervously.

The young woman in the crape veil looked for a long moment on the face of the dead woman. Then she signaled to two men in frock coats who stood flat against the wall. These came forward on tiptoe. One of them carried that part of a coffin-lid which, covering the face and breast, shuts off the last glimmer of daylight from the dead. The young woman waited until the lid had been screwed down. Then she helped to arrange flowers over it. Then she walked swiftly out of the room.

Somebody said, "That was Caroline."

Instantly the organ built into the great hall of the house sounded a deep and solemn note, and a long. Upon the given key, the boy choir of Trinity Church began to sing swiftly and loudly to the uplifting harmonies of Palestrina's triumphal march,

The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won,
The song of triumph has begun—Alleluia!
The powers of death have done their worst—

When the hymn was ended the Bishop of New York, an immense man, a worldly man, and withal a wise and holy man, was seen to be standing by the coffin. He opened his mouth, and with that splendid earnestness so much more moving and touching than oratory, and with a very certain but not exaggerated accent upon the word indicating positive knowledge, said,

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The old man leaned far forward, and made an ear-trumpet with one hand. He was a little uncertain about *his* Redeemer. He only knew that scalps itch, and that a little gall-stone is a dangerous thing.

During the ceremony he broke into quite a youthful perspiration. At the grave, trusting to his fine crop of hair, he stood bareheaded, and caught cold. Nine days

later, mouthing (they had removed his teeth, as he was too feeble to be trusted with them) a piece of sweet flag, and murmuring three times an unintelligible word, he died.

People said it was of "grieving for his oldest friend."

II

THEY had been secretly married when he was twenty and she seventeen. In those old days everybody was either poor or lived poor, and you could no more get yourself decently divorced than you could drink a whiskey and soda or smoke a cigar in your mother's boudoir. Nowadays it is sufficient almost to *wish* for a divorce or a drink or a smoke. But when our heroine was in her teens she had, in legalizing a wild impulse of her blood, done a very serious and permanent thing.

One night the rector of the little church at Tarrywell, Westchester County, having been decently washed and shaved and laid out by the undertaker, was placed in a decent oak coffin, and carried into the library of the rectory to pass his last night above earth.

About midnight the old woman who watched the body began to snore. Instantly, as upon a signal, a window opened, and a long leg in a black riding-boot came into the room. A long man and another long leg followed. The man wore a long black cloak, and had across his eyes and nose a black mask.

Possessing himself of one of the four candles which stood at the four corners of the coffin, the mysterious housebreaker marched straight to the bookcase of the late rector,

and took out the volume labeled "Parish Register." He searched rapidly through the volume, found what he wanted, tore out the leaf upon which it was written, folded it, put it in his pocket, replaced the candle, and climbed once more through the window and vanished. Three minutes later there

was the stirring sound of a horse galloping in the night.

It was in this way that the record of a foolish matrimonial venture disappeared from the world's records of such things, and that a future pillar of Wall Street and Trinity Church consummated his first theft.

They had been married just three years. These three years had been beset with real if unworthy terrors. For eighteen months they had wrestled with this problem: How to be married though single. Then with this: How to be single

He searched rapidly through the Parish Register, found what he wanted, and tore out the leaf upon which it was written

though married. About each problem, blazing with unholy light, was the fear of being found out. They had thought themselves genuinely in love. He had assured her that they were, and she had believed him. For a young man he had a great way with women. First he assured them, and then he reassured them, and then he left them. Miss Rebecca Croft was not that kind of a woman, however. With an absolute, childlike, picture-book belief in salvation and damnation she had suffered herself to be led astray. Such women have character. She had also birth and position. Her father looked with dis-



favor on youth in general and young men in particular. For the young man who was his son-in-law under the rose, and for that young man's antecedents and probable prospects, he had the most profound contempt.

Victor Quitman was not the kind of youth in whom successful men believe. He rode horses not to get from one place to another, but because he liked to ride. His eyelashes were too long. He was foppish in his dress. It was believed that he washed himself all over almost every day, that he brushed his teeth with cigar-ashes after almost every meal, and that he occasionally thrust back the cuticle at the bases of his finger-nails with a chisel-headed stick of orange-wood. In those days everybody was trying to get rich, same as now, but, though in moments of supreme emergency you might speak of undershirts, you couldn't speak of money. In those days a woman had only one leg, and that was a limb. You didn't say: "How rich are the Browns? Do they do themselves well? Is it true they paid over a hundred dollars for their black-walnut dining-room set?" You said: "What church do they go to? Is it true that they once took their horses out on the Lord's day? Is it true that when Fanny Brown had the smallpox and borrowed Emily Goodwin's flannel wrapper to have it in she returned it unwashed?"

To think that in those days men cheated and lied to get rich is almost unthinkable; to think that in those days children were actually begotten and born *is* unthinkable.

But they did. They were. Name me a family's hypocrisies, and I will name you the epoch in which they thrived. You may take it as a general truth that the opposite of what men preach is what they practise, and if it weren't for Buddha and Confucius and Christ the examples of men who have stridden valiantly upon the heels of their preachments would be scarcer than peaches on a plum-tree.

As we were saying, it was very vulgar in those days to speak of money; to hint the ambition to be rich was worse. Victor Quitman did both. He talked with very little reserve about what interested him most, and in this habit of frankness displayed his best sides. He was a rascal and a liar (when it suited him) and a money-lover. But he was neither a coward nor a hypocrite. He lied coolly and deliberately for a purpose. When possible he preferred to tell the truth.

When he told his young wife, at the end of eighteen months, that he no longer loved her, it is possible that he was lying. But that doesn't really matter. She believed him. And life turned bitter in her mouth, and the world dark before her eyes. But she did a brave and spirited thing. She said,

"That's just as well, Victor, because I—it's the same with me."

He looked for some time into her eyes, and believed her. His vanity was dreadfully wounded. At the same time her words were to the plan he had in mind as favoring winds to a ship.

His plan involved a young lady—Miss Victoria Rodgers—recently orphaned and left the possessor of nearly a million dollars, which was a vast sum in those old days. She had showed very plainly that she inclined toward Victor Quitman, and this fact, coupled with her beauty and her wealth, tempted him clean out of his moral depths. He made love to her until there was an understanding between them. She wished to proclaim their engagement, but for reasons known to the reader Quitman persuaded her that for the present secrecy was best. He had no trouble with her. All his troubles were with Rebecca

"It's too bad we don't love each other," she said, "but we're husband and wife, and we can't get away from that. And soon, when you can support me, we will have to tell people that we are married and go to housekeeping together."

"But why tell them?" he insinuated. "If we don't tell them they'll never know. And if they never know—why, all sorts of things are possible."

"But we know."

"Yes—yes," he said, "but, dear girl, I'm not going to hold you to a contract that you no longer have the heart to fulfil. We must let each other off."

"But we can't. We're married."

She clung to her fact of marriage with such obstinacy that Victor Quitman was driven wild with impatience.

"Can't you see," he said, "that nothing is wickeder than for people who don't love each other to live together?"

Sophist! Nothing is nobler, if they are married, and live together—nobly.

"Better," he cried with a fine show of spirit, "to live in sin with a loved one. Why," and he fell upon the thought as if for



DRAWN BY FRANK CHAPP

"Suppose I died, and you wished to prove that you had been my wife?" "I'd just say so, and people would believe it." "No," he said; "your friends might, but the law wouldn't. The law would ask to see a record of your marriage. You couldn't produce one"

the first time, "I had rather even commit bigamy with a woman I love than to live within the law with a woman who did not love me and whom I did not love."

"Do you," asked Rebecca with fine penetration and an awful sinking of the heart, "love somebody else?"

"And if I did—just suppose! Dear girl, you wouldn't stand in the way of my happiness with that somebody else, would you now?"

"I couldn't very well prevent your being unfaithful to your marriage vows."

"It isn't that. Beccy—"

"What?"

"Why not let me off?"

"But I can't—we're married."

"Married! Married! Married!" he exclaimed. "Have you no other thought in your head? We have but one life to live!"

"Tell me what you want me to do."

For a moment he was shaken, but his purpose was very strong. He showed her presently a sheet of paper upon which was written in violet ink the record of their marriage.

"I tore it out of the Parish Register," he said. And he tore it once more; this time into very small pieces indeed. Then he said, with a kind of joyous bravado, "Now we're not married."

"But we are married," she said (it sometimes appalled Quitman to think how little sense of humor Rebecca had), "and though you've torn up the record of our marriage, you can't tear up the witnesses who signed it."

"They are as good as dead," said Quitman; "they have caught the gold-fever, and gone across the plains to California. 'Twas I supplied them with the wherewithal. Sssh! Here comes your father."

Mr. Croft looked into the parlor where the two were sitting, nodded diagonally to Quitman, and withdrew.

"Ye gods," exclaimed Quitman, "to tell him that I am his son-in-law!"

"Tell him," said Rebecca.

Quitman shook his head thoughtfully, and said, "No—not now, I'm not *now*, you know."

"Of course you are," said she, "just as much as ever you were."

But he shook his head, and leaning forward, "Prove it," he said.

"But you know—and I know." She was a little bewildered.

"But prove that we are married."

"Prove it?"

"Show me the record, confront me with the minister who married us, with the witnesses."

"But it isn't necessary. *We* know."

"It might be necessary. Suppose I died, and you wished to prove that you had been my wife?"

"I'd just say so, and people would believe it."

"No," he said; "your friends might, but the law wouldn't. The law would ask to see a record of your marriage. You couldn't produce one. It would ask for the witnesses; you couldn't produce them. It would ask for the minister who performed the ceremony. And, as you know, he is dead. No, you couldn't prove it. Together we could prove it, but not one of us alone—especially if the other denied the fact."

"Victor," and she looked him straight in the eyes, "you are planning to do something dreadful."

"Well," said he, "I'm not. But if ever I do do something dreadful, don't you make a fool of yourself—don't go on the housetops and tell the world that you are my wife; you won't be believed, and you will make a scandal. And suppose that the dreadful thing I did was to marry again—and suppose you did get yourself believed—they would put me in prison for most of my life. If I choose to sin, it doesn't make you a sinner."

Three months later he made a runaway match with Miss Victoria Rodgers, the great heiress. Rebecca flung one green look at the housetops, then choked down the jealousy, the anger, the injury, and all the misery which she felt, and held her tongue.

Then she had brain fever. And when she came out of the brain fever they had to teach her to stand, to walk, to talk, to read, to write, all over again. She had forgotten everything that she had ever known.

III

MEMORY of many things returned in time to Rebecca; perhaps the memory of all things. But this is unknown. To some people it might have seemed that she remembered when it suited her, and that when it did not suit her she forgot.

It was very vulgar in those days to speak of money. Without speaking of anything



DRAWN BY FRANK SHARP

"You sit there," Rebecca said, pushing Mrs. Quitman forcibly into a chair, "and stop your screeching."
She shook an incipient screech short off in the middle

in particular, Rebecca's father, a city man, knew pretty well which young men were eligible and which were not. He suggested to Rebecca that she marry Horace Holland.

She said she didn't want to marry. She wouldn't marry. She *couldn't* marry.

"What do you mean by that? You *can't* marry?"

"I just mean that. I can't."

"Thomasina foolishness!" said her father. "Speak English! *Why* can't you?"

"I just can't. I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"I can't take your word for it. If you think you *can't* marry, it's a question for professional advice."

Rebecca turned crimson. "Very well, father," she said, "I obey. But I think it wrong for me to marry, and the sin is on your head. I will marry Horace Holland whenever you say, or a Solomon-Islander, or a gorilla."

And she swept out of the room, very tall and beautiful.

She was married in an apple-green silk dress and little square-toed apple-green shoes to match.

At the reception, almost the first persons to greet the happy pair were Victor Quitman and Victoria, his wife. They said that all they could hope was that Rebecca and Horace would be as happy in their married life as they had been in theirs. When Victor leaned gallantly forward to kiss the bride, she put her hands to her face, and said something about "Dead—Flowers," and fainted away.

In those old days women used to faint at the least excuse.

The first ten years of her life with Horace Holland were devoted to multiplication. In that time she bore him eight children. She was pointed to as a model of all the virtues. Every night, even when she was very sick, she went down on her knees, and said: "God bless the honest man I live with and all our dear little ones. Keep them from knowledge, O Lord, and have mercy on me."

She was always a stately woman, but the roses in her cheeks faded early. At an age when women of our times play tennis, go into the water head first, and wear riding-breeches, she graced her silver head with a lace cap, and cut roses with a pair of pruning-shears for exercise. She saw a great

deal of the Quitmans. Victor and Horace were the best of friends.

Victor prospered, and made a beginning of modern usages. Possessed of nearly a million, it was no longer considered vulgar of him to talk of money, but amusing and eccentric. He set a fashion of candor. "I don't want my children to run with the Bower children," he would say, "because the Bowers, bless their honest simple hearts, have neither wealth nor breeding. I've been poor. My children sha'n't be, confound it. We all like money better than anything else, and we may as well drop our hypocritical masks and say so."

In business he was immensely successful. He took to living on a grand scale, and to spending money for show. In ten years he had but three children, and Victoria continued to look like a charming young girl. She adored him. And he flirted just enough with other women to keep her love well fed and lively. He was not the fool to weary her with too much devotion and too much attention. Sometimes it seemed to her that he didn't really love her at all, and never had. And then she would fling her arms about him and besiege his heart, until the garrison appeared to come out and surrender. He was often away "on business." But not too often. And than this there is no better fixative for wifely affection. Sometimes he made her wild with happiness, saying:

"I don't love you in a humdrum way, as a man loves his wife, as Darby loved Joan. I love you as a man loves his sweetheart."

Vic. was easily flattered, it seems.

One afternoon Victor was thrown from his buggy, and received not only external but internal injuries. Fever bred in his blood, and he became delirious. There was nothing, the doctor admitted, between him and death but a wonderful constitution. And, having been in the sick room for two hours he added, "You mustn't believe anything that he says in his delirium, or hold it up against him hereafter or against your memory of him."

Victoria listened to her husband's ravings for thirteen hours, and, contrary to the doctor's admonitions, believed every word of them. His fever went down. He stopped talking. He fell asleep. Victoria left the house without a word or a hat. She appeared in the Holland's drawing-room very suddenly, without being announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Holland looked up from



"Did I hit you?" asked Holland. "Yep," said Quitman. "I can't move my shoulder. Are you going to load up and try again?" "God forbid," said Holland, and he shuddered.

their books. Mr. Holland stood up, and started to say something. Mrs. Quitman, however, pointed her finger at Rebecca, and said one word. It began with an A and ended with a sibilant. Then she said,

"Is it true that you are that man's wife?"

Rebecca, very white, folded her hands in her lap and held her head very high. "It is true," she said gently, "that I am your husband's wife."

Horace Holland broke in with, "You are her *what's what*?"

"Victor Quitman and I," said Rebecca calmly but with force, "were secretly married. He destroyed all records of the ceremony, and committed bigamy for a pretty face and a large bank-account. As for me, I was forced into a mock marriage with you. My father forced me, and my heart."

"Your heart!" exclaimed Holland, and there was a certain gentle eagerness mingled with the horror in his voice.

"My heart," she repeated. "I loved him. I sacrificed your honor and my hopes of salvation rather than send him to prison."

"What are we going to do?" said Holland icily. "And, by the way, is Victor Quitman well enough to be shot?"

Victoria began to screech.

Holland turned to Rebecca. "She says he isn't well enough," he said.

"I beg your pardon?" Rebecca had not heard distinctly because of the screeching.

"She says," Holland shouted, "that he never will be well enough."

Rebecca rose, took Victoria in her arms, spoke very sharply, and being a dominant woman quieted her. "You sit there," she said, pushing her forcibly into a chair, "and stop your screeching." She shook an incipient screech short off in the middle, and then Victoria stopped. "Now," said Rebecca, "let's talk it all over, and decide what's to be done."

"The first thing," said Holland, "is to wait until Quitman is well enough and then shoot him. The second thing for me to do is to say that I don't blame you at all, Rebecca. You couldn't help yourself. And you've made me happy for ten years. When Victor has been shot, we can be married—really married—and legalize the status of our children."

"How about my children?" said Victoria stonily.

"Hum!" said Holland and looked for inspiration to the mother of his. She shook her head.

"Their case is quite hopeless, I imagine," he said. "I am sorry."

"You've only three, anyway," said Rebecca; "it's not so bad for you. I've got eight."

"One thing more," said Holland, "I've drawn a splendid woman in the lottery of life, and I stand by her."

Mrs. Quitman refused to return to her house, and they put her up for the night. She threatened to destroy herself; but Rebecca made her drink spirits of lavender, and she had a long reconstructive sleep.

A month later Horace Holland visited Victor Quitman in the latter's office and shot him with a forty-one-caliber derring. Knowing that the little weapon kicked wickedly, Horace aimed at Victor's stomach low down, shut his eyes, and shot him in the shoulder.

Victor turned whiter and whiter, but made no move to escape, nor said a word. The report brought a clerk running.

"It's all right, Dobbs," said Quitman. "Mr. Holland was showing me his new pistol. He didn't know it was loaded. Fortunately the bullet went out through the open window and didn't even make a hole in the plaster. That is all."

The clerk withdrew.

Holland sank into a chair overcome with emotion. The smoke of his homicidal effort cleared. "Did I hit you?" he asked.

"Yep," said Quitman, "I can't move my shoulder. Are you going to load up and try again?"

"God forbid," said Holland, and he shuddered.

"Look here, old fellow," said Quitman, "for fifteen years you and I've been good friends. I'm a bad man. I admit it. But you must admit that you've always found me good company and that I can be very funny when your contagious spirit moves me. Just now I am in pain and perhaps in danger of bleeding to death. Suppose we look up a doctor and bribe him to keep his mouth shut? Later we can talk the matter over. Give me your arm, there's a good fellow, and put my hat on for me. I can't use this hand. There we are. Talk to me as we go. I shall try very hard not to faint. You will agree with me, I think, that for our—our so-called family's sake there must be no scandal. Now or hereafter. We have been examples to too many people of Christian charity and human probity. I hope Rebecca and the children are well. That Jack of yours is a great little feller. Any time you want to get rid of him, you know—"

Holland sniffled, and patted the hand that lay on his arm. "I thought," he said, "that you asked *me* to do the talking?"

Thus conversing, they came to the house of a surgeon and went in. Between fainting spells Quitman joked and told anecdotes and was probed and had his wound dressed.

"He's the spunkiest man I ever attended," said the surgeon.

"I've seen him—I mean I've *heard* of his doing much braver things than this," said Holland. "He is a wonderful man. And I am proud to be known as his best friend. We were known as Damon and Pythias in our college days."

"What a wonderful thing friendship is," said the surgeon.

"It passes all understanding," said Holland. "It passes the love of woman. He is coming to again."

"You do as I tell you," said Mrs. Holland to her oldest daughter. "I want to be buried in my wedding dress—my *green* wedding dress—and I'm going to be, shoes and all. Your dear father wore the suit he was married in; that is, he always thought he was married in that suit, and I'm going to follow suit. If he could put up with green at the altar, you can put up with green at the grave."

She closed her eyes and smiled peacefully. She had been a good mother. She had made Horace Holland believe that she loved him all his life—to his dying day. She was going to be buried in the green dress, on the off chance that the dead know what the living do—and that the act would be pleasant and touching to his departed spirit. Her whole life had been a noble lie; she wished her death to be one more. But when she did die, after a long night of sinking, her poor old brain became bewildered, and instead of saying for the benefit of the *possibly* listening shade of Horace Holland, "I am coming, Horace," her lips fluttered, and the listeners heard her mutter softly, like a caress,

"I'll be waiting, my darling."

Victor Quitman's last words, his teeth having been removed, were quite unintelligible to those surrounding his deathbed. He raised himself suddenly to a sitting position, stared straight off into space, with a wonderful light in his eyes, and murmured,

"Bec!—Bec!—Bec!"



Unto the Children

The science-sharps have shown conclusively that many bodily ills often follow their course even to the sixth and seventh generations. How about the mental and moral ills, not only of the fathers but of the mothers? Where do they end? And the children—most of them criminally untaught in the vital things in life they chiefly ought to know—are they to be held responsible for leaving the path if that has been the example at home? Read this story. It is not particularly pleasing—but there is an idea in it which ought to sink in—good and deep.

by
Rupert Hughes
Illustrated by
G. Patrick
Nelson

“AND you hadn’t heard of it?”
“Not till now.”
“Well, it’s true. Everybody’s talking about it. She’ll have to leave town. She’ll never dare show her face here again.”

“Her poor mother!”
“Yes, it’s too bad—a good soul, a church-worker; she’s sacrificed everything to her daughter; but the girl—well, I always said that Nell Renshaw would come to no good.”

From up-stairs a voice came—a girl’s voice calling, “Mother!” From the very tone one would expect her to be beautiful. And the rhythm of her feet as she ran down the steps encouraged an expectation of youth and charm.

The two women sat back guiltily, caught in the act of passing scandal. Mrs. Fennelly whispered: “Shh! Don’t tell her.”

“Oh, no, indeed! She wouldn’t understand.”

Mrs. Huddy, who had been leaning for-

ward in the eagerness of gossip, quickly remodeled her expression to a serene smile of benignity. Instantly the Mrs. Huddy who was so dreadful, yet so fascinating, as the newsmonger of what the small-town paper dared not print, became the Mrs. Huddy who gave such hospitable receptions and never missed a prayer-meeting.

The look that Mrs. Fennelly erased was one of suffering. She had felt no zest for the scandal, had shaken her head over the victim’s name, and trembled with the pain of pity.

The girl, whose mere approach brightened both visages, came in pensive and demure. At the sight of her mother and her mother’s guest, she tossed her fine head and shook off

a veil of seriousness, revealing the luminous mien of youth, beauty, and well being.

"I declare, Phoebe, you grow prettier every day!" Mrs. Huddy cried.

"Oh, Mrs. Huddy!" The girl pouted as if she had been accused of a misdemeanor.

"And you look more and more like your mother."

"Oh, Mrs. Huddy!" the mother protested.

The neighbor's eyes went from one to the other. "Your mother was just such a beauty at your age, Phoebe. All the boys in town ran after her. When your father captured her, they were all going to lynch him or commit suicide. But they didn't. They married the remnants—like me, and settled down to grow old and stupid. And now their sons are running after her daughter! I hope you marry as well and live as happy as your mother."

"If I only could!" the girl exclaimed.

But the mother scolded:

"Oh, don't put ideas of marriage in her head. She's only a child."

Mrs. Huddy shrugged her shoulders, unconvinced. "You were married and a mother at her age."

"Oh, yes, but in those days—"

"Well, the world doesn't change as much as we sometimes think. All I've got to say is, watch out, Stella, you'll be losing your Phoebe one of these fine days."

The girl flushed before the gaze of the two matrons, and bent her head shyly. Just then an automobile chugged up to the curb outside and squawked three times. This was evidently a signal, for Phoebe ran to the window and peered forth.

"It's Harry Brierly," she said. "He wants me to take a spin with him. Do you mind, mama?"

"No, indeed! Go on, the air will do you good. You're a little pale the last few days."

When Phoebe had gone, the two women watched her hurrying along the walk, and climbing into the automobile, which shot out of sight at once. The mother laughed tenderly.

"Times don't change much. Only, they used to drive up in a buggy, and now they come in a motor."

"Yes," said Mrs. Huddy, "and they go so far and so fast that you never know where they've been. I don't approve of them very much." She added with apparent irrelevance: "A daughter is a terrible responsibility, especially in a dull old town like

this. There's so little diversion; things are so stupid and monotonous, and the girls go about unchaperoned—it's no wonder so many of them go the wrong path."

Mrs. Fennelly felt the implied logic, and resented it. "Phoebe is the joy of our life."

"Oh, yes, but Phoebe is one girl in a million. I was thinking of Nellie Renshaw. Her mother and father skimmed and scraped and went shabby that she might have nice things to wear, and mortgaged the house to send her to boarding-school, and now their reward is that she has disgraced them."

"Poor girl!"

"Poor nothing! She's a shameless wretch! She was bad from the start, a noisy, disobedient child, a flaunting, forward thing as she grew older. Phoebe has been such a contrast. She never would provoke a criticism. She's too much like you, Stella. My husband tells me I know more slander than anybody in town, but in all these years even I never heard a word against you."

"I've never been interesting enough even to talk about."

"You oughtn't to complain, my dear."

"Complain! I never say my prayers without thanking Heaven for it."

"Well, I must be hurrying. I just dropped in to see how you were. Oh, by the way, we had cards for Jamie Lawton's wedding."

"Jamie Lawton!"

"Married in New York last week—you remember him, don't you?—the young fellow who visited the Waites here?"

"Oh, yes, I remember him, but—so he's married? It must have been very sudden."

"It must have been. He married some Eastern girl—she has a lot of money, they say. He paid so much attention to your Phoebe when he was here, that I rather thought—"

"Oh, no; they were just good friends."

"Then she won't care. Anyway, he's sailed for Europe. Well, for the eleventh time good-by, my dear."

"Good-by, my dear."

Mrs. Fennelly knew that Mrs. Huddy had called solely to distribute gossip, perhaps to pick up a few paragraphs to increase her circulation. When she had closed the door after her, Mrs. Fennelly went to the parlor window to see if her guess were correct.

Yes, Mrs. Huddy left her gate only to turn in at the very next neighbor's. She was the ambulant news sheet of that small



"I declare, Phoebe, you grow prettier every day!" Mrs. Huddy cried

town. Her holy zeal in hustling her weak frame from house to house for the publication of family secrets set Mrs. Fennelly to musing on the strange industry of gossip: half the world trying to see and hear through the windows of the other half. So many people struggling to draw the blinds upon their own home-chronicles and peek through the shutters of the other houses to corroborate distrust. One hand forever laboring to conceal, one hand to reveal. People of every sort exclaiming with horror upon the misadventures of all the other people, while in their own families the same, or equal, or worse scandals were simmering.

Mrs. Fennelly smiled to think that she had received an honorable mention from the most relentless of the gossips. "Even I never heard a word against you, Stella." She felt a glow of satisfaction. Then, suddenly, her hand, idly twisting the cord of the shade, clenched upon itself. A shudder convulsed her as if the cord were a live wire. She turned from the window, smote her palms together frantically, and set to pacing the room in long strides, like a caged animal under the lash.

She clutched at the arm of a divan as her knees gave way and she went to the floor. Finding herself in the attitude of prayer, her soul prayed

She clenched her hands over her bowed head, and the fingers, interlaced, seemed to wrestle together, as she whispered:

"God, God, forgive me, forgive me! I have taken people's praise, and the trust of my children, and their love, and my husband's love, and I let them believe that I am good. If I am a hypocrite, Lord, in thy eyes—only a whited sepulcher—still let me keep my secret; help me keep my secret, Lord—not for my sake, oh, not for my sake, but for their sakes! They love me, dear Lord, they need me!"

II

MRS. FENNELLY heard the faint clang of the iron front gate as it was flung shut. She rose heavily and hurried up the stairs, lifting herself by the banister-rail. She tottered to her room and bathed her red-deneyelids with cold water, struggling to regain the self-control that had made her

the placid emblem of peace and security in that home.

Down-stairs, her husband's voice rang through the house as he called for her and searched for her.

"Stella! Oh, Stella! Stella-a!"

At length she was calmed enough to appear at the head of the stairs and answer him. She found him waiting in the hall. He wore a look of elaborate duplicity, and his left hand was hidden behind him.

He put out his right arm and hugged her hard, then brought forward a great bouquet. She stared at it as if she were afraid to trust her misty eyes.

"Flowers? for me? But why?"

"Why, it's our anniversary. Didn't you know?"

"Of course, and I was going to surprise you with a nice dinner to-night, but—to think that you remembered it!"

"I did! And all by myself! I was writing the date on a check, and I said to myself: 'That sounds familiar, is it somebody's birthday? or did somebody discover something?' And then it came to me all of a sudden. It was our birthday."

To his amazement, instead of laughing with pride, she fell into his arms weeping bitterly. Behind his back, her hands were clenched again; those fingers wrestled together once more. Into his breast, she was thinking a prayer,

"Dear God, I thank you, not for my sake, but for his dear sake—and for our children's sakes."

But he did not see her hands or hear her thought; he heard only the sobs. He clasped her close, and caressed her white hair as if it were young again, murmuring to her:

"You women express everything with tears, don't you? But go on and have a good cry. We've had hard times together, rough sledding part of the way, nearly bankrupted a couple of times, not rich yet. But what do those things matter? We have a home, and children and each other. We've never had any tragedies, no disgrace, and I've got the most beautiful girl in the world for my wife."

Again she recaptured her self-control, and smiled as she sniffed: "How can you say such things? And me crying my nose red!"

"It's very becoming. I brought you these flowers because tea-roses are your favorites, aren't they?"

"They are, indeed!" she said. She tried to thank him for them, but he held her at a distance, saying:

"Wait, wait!" He was as important as a boy conspirator, and as sheepish. He fished in his pockets anxiously: "If I haven't gone and lost it! No, here it is!"

He produced a tiny box, and unwrapping a deal of paper from it, brought forth a ring. She gasped:

"But it's a diamond! a big one! It's more than you can afford!"

"Yes, but I said to myself, 'Where's the compliment in giving your sweetheart a present you can afford?'"

"But you oughtn't to squander so much on me."

"Oh, yes, I ought. That's the oughtest thing I can do. I'll pay for it gradually, and every time I send an instalment, it will be like giving you a new present."

He was hilarious and gawky as he had been at the first party he had taken her to. And she tried to keep pace with his high spirits, but her eyes were sorrowful above her smile.

"Where's Phoebe?" he demanded.

"She'll be back soon. She's out with Harry Brierly for a little spin."

"Harry Brierly, eh? Do you like him?"

"He's all right, I guess."

"We must take awfully good care of our Phoebe."

"Oh, she can take care of herself."

"Yes, of course. She's the best girl on earth. But sometimes I worry about the way girls run about with every Tom, Dick, and Harry Brierly."

"We can't keep her cooped up in the house."

"No, of course not. I'm an old fool, I suppose, to worry. You and I used to go where we pleased. We used to take long buggy-rides, and be gone for half a day; sometimes till late at night. And there was never anything wrong. Of course there couldn't have been any wrong where you were."

He stared at her worshipfully, and she pulled down his head to kiss him on the forehead, almost as if she would evade the steady gaze of his eyes.

And then they heard a voice of tender mockery: "You old spooners!"

They turned in youthful confusion to see Phoebe laughing at them. The father's blush threatened to set his white mustache



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

"You old spooners!" They turned in youthful confusion to see Phoebe laughing at them. The father saved the day by a shift of subject: "Look at her, mother. Isn't she the darndest, prettiest thing on earth?—except you? I won't put anybody ahead of you"

afire, but he saved the day by a shift of subject:

"Look at her, mother. Isn't she the darndest, prettiest thing on earth?—except you? I won't put anybody ahead of you."

Still clinging to his wife, he crooked his left arm, and his daughter ran into its harbor. The cook opened the door to announce luncheon, but paused to beam upon the trio before she spoke.

The three filed into the little dining-room, and made a banquet of their simple fare. The father was in an unusual mood for him; business cares were magically withdrawn from his mind, taking the years with them.

The mother put away her remorse, folded it up, as it were, and laid it on a shelf in the dark closet of memory, where one tries to hide what one can never destroy. And she kept whispering to herself:

"It was right to deceive him. It would be a sin to let them know. Even God has forgiven—and forgotten."

The father turned serious for a moment: "There's just one flaw in the day: the other children not being here. We must get them together soon. We must have them all around the table once more at least."

There was a while of talk devoted to each of the scattered flock, in city or town, in office and school.

"We watched 'em all grow up, mother. One by one they appeared in the high-chair, and then grew up and down till they were as big as we are. Then they vamosed. I suppose Phoebe will follow them some day. Yet it seems only a little while ago that she was sitting there, locked in a high-chair, and kicking her tray into her own lap. And then she was promoted to an ordinary chair, with Webster's Dictionary and a couple of cyclopedias under her; and we took those out one by one, and now she sits up and looks just as you did when we two sat down at meals before a single child joined the party. I have to rub my eyes to believe she isn't you."

As Mrs. Fennelly sat smiling at the blushing subject of this chair-biography, she suddenly saw Phoebe in a new light, as herself, reverted to youth by a miracle. And that brought back to her all that she remembered and regretted in herself.

Phoebe glimmered before her like an embodied memory, a ghost at the feast—a beautiful ghost, but one that brought grief to behold, and terror to imagine in the

future. Was her own past to be duplicated, as her own lost graces were renewed in her child's body?

A morsel of the morning's gossip occurred to her, and she said,

"Oh, Phoebe, did you hear that Jamie Lawton was married?"

A sheet of white chased the pink from the girl's cheek and was in turn pursued away by a flood of red. "Ye-yes," she murmured. "Harry Brierly told me."

The mother was startled by that rush of color; it seemed to confirm what Mrs. Huddy had implied. But all she said was, "Weren't you surprised?"

And all Phoebe said was: "Yes, I was. V-very much!"

But the girl's father was saying: "She's the best girl in the world, Phoebe is. She's never given us a moment's unhappiness, and we must make her happy, or she'll run off and leave us."

Phoebe flushed with excitement. "I wish you wouldn't talk about me—and don't stare at me so."

A silence fell on the table. The father and mother were meditating the same things, shyly and with shame. The girl was thinking her own thought, and they could not know what it was.

Upon the stillness came two deep booms from the hall-clock. Automatically the muscles of the father folded his napkin, pushed back his chair, and raised him to his feet, as they had done for years.

"Anniversary or no anniversary," he sighed, "there's always the shop."

Mrs. Fennelly and Phoebe rose with him and followed him into the hall. One of them took his coat from the hall-tree and held it for him; and one of them got his hat and set it on his head. He put his arms about Phoebe and, as always, she straightened his cravat, which was forever askew. He bent his head, and she gave him her brow to kiss, and pressed her lips to his cheek.

He took his wife into his arms and gave her an extra kiss for the occasion. He turned at the steps to say "Good-by" again, and his feet fumbled. They gasped as he nearly fell. He always nearly fell. He turned at the gate to nod another "Good-by," and walked into the post as usual. But when the last tree cut him off from view, he was still waving "Good-by."

As they stared at him Stella's eyes were alive with tears, and she turned to find

that Phoebe's eyes were glistening, too. She remembered her husband's words, "We must take awfully good care of our Phoebe," and she felt a mighty urge within her to gather the girl close and shelter her from the wrath of life.

On that impulse, she sent out her arms to find her baby. They found a woman as tall as herself, slenderer, lithier, smoother, and rosier, a woman with hair looped high, learned eyes, full lips, a throat of pathos, the bosom and body of a young mother, the long skirts of womanhood.

Mrs. Fennelly felt helpless, exiled, afraid. She laughed brokenly. "Phoebe, Phoebe, what has become of my child? Who is this beautiful stranger that looks so much like her? Where has my little girl gone?"

"I don't know, mother. I don't know. I only know she's gone. But don't call me a stranger, please; call me anything but that."

Surprised at the strange quaver in her tone, Mrs. Fennelly squeezed her shoulders and spoke earnestly: "I was only making fun, Phoebe darling. You're not a stranger. You're my dearest, dearest child, grown up to be as tall as her mother, and twice as sensible and twice as good. And we're going to be the greatest of friends—companions—chums, aren't we?"

This praise soothed her less than the other. She grew hysterical, tossing her head restively: "I don't want you for a companion. I want you for a mother. I want to call you mama, and have you pet me and—"

Mrs. Fennelly stared at her, amazed at this gust of emotion. She caught the girl back in her arms, and found something of her child again in the lamb-like nestling, and the creeping of the little hands to her cheeks and round her neck.

"That's better," she cooed. "Now my baby is home again."

But at this Phoebe broke away again, with a strange impatience. "I'm not a baby! I'm not a child!" she stormed.

The mother laughed soothingly. "How hard we are to please to-day! If I call her a strange young lady, she doesn't like that; and if I call her my little girl, she doesn't like that. What does she want her mother to call her?"

"I don't know! I don't know! I only want you to love me!"

"Love you? I worship you! You're so beautiful, so good, so terribly, terribly fine!

I'm so proud of you! I don't feel worthy to be the mother of an angel like you."

"Oh, if you say that I'll die!" She broke free and darted up the stairs in a frenzy of flight. Her mother gazed after her, stupefied. She heard a door shut above. She heard the click of a lock, and then the sound of muffled sobs.

III

SLOWLY and drearily Mrs. Fennelly climbed the stairs, paused to try the knob of Phoebe's door, knocked and pleaded to be admitted, but had only the murmur of weeping for answer.

An outcast from the privilege of another's grief, Mrs. Fennelly beat on the door as if it were the shut gate of an Eden. Then she remembered the entrance from her own room into her daughter's. Perhaps Phoebe had forgotten to lock it. She hurried there. The key had not been turned.

She paused at the vision before her. How often she had tiptoed into that room to steal a good-night kiss from the little dreamer's lips, to tuck the covers round the growing frame and persuade the restless arms and feet beneath the quilt! How often she had stood there watching her daughter toss in the pangs of illness!

But now, upon her baby's bed a woman had flung her length along—a corseted figure in a fashionable gown, with one high-heeled slipper fallen from the silken stocking. She lay face downward, her hands clenched above her coiled hair. She reminded Mrs. Fennelly of a prostrate Magdalen she had seen in a picture. The mother-heart dismissed the comparison with a shudder, and hurried to the comfort of this changeling.

"Phoebe, child, little girl, what on earth—"

"Don't touch me!"

"Why, honey!"

"You mustn't touch me, I tell you!"

But Mrs. Fennelly's strong arms garnered the relaxed body like a fallen sheaf, lifted her, dragged her to a big chair at the bedside, and, sinking into it, huddled her into her lap. But her child was grown too big for that haven. Body and limbs were too long, and the grief that tormented her made her impossible to hold. She thrust herself free and slid to the floor.

Still her mother clung to her hands, and sought to comfort her with the iteration of:

"Why, honey, what's the matter? Honey, darling! Phoebe, sweet! tell mother what's the matter!"

She got no answer but an inarticulate strangle of sobs till she bent far over and kissed the girl's hair. This brought a wilder outcry:

"Don't touch me! You mustn't kiss me! I've no right to your kisses any more!"

Mrs. Fennelly sat upright, stabbed with fear. If the girl had driven a pair of open shears into her breast and shut them on her heart, she could not have been wounded deeper. She began to breathe in great aches of terror. She seemed to know what she was to hear, to dread it, and yet to demand it.

"Tell me! Tell me! I'm your mother! If you need me, I'm your mother! If anything's wrong, I must help you, for I must be—I must be to blame."

"No, no, no! You're not to blame! You're good, you're all that is pure, and I'm all that is vile!"

Under this unwitting sarcasm, the mother's body swayed and bent like a tree in a gale. But still she implored:

"Whatever torments you, I want to share. I love you. Tell me. Little girl, tell me!"

"Don't be sweet to me, mother. I can stand anything but that. That's what broke me down first. I could have gone on if you hadn't called me good; if Daddy hadn't said he was so proud of me, if you hadn't said how proud you were of me. I just could—couldn't stand that."

The room was flooded with the throbbing sunshine of June, but to the mother's eyes it seemed to swirl with black smoke. The floor eddied and a vertigo spun her round, while the daughter's grief wore itself out like a tempest, leaving ruin behind.

After a long while of mute fatigue, Mrs. Fennelly began once more to babble: "Tell your mother, little girl. I can't help you if you don't tell me. I'll think that you don't trust me, that you don't love me, that you hate me, if you don't tell me."

The girl shook her head obstinately, till finally some need of speech, or some luxury of self-denunciation, compelled her. Sprawled on the floor, as in the dust, she made her confession, or bits of it, for there were things to tell that speech shrunk from—emotions wildly sweet and divinely beautiful as they flamed, but odious, hideous, grotesque, in the daylight memory.

"There was a man, mother," she began, each word dragged out of her heart and driven into her mother's. "I met him at a party—I won't tell you whose party—and he asked me for a dance, and I danced with him. He held me terribly tight. I told him not to, and he laughed and held me tighter. We went out on the porch after the dance, and he—he kissed me. And I wasn't mad. I pretended to be. I wanted to be angry, but I wasn't. I told him I was, though, and he laughed and kissed me again. He wouldn't let me go back in the house unless I kissed him. And I did. He had such a strange influence over me, mother—if you'll let me call you mother any more."

"My child!"

"He said I had a strange influence over him. He said I—I tempted him. Maybe I did. I must be bad—all bad. I don't want to be. I didn't want to be. I've always longed to be good. But I haven't been. I have been as wicked as the lowest—"

"No, no, you couldn't be wicked. You couldn't have been really—just a little indiscreet, maybe."

"Indiscreet! Oh, I've been bad—degraded, shameless. This man wanted to call. I told him he couldn't, but he came anyway. I didn't have the courage to send him away. And I liked him. Finally he made me love him. He said we should be terribly happy together when we were married. We were to be married, he said—as soon as he made money enough to come back for me. I found out after he had gone that he had flirted with other girls. I hope they weren't as wicked as I was. But he seemed so innocent and likable. When I was with him, everything I believed to be good seemed to be so foolish, or affected. I was ashamed, actually ashamed, to be good. That was the spell he threw over me. Oh, afterward I couldn't believe my memory—I couldn't recognize my own soul—but afterward was too late."

The tears came showering again, like a recurrent rain.

The mother gnashed her teeth in nausea and rage. She had a wolfish snarl in her voice: "Who was this man—this beast? It was Jamie Lawton! Wasn't it?"

"Yes, mother, and now he's married a rich girl—suddenly. It was Harry Brierly that told me of Jamie Lawton's marriage

this morning, and said, 'Now that he's out of the way, won't you marry me?' He always asks me to marry him; and this morning I was terribly tempted to say yes, for I—I'm so afraid. It would be infamous to marry him to protect myself, but I—I'm so afraid, mother."

And now terror was added to horror. Mrs. Fennelly saw the gossips falling upon the home so long exempt. She saw the endless consequences. She heard the protest of the girl revolting at the dregs of what had been such sweet wine in so fair a chalice.

"I'm as bad as he is—worse, because I'm a woman, and I ought to be good. I wanted to be an honorable mother and have children grow up and love me as your children have loved you. And I ought to have been good, for I had this pure, sweet home, and love and tenderness always. And you taught me to be good. You set me the example. And oh, how I wished to be that wonderful, sweet, old-fashioned thing, just a good woman, a pure woman!"

"I've prayed to be that. When I was with—with that man, I was praying for strength, and rescue, but—I guess God didn't want to save me. He didn't think I was worth saving. Every night since I could say the words I've prayed 'Lead us not into temptation,' but he did. He led me into temptation and weighed me in the balance and threw me away because he hadn't any use for me. I am too wicked even for God to care for."

"Phoebe!"

The mother cried aloud at the frightful sacrilege. She half expected a thunderbolt to crash through the roof and crush the blasphemy. And yet, like another Niobe under the raining arrows of heaven, she gathered her child up under her breasts and bent her own head above her.

It was then that she felt the lightning. It stole upon her gradually, silently, seared and withered her with its irony. The god of the girl's imagining, spreading pitfall and gin for unwary feet, was the deity the mother felt in the room.

IV

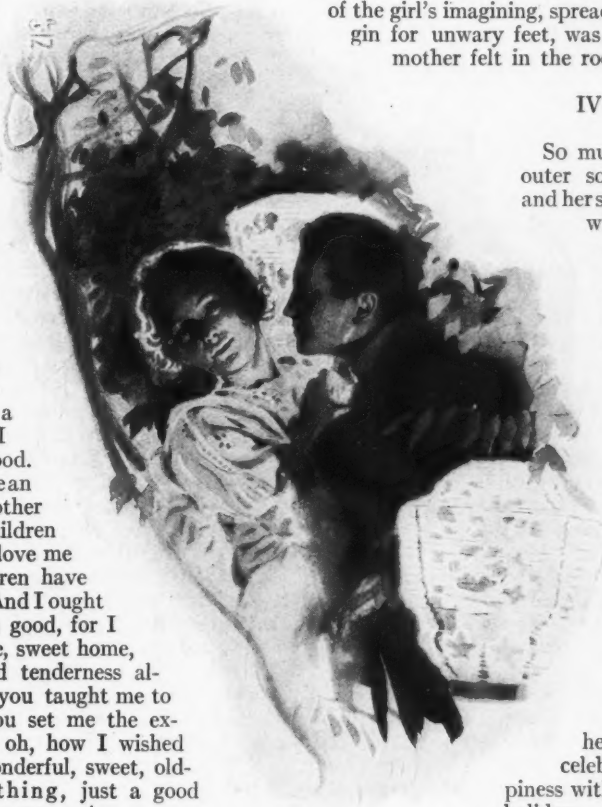
So mute, so deaf, to outer sounds she was and her soul was so filled with the inner turmoil of dismay that she did not hear the outer gate open or shut.

Besides, it was opened and shut with softness. Mr. Fennelly had set out briskly for his shop, but the spirit of anniversary dragged him back. He resented the thought that he could not celebrate his happiness with even half a holiday.

He paused, thinking earnestly, and passers-by smiled at his abstraction. "He's the most absent-minded old dear on

earth," said Mrs. Huddy, who went past and spoke to him without being spoken to. Then he turned back and retraced his path. "He's forgotten something," said Mrs. Huddy.

But he had issued a declaration of independence from his shop and voted himself



"I wanted to be angry, but I wasn't. I told him I was, though, and he laughed and kissed me again"

a vacation of several hours. He would return to his family and surprise them. So he opened the gate cautiously, walked on the grass to muffle his tread, tiptoed up the steps, and opened the front door with all stealth. A stranger might have thought him a thief intent on daylight burglary, had his eyes not twinkled with such innocent mischief.

He tiptoed from room to room down-stairs and finding no one went to the upper floor. He opened the door of his wife's room with gentlest touch. She was not there, but the door to Phoebe's room was ajar. He set out for that, his heart bursting with laughter, when he heard the voices of his beloved and paused.

Mrs. Fennelly had awakened as from a coma. She felt the weight gone from her knees; the resounding grief no longer shook the air.

She peered about and groped till she found the girl prone on the floor. She reached down and touched her. Her pitiful hand sent a shiver through the inert form, and brought the voice back from the silence:

"No, no, don't try to be good to me, for you must loathe me. I loathe myself. Everybody will loathe me soon."

"Oh, my child, my sweet child!"

"Of course you'll feel sorry for me. I have broken your heart, but it will ache for me. You're trying to sympathize with me. But you can't. You couldn't understand. You couldn't. You are too good."

"Don't, don't!" The mother leaned far over and tried to lift the girl, but she was not strong enough, and Phoebe avoided her, whispering:

"Don't touch me! Don't soil your clean hands on me!"

A groan of agony broke from the father's heart as he heard and understood. But it was drowned by a cry of pain, the pain of travail, that went out from the mother's lips. In her heart there was a strange and ominous stir. She had kept a secret imprisoned there, and tried to starve it to death, but it had gnawed and fed like a canker in a rose. And, now, after all these years, it seemed suddenly to have become a python, and to begin uncoiling its huge, irresistible folds, determined to escape into the sunlight.

She feared the sight of it, the sound of its hiss. Once out, it could never be crowded back. She dug the fingers of her left hand into the breast over her heart, as if to throttle it. But it would not be still. She put

her right hand out appealingly, asking, not offering, mercy.

The girl looking up in wonder at her mother's outcry, misunderstood that open palm, and shook her head.

"Don't pity me, I am unworthy of it!"

"Pity me!" the mother wailed, "pity me—if you can!"

And then the secret came forth:

"Listen, Phoebe. When I was young, my father and mother were very strict with me. I resented it and felt justified in having secrets from them. Boys weren't allowed to call, except once a week, and they couldn't stay late, and my mother always sat with us, always knitting or mending things.

"But in spite of her watchfulness, there were chances enough for whispers and little conspiracies. The war broke out, and toward the last of it a wounded officer who had been invalided home paid me great attention. He was much older than I was, yet he was young for an officer, and he won my first affections. He was handsome, and brave; he had been wounded in battle, and he had a challenging, bantering way. The time came when he was strong enough to return to his regiment. He was waiting only for his new commission to arrive. But for all his glory my mother did not like him.

"And then he got his orders to rejoin the army. He promised to write to me, and to marry me when the war was over. But I didn't hear from him, and his regiment was in no battle that I could read of.

"And then my soldier was killed in one of the last battles. I grieved for him and thought of myself as his widow—a fifteen-year-old widow.

"By and by your father fell in love with me. He loved me, honored me, asked me to be his wife. I kept refusing him, but finally he won my heart. I felt like a criminal, but I loved him. I wanted to tell him. I tried to again and again. But I never dared. I was afraid he would hate me, and I wanted him to love me. I wanted to be his wife. I was afraid to live without his love. And so at last I married him.

"I have tried to help him. I have worked for him. I have borne him children, and worked for them. I have tried to atone for my little while of sin by a life of sacrifice. And now—now I have told it!—and to you!"

From the wondering, awe-stricken heap on the floor came the words, "You have been the best mother that ever was."



*"Pity me!" the mother wailed,
"pity me - if you can!"*

"I have been a whited sepulchre. I have taken love and trust that weren't mine. I have profaned my prayers by thanking God every night for helping me through another day of hypocrisy. I had hoped to go down to the grave with my secret, but God wouldn't let me bring it to the foot of his judgment seat. He forced me to make my confession to you—to you of all people on earth, and at the time of all times when you most needed a mother, a good mother. I tried to keep silent. But I couldn't—somehow I just couldn't let you lie there believing that you had dishonored me. You looked so lonely, I had to tell you that the wickedness is mine, not yours. I am to blame for your weakness, and my own. But I have paid dearly, and I shall go on paying, for now I shall no longer have your love or your trust. You will never look at me again except with—with shame."

And so the serpent was out of her soul. She felt a strange, an enormous relief. But with the burden that weighted her, went the strength that had held her up. She drooped and collapsed; one dangling hand fell to the floor.

By and by, she felt the touch of fingers that crept round her hand like tendrils. She heard her daughter's voice, once more like a little child's: "Mother—mother, dear! I love you more than ever."

Mrs. Fennelly caught her hand away in unbelieving amazement. She shrank aside, but the girl, rising to her knees, followed her, flung her arms about her, and held her fast.

"We are both of us women now, mother, and we know each other; best and worst, we understand each other."

And now the broken mother was leaning on the child, and the child was kneeling erect to support her, making herself tall and strong for her mother's need.

"You became the best woman in the world, and you made this beautiful home and held it together. Perhaps I could be a good woman, too, and rise above my sin and trample it down—if you would help me."

With a wrench of anguish that was almost bliss, the mother's arms went round her child, the old hands lifted the young face, and their tears mingled together.

And then they heard a strange sound, the uncouth and horrible noise of a man—an old man—sobbing. They heard steps on the stairway, then heard the front door open and not shut. They heard that familiar stumbling on the front steps. They heard that well-remembered fumbling at the iron gate. Their eyes met in one quick glance of terror, then parted in shame. As she swooned the girl whispered, "He heard!"

The mother sighed, "And now he knows!" and she sat condemned with her guilty child hung across her knees as one dead. She sat erect with eyes turned upward and inward, white and ghastly. None of her moved except her eyebrows, writhing like worms, as she stared and thought upward:

"This is my punishment, O God! It would never have been bitter enough before. This is the appointed time. I have sinned. She must pay. He must pay. Vengeance is thine!" And then, even her brows no longer writhed. She sat in marble rigor, like a stone fate with blank eyes.



Recollections of a Soldier's Wife

By Mrs. John A. Logan..

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The bullet that was fired in Ford's Theater April 14, 1865, did more than strike down at the moment of triumph the patient bearer of the nation's sorrows; it removed the one man who, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," had the far-seeing statesmanship to reunite the torn sections of our country without resort to the shameful practices that characterized the Reconstruction period and left a hurt in the heart of the South that was more lasting than the sting of defeat. President Johnson was by no means the man for that trying hour; bickerings intensified by animosity were the order of the day until he was succeeded by Grant, whose fame thrust him, a soldier born and bred, into the White House. This is the interesting period which Mrs. Logan covers in the present chapter of her "Recollections."

IN the previous chapter I told of the first stages of the disaffection between President Johnson and his party. My husband became one of the floor managers of the House in the impeachment proceedings. Among Mr. Johnson's other vagaries was that Stanton, who had been secretary of war under Lincoln, must be removed from office. Public feeling was at white heat. Mr. Johnson was taking the side of the Southern states in every way. He was threatening to undo the very work that had cost thousands upon thousands of lives.

The overwhelming sentiment of the Republicans of Congress (which had very few Democratic members, as the South was unrepresented in Congress by natives) was that Stanton must remain. Stanton decided to obey the wishes of his party and the dictates of patriotic duty. The President had appointed Lorenzo Thomas, the adjutant-general of the army, as secretary of war. The Senate refused to confirm him. Mr. Johnson then threatened to use force to eject Stanton from the office and install Thomas in his place. Lest Thomas might take possession in his absence, Stanton had all his meals served at the War Department, and slept on a cot in his private office.

In such a crisis, naturally everyone looked to General Grant as the strong man of the hour. Many army officers and leaders in Congress wanted him to call out the troops; but happily he would not consent to such a step, which might have so roused the South that the disloyal states would have broken out into desperate guerrilla warfare. General Logan agreed that the delicacy of the situation required both tact and preparedness. As commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic he called the members

of the organization in secret conference. Many former Union officers and soldiers were employed in the government departments. These he organized into battalions under the command of efficient officers. Sentinels in citizens' dress were kept on duty every hour of the day and night in the vicinity of the White House and the War Department. Countersigns were given and signals agreed upon for an emergency, should it be necessary to protect Secretary Stanton.

Meanwhile, General Logan himself occupied a cot beside Stanton's in the War Department, so that he could summon his battalions and take charge of them at a moment's notice. Each day brought a fresh announcement of some overt act of the President to anger Congress. The climax was reached when General Thomas was arrested on a charge of attempted usurpation of authority which did not belong to him as adjutant-general of the War Department. After he had been released on a bond, Johnson nominated him as a lieutenant-general. Naturally, the appointment was not confirmed by Congress.

In the spring of '68 everybody was thinking that at the worst we could have only one more year of Johnson and was looking forward to his successor. The sentiment of the Republican party was unanimous for Grant. Illinois was Grant's state, and my husband had the honor of presenting Grant's name to the Republican national convention. Schuyler Colfax was chosen as his running mate.

General Grant's friends had presented to him the Emery house on I Street, and here he and Colfax received the official notification of their nomination. Among the members of the Senate notification

committee was Senator Cullom, of Illinois, who is still living. Senator Hawley was the spokesman. Without doubt the proudest person present was Mrs. Grant's venerable father, Mr. Dent. Grant and Colfax moved to the rear of the parlor and stood side by side while the committee was presented. I was struck by the fact that he was the same Grant that I had known in Cairo, unassuming in both manner and dress. His success had not changed him in the slightest.

As is well known, he could not make a speech. Seated among a group of friends or advisers he could talk readily enough when he had something to say; and, unless he was joking, he never did talk unless he had something to say. But once on his feet, no matter how small the audience, he was utterly tongue-tied. His embarrassment had been so painful whenever he tried to speak at length that he had given up making the attempt. After a few words of thanks, which came with difficulty, he turned to Mr. Colfax, a very ready orator, who delivered the real speech of acceptance for both nominees.

THE SOLDIERS VOTE FOR GRANT

Though General Grant had a walk-away, the campaign was enormously enthusiastic. It gave the former Union soldiers an opportunity to express their admiration for their leader at a time when they were not bent and gray as they are to-day, but were in the full enjoyment of youthful spirits. They put on their well-worn uniforms to participate in all the political meetings and parades. General Grant's election pleased the North, while the South, in view of his conduct at Appomattox, had more confidence in him than they would have had in any other Northerner.

As President Johnson had only a short time left to serve, everyone thought that he would remain quiet through the winter of '68-9. But he kept up his characteristics till the last, obstructing and scolding Congress and even scolding the people of the country at large, finally closing his career with a farewell address of laudation of himself and an arraignment of everybody who had opposed him.

In the Senate at that time were Sumner, Wade, Chandler, Morton, Fessenden, Conkling, Morgan, Sherman, Morrill, Trumbull, Anthony, and Wilson; in the House were Garfield, Colfax, Butler, Brooks, Voorhees,

Bingham, Blaine, Shellabarger, Allison, Cullom, Logan, Stevens, Hooper, Washburne, Boutwell, and Randall. The official counting of the electoral votes by a joint session of both Houses, usually an empty formality, was a memorable and exciting occasion on February 10, 1869, for it was known that contests were expected from some of the Southern states. The galleries were crowded at ten o'clock, though the session was not to begin till noon. By a special motion ladies were allowed in the rear of the seats in the lower House, where the session was to be held.

BEN BUTLER AND BEN WADE

The venerable and imperturbable Senator Ben Wade, who would probably have succeeded to the presidency if Johnson had been convicted, took the Speaker's chair, while Colfax, the Speaker of the House, sat on his right. Twice the Senate had to withdraw in order to discuss the question of contested states separately. As usual, General Butler made the most of his opportunity for mischievous pettifoggery. He got the chair to recognize him, and then he began a violent opposition to the counting of some of the electors of Grant and Colfax. General Logan was indignant that any question should have been raised which would confuse and humiliate a man of Mr. Wade's age and distinction at the close of his career. The general was not poor at attack himself, and turned on Butler with all the power at his command. It was decided that to allow the Butler tactics to delay the count might keep the contest going indefinitely; consequently, all opposition was voted down.

The general and I still lived at Willard's Hotel. That evening about eight o'clock there was a knock at our parlor door. When we called out to "Come in!" the picturesque figure of Mr. Wade appeared in the doorway.

"Logan, God bless you!" he said. "I have come to thank you for coming to my rescue to-day when they attempted to crucify and mortify me. My blunder was in recognizing anyone, after which I could do nothing but bull it through." He had his umbrella in his hand, and emphasized every word by striking the floor. We prevailed upon him to sit down, when he opened up his heart and spoke with great emotion. He was about to retire to private life, and he did so on the 4th of March following, in

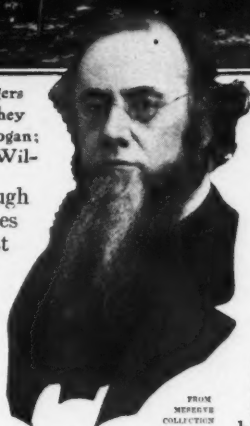


The House committee of managers Johnson. From left to right they George S. Boutwell, John A. Logan; Thaddeus Stevens, Thomas Wil-

in the impeachment of Andrew are (standing) James F. Wilson, (seated) Benjamin F. Butler, liams, and John A. Bingham

the consciousness that though he had made many mistakes he had always done his best to serve his country. He was happy to have lived in the same time with Abraham Lincoln and to have been at his right hand during the crisis. Mr. Wade left with me an impression of personal honesty and high purpose under his quaint exterior which I shall always remember.

In the closing days of Johnson's administration, his daughters, Mrs. Stover and Mrs. Patterson, still tried to relieve the gloom at the White House by their tact and consideration. I recollect very well the chilling, cold rain that fell on New Year's Day, '69, which was in keeping with everybody's spirits as they went to the reception at the White House. When the members of the cabinet and the justices of the Supreme Court and the officers of the army and navy and their families had filed by, it pleased Mr. Johnson to give orders that everybody outside the White House should be admitted in a crowd. Their feet were



Edwin M. Stanton, whose removal from office as Secretary of War precipitated the impeachment proceedings

muddy, and their clothing was dripping, with the result that the White House became like a railroad station in the midst of an excursion on a rainy day.

The war being still fresh in mind and General Grant being its hero, his officers took the lead in making the military display at his inauguration the most brilliant that had ever been known in Washington. When Chief-Justice Chase administered the oath of office to General Grant, his voice reached to the very outskirts of the vast

crowd assembled before the east front of the Capitol. But General Grant's voice could be heard only a few yards from where he stood. It was hard to believe that the shrinking, unpretentious, short, thick-set man, stammering through his brief inaugural address, had but lately commanded a million men with an iron hand.

As I have already related, General Grant's house on I Street had been given him by friends when he was general of the army. As everybody considered him certain of reelection it was not thought that he would

need a private residence again for eight years. His successor as general of the army was Sherman. A committee headed by A. T. Stewart and Hamilton Fish, acting for subscribers, had arranged to purchase this house from General Grant and present it to General Sherman. The price of the house was sixty-five thousand dollars, and the balance of the subscriptions, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars, was presented in cash to General Sherman, who was as delighted to have Grant's house as Grant was that he should have it. General Sherman lived for a longer period of his life in this house than in any other and was very happy there, satisfied to rest on his military reputation. Nothing could induce him to have anything to do with politics. Perhaps Grant in after life sometimes wished that he had followed Sherman's example; but that was impossible. The public demand was too strong; he had to yield to its desire.

GRANT'S FIRST CABINET

Reasoning in his simple, direct fashion, Grant wanted to make a successful man of business instead of a lawyer his secretary of the treasury. His choice was A. T. Stewart, the great merchant. Stewart at first accepted; but though he was ready to transfer his business to trustees, it was a question to lawyers, in spite of Chief-Justice Chase's favorable decision, if the fact of his being a heavy importer did not make him ineligible. Accordingly he resigned, and George S. Boutwell was appointed in his place. It was only natural that General John A. Rawlins, Grant's faithful adjutant-general throughout the war, should be made secretary of war. Hamilton Fish, of New York, became secretary of state after James F. Wilson, of Iowa, had refused the place. If Mr. Wilson had accepted, our war with Spain might not have been necessary; for when the Cuban crisis arose in the Grant administration he would have taken a different view from Mr. Fish. General Grant himself was inclined to recognize the Cuban insurgents. His inclinations made him what was known as an expansionist in the time of President McKinley, but he was held back both by Mr. Fish's opposition and also by his fear of the cry of dictatorship, which the critics were always ready to raise on account of his military reputation and way of doing things.

Soon after Mrs. Grant was installed in the

White House I recollect her taking me through it in order to show me the shabby condition of all the furniture. During the war Mr. Lincoln had permitted everyone who desired to see him, whether through curiosity or friendliness or on business, to have free access to the Executive Mansion. He was not a man to pay much attention to appearances, nor was it a time to take them into consideration. The wear and tear on the furniture and carpets had been something to make any housewife mourn. Mrs. Patterson, who directed Mr. Johnson's household affairs, had secured a small appropriation for repairs; but Congress was not inclined to give very much to anything that had the name of Johnson attached to it. This sum she used as economically as if it had been out of her own purse. Not only was the style of furnishing out of date, but it had never been beautiful, either in style or color. The bright green curtains with gay trimmings which used to hang in the state dining-room were only more unsuitable than they were hideous. Congress had not yet been educated up to the view that the home of the President should at least be as well furnished and in as good taste as that of a private citizen of moderate fortune. However, when Mrs. Grant spoke to General Grant and he spoke to Congress, the request for a decent appropriation was granted. General O. E. Babcock, a man of excellent taste, had charge of refurnishing the White House, which took place in the summer of 1869.

MRS. GRANT AS A WIRE-PULLER

Mrs. Grant was no more affected by her rapid rise to high position than her husband. Her first guests at the White House were her old associates whom she had known in days of adversity. The civil service was not then what it is now. The general was not only besieged by senators and representatives for appointments, but there was a voice in his own home which had even more influence with him. Mrs. Grant thought that the President ought to provide every one of their old friends who had not prospered with a good position. He had to resist many of her appeals, and he often bantered her about many of the more preposterous of them, for her good nature was frequently imposed upon. She could never discipline either her children or her servants, and was always planning entertainments and



Mrs. John A. Logan
in 1871

The house on I Street in Washington which was presented to General Grant by his friends. He was here notified of his nomination for the presidency. — Mrs. Grant, about the time she became the First Lady of the Land



indulgences for her children and their many playmates. The basement of the White House was reserved for the boisterous games of "Buck" and Jesse and their chums. Fred, the eldest boy, had gone to West Point. Nellie and her friends had full swing on the upper floor. Large theater-parties from the White House and the homes of cabinet officers were frequent.

Like many silent men and good listeners, General Grant always enjoyed having people around him, and Mrs. Grant liked company no less than he. They had a great many house guests and entertained constantly. Among the distinguished guests whom I recall meeting were the Duke of Edinburgh, Earl de Grey, Lord Northcote, Prince Arthur of England, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, and also King Kalakaua of Hawaii, and the first Japanese and Chinese ministers after the signing of the Burlingame

treaty, who were objects of curious interest. The fame that General Grant had won in the war inevitably made him the one American whom all distinguished foreigners wanted to meet.

Neither the President nor Mrs. Grant could be considered to have the gift of small talk. They had not been trained in the graces of foreign courts. Their charm lay in their sincere and unpretentious cordiality. She made no pretense to being a political woman who

kept informed on public affairs.

She always unaffectedly called her husband "Liss." If she wanted to know anything she never allowed her fear of revealing her ignorance to keep her from asking a question. She was very frank spoken,



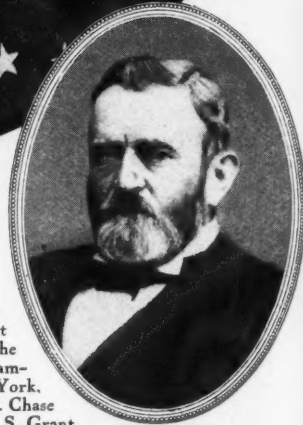
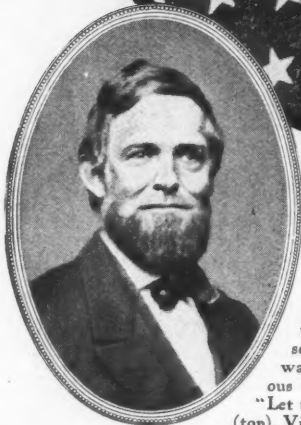
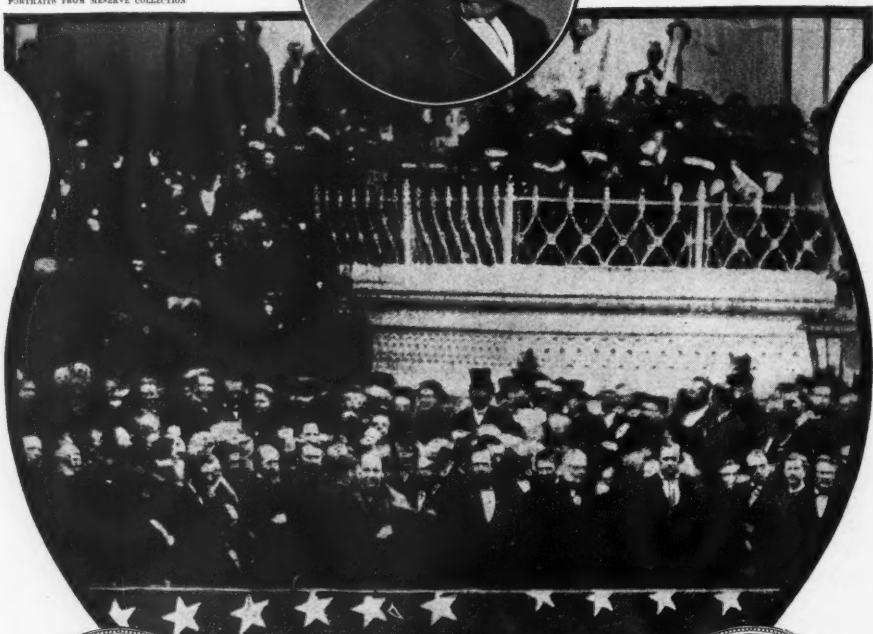
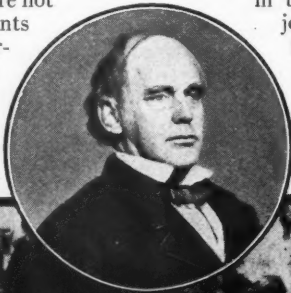
FROM HERBERT'S COLLECTION

Recollections of a Soldier's Wife

however, when she did have an opinion. As she could not well remember individual characteristics or histories she sometimes failed to recall that Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So had been twice married, were or were not temperance leaders, Protestants or Catholics, and other personal tastes or opinions upon which they were sensitive.

With a word or two General Grant would frequently save an embarrassing situa-

tion. Again, if the circumstances permitted, his sense of humor might lead her on to her own undoing, to the amusement of everybody present. He took a sly satisfaction in teasing her, and she took his jokes good-naturedly. But so far as I know they never had any domestic quarrels, and there was always perfect harmony and understanding between them, whether he was earning a bare living



General Grant taking the oath of office, March 4, 1869. Grant was not a politician, but he thought he could be of great service in settling the strifes that followed the war. His acceptance speech contained the famous words inscribed on his tomb in New York, "Let us have peace."—Chief-Justice Salmon B. Chase (top), Vice-President Schuyler Colfax (left), U. S. Grant

drawing cordwood into St. Louis before the war or serving as the head of the nation.

It was said of him that he was a good judge of soldiers but a poor judge of civilians. Of course this led to his preferring to have soldiers around him. Had any other Republican President appointed General Longstreet and Colonel Mosby to office there would have been an outcry. These appointments, however, resulted much better than many of his others. He was so trustful of his friends that he was often deceived by charlatans, who placed him in an unpleasant position. Throughout the winter of 1869-70 we were subject to daily startling reports of public scandals and defalcations. The high-handed, extravagant practices during the war had tended to demoralize business morals. Men who had been in the army had gone West and were lobbying in Congress for subsidies to build railroads and carry on other projects. We were in the midst of an industrial inflation which was inevitable in following the pendulum swing of peace after war.

THE SOUTH'S CAUSE FOR RESENTMENT

Meanwhile, we had entered upon the carpet-bag era of reconstruction. The people of the South resented the advent of Northern men, who were organizing the negro vote. It was small wonder that this resulted in the Ku Klux outrages. I must confess that when I visited Richmond and saw the negro members in the House and Senate of the state legislature, filling the places once occupied by men of education and family, the scene was so repulsive that I sympathized with the indignation of a conquered people who saw their former slaves made their political masters. Thinking of the desecration that had almost destroyed that beautiful capital and the bitterness that must exist in every Southerner's heart, it did not seem to me possible that the country could again be united in spirit in my lifetime. Happily I have lived to see it.

It was not my social duties alone that kept me busy during that winter. Being congressman-at-large, everybody in Illinois seemed to consider himself General Logan's constituent; and as commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic every soldier who wanted a government position or had a friend who wanted one apparently applied to my husband. His letters came by the basketful. In those days we had no

stenography or typewriting, and all answers had to be done in long hand. Many of his correspondents would have felt insulted if they had thought that the answers had been written by a clerk. I learned how to counterfeit the general's handwriting and signature so well that his best friends were deceived. Many of the letters that he was supposed to have signed he never saw.

We removed from Willard's Hotel to a brownstone house at the corner of Fourteenth Street and New York Avenue, which has since been torn down. This was nearer the White House, which the general visited frequently, as the President placed great confidence in his judgment, and relied on him to take the floor whenever the administration was attacked in the House.

Perhaps the most notable woman in Washington society that winter was Mrs. Hamilton Fish. Her husband's position as secretary of state placed her next in rank to Mrs. Colfax, the wife of the Vice-President. She was truly a *grande dame*. Her manner put the timid at ease and restrained the presumptuous. She had been bred in the best society in New York and, therefore, was at home in her new position. Her *savoir faire* and her age, as well as her rank, made her looked up to. *Entrée* at her house meant *entrée* anywhere, and she knew on occasion how to deal with snobbery.

ROUTING MRS. GRUNDY

Some time later social Washington was thrown into a spasm of horror by the marriage of Senator Christiancy, of Michigan, to a young German girl of humble parentage who occupied an insignificant position in one of the departments. The senator was old enough to be her father—almost old enough to be her grandfather. When senatorial wives met they sniffed and shrugged their shoulders—some of them were of quite as obscure an origin as Mrs. Christiancy—and said that she must be ostracized. Mrs. Fish looked on and smiled, without a word, until one morning her carriage stopped at our door. It was only about ten thirty and rather early for a call. She sent word that she wished to speak with me on an important matter. When I came down-stairs she remarked, after making quite sure that we were alone, "I have come to talk to you about that Christiancy affair."

I said that I would be glad to follow her lead, for her motherly smile assured me

that her plan boded no ill for the unsophisticated victim of social criticism and injustice. It was the day for senatorial calls.

"I want you to go with me this afternoon," Mrs. Fish continued, "to call on Mrs. Christianity. If she is not too frightened and will see us we will pay her the respect due a senator's wife, invite her to call on us, and come away."

It was really Mrs. Christianity's duty to call on me first, but I was only too glad to waive that formality, as probably she was unfamiliar with the accepted etiquette. When Mrs. Fish and I went together that afternoon, we found Mrs. Christianity in very unpretentious quarters, evidently much embarrassed over the notoriety which her marriage had brought to her. If blame were to be placed anywhere in the affair I decided that it belonged to the senator and not to her. She was perfectly modest and almost as guileless as a child. As soon as she recovered from her shyness her face brightened, and with the grace of genuine sincerity she expressed her gratitude at our visit.

After the announcement that Mrs. Fish had called on Mrs. Christianity and later that Senator and Mrs. Christianity had dined with secretary and Mrs. Fish, all the senatorial wives fell into line. Subsequent events confirmed my judgment that it was the woman in the case who was to be pitied.

CABINET SIMPLICITY IN THE SEVENTIES

In those days when the characteristics of New England simplicity still clung to our national life a member of the cabinet in moderate circumstances did not hesitate to live in a boarding-house. Mr. Boutwell, secretary of the treasury, and his wife and daughter lived in a well-known boarding-house kept by Mrs. Rines on Twelfth Street, who had had as her guests many of the most distinguished men of the nation and their families. Apartment houses were then unknown. It was either a case of living at Willard's Hotel, boarding, or renting a house of one's own. If one had to live on his income as cabinet minister and bring up four children, as Secretary of War and Mrs. Rawlins had to do, the house occupied must be very modest and the ménage in keeping.

The movement of millionaires to Washington, which was to change the old social standard, had not yet begun. However, there were some officials of great wealth who entertained with something approaching

modern lavishness. Among these were Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Robeson. They had traveled extensively, and always lived handsomely. Mr. Robeson was a veritable *bon vivant*. He built a large house in Sixteenth Street, where he gave costly dinners. After he left the cabinet reverses overtook him, and the cry of the auctioneer's voice was heard offering the Robesons' valuable treasures for sale in their drawing-room.

THE RULES THAT WEREN'T BROKEN

A beautiful and ambitious woman was Mrs. Williams, wife of the attorney-general, George Williams, of Oregon. Unlike Mrs. Fish, she had not been born to society. She flashed on Washington from the frontier. Nevertheless she planned immediately to take the lead. The newspapers were filled with descriptions of her rich gowns and gorgeous dinners. Such was her elation over what she mistook for success that she asked Mrs. Grant to call the ladies of the cabinet together at the White House in conference, with a view to changing the time-honored rules of etiquette at the national capital. Mrs. Grant in her good nature consented. But all the ladies except Mrs. Williams agreed that it was inviting too much trouble to undertake any reform of the social forms established by Jefferson. Mrs. Williams's main point of objection was against paying the first call on the families of senators. Not only did she declare that she herself would not do so, but so informed many of the senators' wives when she met them at other houses. This aroused their indignation, which they were able in many cases to transmit to their husbands. Mrs. Carpenter succeeded in making Senator Matt H. Carpenter particularly out of temper.

Recognizing General Williams's ability as a jurist, the President appointed him as Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed Salmon P. Chase. Confirmation by the Senate being necessary, Senator Carpenter seized the opportunity at the first executive session thereafter to make a violent speech of opposition to Williams's confirmation. General Williams failed to be confirmed, and Mrs. Williams was undoubtedly to blame for it. The wife of a public man may be of great help to him if she knows how, and she may also be a great handicap if she insists on being personally aggressive when she does not know how to help him.

The next instalment of "*Recollections of a Soldier's Wife*" will appear in the August issue.

The Business of Life

A MODERN-DAY STORY OF LOVE, LIFE, AND PASSION

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Turning Point," "The Streets of Ascalon," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: Midnight. A man reading in the library of his country mansion. Enters a former sweetheart of the man who has married a rival. She announces that she has left her husband and offers herself to Desboro, who, she thinks, must now take her. He refuses to see the logic of the situation, and declares that when her husband presently comes for her, as he believes he will, she must return home with him. However, if the husband believes himself irretrievably injured, he, Desboro, will weather the resulting storm of scandal with her. But Clydesdale takes the woman back without question. So passes an incident that later returns to vex.

Desboro's finances being at low ebb, he plans to sell a collection of inherited armor. Cataloguing is necessary, and he journeys to town to consult an eminent specialist in antiques. He finds that the old man is dead and his daughter, Jacqueline Nevors, a beautiful girl who looks hardly out of her teens, is in charge. Finding that she is in every respect competent, Desboro gives her the commission. Leaving, he leaves in the antique-shop a young woman thinking things of men that she has never thought before!—strange, new day-dreams. For himself, he conceives a distaste for a hunting trip which he has planned, and arranges to meet Jacqueline when she comes to Silverwood on the morrow.

Jaqueline arrives late for her first day in the armory, and her few hours there are spent in getting acquainted with her task. Desboro lends assistance, and the work advances, what time Desboro is not skirmishing for an opening to put their relations above the purely business plane. She skillfully outmaneuvers him, until, feeling that his attitude toward her depends upon herself, she opens the door to friendship. Some days later Cynthia Lessler calls upon her in her rooms—Cynthia, who has had experience of men of Desboro's type. "Don't become sentimental over that young man," she warns, "because I don't think he's very much good." "He is, but I won't," declares Jacqueline. But Cynthia leaves feeling that the fires of disaster—or great happiness—have been kindled.

Now follow several days of uncertainty, Jacqueline first refusing to return to Silverwood, then yielding to Desboro's pleadings. Once she has come back the end of things soon becomes apparent. Then gossip takes up the pretty girl at Silverwood, and Mrs. Clydesdale takes Desboro to task for deserting her. Soon after, he gathers a jolly house-party from his own class, and includes Jacqueline, whose station in life does not protect her from an offer of marriage from nearly every man in the party. But when the week ends it is Desboro who has her promise.

"Aunt Hannah" Hammerton, society gossip, has been drawn to Jacqueline. She warns Desboro that she will expose him if he doesn't let the girl alone. A hasty marriage is his method of forestalling this. After the ceremony Jacqueline goes back to a hard day's work in the office, with its worries crowned by a note from Mrs. Hammerton, who has written giving reasons why Jacqueline should not marry Desboro. To complete her undoing, Jacqueline turns from the note to an interview with the woman with whom her own new husband has been scathingly indicted, Elena Clydesdale. Elena asks a favor that the young wife will not grant, then the barb falls, and Elena intimates that Desboro is her lover. In dumb fear Jacqueline awaits his coming at five o'clock.

DESBORO came for Jacqueline in his car at five and found her standing alone in her office, dressed in a blue traveling dress, hatted and closely veiled. He partly lifted the veil, kissed the cold, unresponsive lips, the pallid cheek, the white-gloved fingers.

"Is Her Royal Shyness ready?" he whispered.

"Yes, Jim."

"All her affairs of state accomplished?" he asked laughingly.

"Yes—the day's work is done."

"Was it a hard day for you, sweetheart?"

"Yes—hard."

"I am so sorry," he murmured.

She rearranged her veil in silence.

Again, as the big car rolled away northward, and they were alone once more in the comfortable limousine, he took possession of her unresisting hand, whispering:

"I am so sorry you have had a hard day, dear. You really look very pale and tired."

"It was a—tiresome day."

He lifted her hand to his lips. "Do you love me, Jacqueline?"

"Yes."

"Above everything?"

"Yes."

"And you know that I love you above everything in the world?"

She was silent.

"Jacqueline!" he urged. "Don't you know it?"

"I—think you—care for me."

He laughed. "Will Your Royal Shyness never unbend! Is *that* all the credit you give me for my worship and adoration?"

She said, after a silence. "If it lies with me, you really will love me some day."

"Dearest!" he protested, laughing but perplexed. "Don't you know that I love you *now*—that I am absolutely mad about you?"

She did not answer, and he waited, striving to see her expression through the veil. But when he offered to lift it, she gently avoided him.

"Did you go to business?" she asked quietly.

"I? Oh, yes, I went back to the office. But Lord! Jacqueline, I couldn't keep my attention on the tape or on the silly orders people fired at me over the wire. So I left young Seely in charge and went to lunch with Jack Cairns; and then he and I returned to the office, where I've been fidgeting about ever since. I think it's been the longest day I ever lived."

"It has been a long day," she assented gravely. "Did Mr. Cairns speak to you of Cynthia?"

"He mentioned her, I believe."

"Do you remember what he said about her?"

"Well, yes. I think he spoke about her very nicely—about her being interesting and ambitious and talented—something of that sort—but how could I keep my mind on what he was saying about another girl?"

Jacqueline looked out the window across a waste of swamp and trestle and squalid buildings toward University Heights. She said presently, without turning, "Some day, may I ask Cynthia to visit me?"

"Dearest girl! Of course! Isn't it your house?"

"Silverwood?"

"Certainly."

"No, Jim."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"What I say. Silverwood is not yet even partly mine. It must remain entirely yours until I know you—better."

"Why on earth do you say such silly—"

"What is yours must remain yours," she repeated, in a low voice, "just as my shop, and office, and my apartment must remain mine—for a time."

"For how long?"

"I cannot tell."

"Do you mean for always?"

"I don't know."

"And I don't understand you, dear," he said impatiently.

"You will, Jim."

He smiled uneasily. "For how long must we twain, who are now one, maintain solitary sovereignty over our separate domains?"

"Until I know you better."

"And how long is that going to take?" he asked, apprehensive and deeply perplexed by her quiet and serious attitude toward him.

"I don't know how long; I wish I did."

"Jacqueline dear, has anything unpleasant happened to disturb you since I last saw you?"

She made no reply.

"Won't you tell me, dear?" he insisted uneasily.

"I will tell you this, Jim: Whatever may have occurred to disturb me is already a matter of the past. Life and its business lie before us; that is all I know. This is our beginning, Jim; and happiness depends on what we make of our lives from now on—from now on."

The stray lock of golden hair had fallen across her cheek, accenting the skin's pallor through the veil. She rested her elbow on the window ledge, her tired head on her hand, and gazed at the sunset behind the Palisades. Far below, over the gray and wrinkled river, smoke from a steamboat drifted, a streak of bronze and purple, in the sunset light.

"What has happened?" he muttered under his breath. And, turning toward her: "You must tell me, Jacqueline. It is now my right to know."

"Don't ask me."

His face hardened; for a moment the lean muscles of the jaw worked visibly. "Has anybody said anything about me to you?"

No reply.

"Has—has Mrs. Hammerton been to see you?"

"No."

He was silent for a moment, then: "I'll tell you now, Jacqueline; she did not wish me to marry you. Did you know it?"

"I knew it."

"I believe," he said, "that she has been capable of warning you against me. Did she?"

No reply.

"And yet you married me?" he said, after a silence.

She said nothing.

"So you could not have believed her, whatever she may have said," he concluded calmly.

"Jim?"

"Yes, dear."

"I married you because I loved you. I love you still. Remember it when you are impatient with me—when you are hurt—perhaps angry."

"Angry with you, my darling!"

"You are going to be—very often—I am afraid."

"Angry?"

"I—don't know. I don't know how it will be with us. If only you will remember that I love you—no matter how I seem."

"Dear, if you tell me that you do love me, I will know that it must be so!"

"I tell you that I do. I could never love anybody else. You are all that I have in the world; all I care for. You are absolutely everything to me. I loved you and married you; I took you for mine just as you were and are. And if I didn't quite understand all that—that you are—I took you, nevertheless—for better or for worse—and I mean to hold you. And I know now that, knowing more about you, I would do the same thing if it were to be done again. I would marry you to-morrow—knowing what I know."

"What more do you know about me than you did this morning, Jacqueline?" he asked, terribly troubled.

But she refused to answer.

He said, reddening: "If you have heard any gossip concerning Mrs. Clydesdale, it is false. Was *that* what you heard? Because it is an absolute lie."

But she had learned from Mrs. Clydesdale's reckless lips the contrary, and she rested her aching head on her hand and stared out at the endless lines of houses along Broadway, as the car swung into Yonkers, veered to the west past the ancient manor-house, then rolled northward again toward Hastings.

"Don't you believe me?" he asked at length. "That gossip is a lie—if that is what you heard."

She thought, "This is how gentlemen are supposed to behave under such circumstances." And she shivered slightly.

"Are you cold?" he asked, with an effort.

"A little."

He drew the fur robe closer around her, and leaned back in his corner, deeply worried, impatient, but helpless in the face of her evident weariness and reticence, which he could not seem to penetrate or comprehend. Only that something ominous had happened—that something was dreadfully wrong—he now thoroughly understood.

In the purposeless career of a man of his sort, there is much that it is well to forget. And in Desboro's brief career there were many things that he would not care to have such a girl as Jacqueline hear about—so much, alas! of folly and stupidity, so much

of idleness, so much unworthy, that now in his increasing chagrin and mortification, in the painful reaction from happy pride to alarm and self-contempt, he could not even guess what had occurred, or for which particular folly he was beginning to pay.

Long since, both in his rooms in town and at Silverwood, he had destroyed the silly souvenirs of idleness and folly. He thought now of the burning sacrifice he had so carelessly made that day in the library—and how the flames had shriveled up letter and fan, photograph and slipper. And he could not remember that he had left a rag of lace or a perfumed envelope unburned. Had the ghosts of their owners risen to confront him on his own hearthstone, standing already between him and this young girl he had married?

What whisper had reached her guiltless ears? What rumor, what breath of innuendo? Must a man still be harassed who has done with folly for all time—who aspires to better things—who strives to change his whole mode of life merely for the sake of the woman he loves—merely to be more worthy of her?

As he sat there so silently in the car beside her, his dark thoughts traveled back again along the weary, endless road to yesterday. Since he had known and loved her, his thoughts had often and unwillingly sought that shadowy road where the only company were ghosts—phantoms of dead years that sometimes smiled, sometimes reproached, sometimes menaced him with suddenly remembered eyes and voiceless but familiar words forever printed on his memory.

Out of that gray vista, out of that immaterial waste where only impalpable shapes peopled the void, vanished, grew out of nothing only to reappear, *something* had come to trouble the peace of mind of the woman he loved—some specter of folly had arisen and had whispered in her ear, so that, at the mockery, the light had died out in her fearless eyes and her pure mind was clouded and her tender heart was weighted with this thing—whatever it might be—this echo of folly which had returned to mock them both.

"Dearest," he said, drawing her to him so that her cold cheek rested against his, "whatever I was, I am no longer. You said you could forgive."

"I do—forgive."

"Can you not forget, too?"



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Jacqueline stood in the sitting-room for a moment, gazing vaguely around her at the flowers, and steadying her maid reappeared, she turned and looked at Desboro. There was a silence; his face was say," she replied. "Then—good night, Jacqueline."



herself by one hand on the center-table, which a great mass of white carnations almost covered. Then, as very white, hers was deathly. He said, "Shall we say good night?" "It is—for you—to "Good night." She turned, looked back, hesitated

"I will try—with your help."

"How can I help you? Tell me."

"By letting me love you—as wisely as I can—in my own fashion. By letting me learn more of you—more about men. I don't understand men. I thought I did—but I don't. By letting me find out what is the wisest and the best and the most unselfish way to love you. For I don't know yet. I don't know. All I know is that I am married to the man I loved—the man I still love. But how I am going to love him I—I don't yet know."

He was silent; the hot flush on his face did not seem to warm her cheek where it rested so coldly against his.

"I want to hold you because it is best for us both," she said, as though speaking to herself.

"But—you need make no effort to hold me, Jacqueline!" he protested, amazed.

"I want to hold you, Jim," she repeated.

"You are my husband. I—I must hold you. And I don't know how I am to do it. I don't know how."

"My darling! Who has been talking to you? What have they said?"

"It has *got* to be done, somehow," she continued wearily. "I must learn how to hold you; and you must give me time, Jim."

"Give you time!" he repeated, exasperated.

"Yes—to learn how to love you best—so I can serve you best. That is why I married you—not selfishly, Jim—and I thought I knew—I thought I knew."

Her cheek slipped from his and rested on his shoulder. He put his arm around her, and she covered her face with her gloved hands.

"I love you dearly, dearly," he whispered brokenly. "If the whisper of any past stupidity of mine has hurt you, God knows best what punishment he visits on me at this moment! If there were any torture I could endure to spare you, Jacqueline, I would beg for it—welcome it! It is a bitter and a hopeless and a ridiculous thing to say; but if I had only known there was such a woman as you in the world I would have understood better how to live. I suppose many a man understands it when it is too late. I realize now, for the first time, how changeless, how irrevocably fixed, are the truths youth learns to smile at—the immutable laws youth scoffs at—"

He choked, controlled his voice, and went on.

"If youth could only understand it, the truths of childhood are the only truths. The first laws we learn are the eternal ones. And their only meaning is self-discipline. But youth is restive and mistakes curiosity for intelligence, insubordination for the courage of independence. The stupidity of orthodoxy incites revolt. To disregard becomes less difficult; to forget becomes a habit. To think for oneself seems admirable; but when youth attempts that, it thinks only what it pleases or does not think at all. I am not trying to find excuses or to evade my responsibility, dear. I had every chance, no excuse for what I have—sometimes—been. And now—on this day—this most blessed and most solemn day of my life—I can only say to you I am sorry, and that I mean so to live—always—that no man or woman can reproach me."

She lay very silent against his shoulder. Blindly striving to understand him, and men—blindly searching for some clue to the path of duty, the path she must find somehow and follow for his sake—through the obscurity and mental confusion she seemed to hear at moments Elena Clydesdale's shameless and merciless words, and the deadly repetition seemed to stun her.

Vainly she strove against the recurring horror; once or twice, unconsciously, her hands crept upward and closed her ears, as though she would shut out what was dinning in her brain.

With every reserve atom of mental strength and self-control she battled against this thing which was stupefying her, fought it off, held it, drove it back—not very far, but far enough to give her breathing-room. But no sooner did she attempt to fix her mind on the man beside her, and begin once more to grope for the clue to duty—how most unselfishly she might serve him for his salvation and her own—than the horror she had driven back stirred stealthily and crawled nearer. And the battle was on once more.

Twilight had fallen over the Westchester hills; a familiar country lay along the road they traveled. In the early darkness, glancing from the windows, he divined unseen landmarks, counted the miles unconsciously as the car sped across invisible bridges that clattered or resounded under the heavy wheels.

The stars came out; against them woodlands and hills took shadowy shape, marking for him remembered haunts. And at last, far across the hills, the lighted windows of Silverwood glimmered all a-row; the wet gravel crunched under the slowing wheels, tall Norway spruces towered phantomlike on every side; the car stopped.

"Home!" he whispered to her; and she rested her arm on his shoulder and drew herself erect.

Every servant and employee on the Desboro estate was there to receive them; she offered her slim hand and spoke to each one. Then, on her husband's arm, and her proud little head held high, she entered the house of Desboro for the first time bearing the family name—entered smiling, with death in her heart.

At last the dinner was at an end. Farris served the coffee and set the silver lamp and cigarettes on the library table, and retired.

Luminous red shadows from the fireplace played over wall and ceiling—the same fireplace where Desboro had made his offering—as though flame could purify and ashes end the things that men have done!

In her frail dinner-gown of lace, she lay in a great chair before the blaze, gazing at nothing. He, seated on the rug beside her chair, held her limp hand and rested his face against it, staring at the ashes on the hearth.

And this was marriage! Thus he was beginning his wedded life—here in the house of his fathers, here at the same hearthstone where the dead brides of dead forebears had sat as his bride was sitting now.

But had any bride ever before faced that hearth so silent, so motionless, so pale as was this young girl whose fingers rested so limply in his and whose cold palm grew no warmer against his cheek?

What had he done to her? What had he done to himself that the joy of things had died out in her eyes, that speech had died on her lips, that nothing in her seemed alive, nothing responded, nothing stirred?

Now he tasted all the bitterness that life and its unwisdom had stored up for him through the swift and reckless years. For that cup may not pass. Somewhere, sooner or later, the same lips that have so lightly emptied sweeter drafts must drain this one. None may refuse it, none wave it away until the cup be empty.

"Jacqueline?"

She moved slightly in her chair.

"Tell me," he said, "what is it that can make amends?"

"They are made."

"But the hurt is still there. What can heal it, dear?"

"I don't know."

"Time?"

"Perhaps."

"Love?"

"Yes—in time."

"How long?"

"I do not know, Jim."

"Then,—what is there for me to do?"

She was silent.

"Could you tell me, Jacqueline?"

"Yes. Have patience with me."

"With *you*?"

"It will be necessary."

"How do you mean, dear?"

"I mean you must have patience with me in many ways. And still be in love with me. And still be loyal to me—and faithful. I don't know whether a man can do these things. I don't know men. But I know myself and what I require of men—and of you."

"What you require of me I can be if you love me."

"Then never doubt it. And when I know that you have become what I require you to be, you could not doubt my loving you even if you wished to. *Then* you will know; *until* then—you must *believe*."

He sat thinking before the hearth, the slow flush rising to his temples and remaining. "What is it you mean to do, Jacqueline?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Nothing, except what I have always done. The business of life remains unchanged; it is always there to be done."

"I mean—are you going to change toward me?"

"I have not changed."

"Your confidence in me has gone."

"I have recovered it."

"You believe in me still?"

"Oh, yes—yes!" Her little hand inside his clenched convulsively, and her voice broke.

Kneeling beside her, he drew her into his arms and felt her breath suddenly hot and feverish against his shoulder. But if there had been tears in her eyes they dried unshed, for he saw no traces of them when he kissed her.

"In God's name," he whispered, "let the past bury its accursed dead and give me a

chance. I love you, worship you, adore you. Give me my chance in life again, Jacqueline!"

"I—I give it to you—as far as in me lies. But it rests with you, Jim, what you will be."

His own philosophy returned to mock him out of the stainless mouth of this young girl! But he said passionately, "How can I be arbiter of my own fate unless I have all you can give me of love and faith and unswerving loyalty?"

"I give you these."

"Then—as a sign—return the kiss I give you—now."

There was no response.

"Can you not, Jacqueline?"

"Not—yet."

"You—you cannot respond?"

"Not that way—yet."

"Is—have I—has what you know of me killed all feeling, all tenderness in you?"

"No."

"Then why can you not respond?"

"I cannot, Jim—I cannot."

He flushed hotly. "Do you—do I inspire you with—do I repel you—physically?"

She caught his hand, cheeks afire, dismayed, striving to check him. "Please—don't say such—it is—not—true."

"It seems to be."

"No! I—I ask you—not to say it—think it."

"How can I help thinking it—thinking that you only care for me—that the only attraction on your part is—is intellectual?"

She disengaged her hand from his and shrank away into the velvet depths of her chair.

"I can't help it," he said. "I've got to say what I think. Never since I have told you I loved you have you ever hinted at any response, even to the lightest caress. We are married. Whatever—however foolish I may have been God knows you have made me pay for it this day. How long am I to continue paying? I tell you a man can't remain repentant too long under the stern and chilling eyes of retribution. If you are going to treat me as though I were physically unfit to touch, I can make no further protest. But, Jacqueline, no man was ever aided by a punishment that wounded his self-respect."

"I must consider mine, too," she said, in a ghost of a voice.

"Very well," he said, "if you think you must maintain it at the expense of mine—"

"Jim!" The low cry left her lips trembling.

"What?" he said angrily.

"Have—have you already forgotten what I said?"

"What did you say?"

"I asked—you to be patient with me—because—I love you—"

But the words halted; she bowed her head in her hands, quivering, scarcely conscious that he was on his knees again at her feet, scarcely hearing his broken words of repentance and shame for the sorry and contemptible rôle he had been playing.

No tears came to help her even then, only a dry, still agony possessed her. But the crisis passed and wore away; sight and hearing and the sense of touch returned to her. She saw his well-shaped head bowed in contrition on her knees, heard his voice, bitter in self-accusation, felt his hands cramping over hers, crushing them till her new rings cut her. For a while she looked down at him as though dazed; then the real pain from her wedding ring aroused her, and she gently withdrew that hand and rested it on his thick, short, curly hair.

For a long while they remained so. He had ceased to speak; her brooding gaze rested on him, unchanged save for the subtle tenderness of the lips, which still quivered at moments.

Clocks somewhere in the house were striking midnight. A little later a log fell from the dying fire, breaking in ashes.

He felt her stir, change her position slightly; and he lifted his head. After a moment she laid her hand on his arm, and he aided her to rise.

As they moved slowly, side by side, through the house, they saw that it was filled with flowers everywhere, twisted ropes of them on the banisters, too, where they ascended.

Her own maid, who had arrived by train, rose from a seat in the upper corridor to meet her. The two rooms, which were connected by a sitting-room, disclosed themselves, almost smothered in flowers.

Jacqueline stood in the sitting-room for a moment, gazing vaguely around her at the flowers and steadying herself by one hand on the center-table, which a great mass of white carnations almost covered. Then, as her maid reappeared, she turned and looked at Desboro.

There was a silence; his face was very white, hers was deathly.

He said, "Shall we say good night?"
 "It is—for you—to say," she replied.
 "Then—good night, Jacqueline."
 "Good night."

She turned, took a step or two—looked back, hesitated, then slowly retraced her steps to where he was standing by the flower-covered table. From the mass of blossoms she drew a white carnation, touched it to her lips, and, eyes still lowered, offered it to him. In her palm, beside it, lay a key. But he took only the blossom, touching it to his lips as she had done.

She looked at the key, lying in her trembling hand, then lifted her confused eyes to his once more, whispering,

"Good night—and thank you."

"Good night," he said, "until to-morrow."

And they went their separate ways.

XV

UNE NUIT BLANCHE—and the young seem less able to withstand its corroding alchemy than the old. It had left its terrible and pallid mark on Desboro; and on Jacqueline it had set its phantom sign. That youthfully flushed and bright-eyed loveliness which always characterized the girl had whitened to ashes overnight.

And now, as she entered the sunny breakfast-room in her delicate Chinese morning robes, the change in her was startlingly apparent; for the dead-gold luster of her hair accented the pallor of a new and strange and transparent beauty; the eyes, tinted by the deeper shadows under them, looked larger and more violet; and she seemed smaller and more slender; and there was a snowy quality to the skin that made the vivid lips appear painted.

Desboro came forward from the recess of the window; and whether in his haggard and altered features she read of his long night's vigil, or whether in his eyes she learned again how she herself had changed, was not plain to either of them; but her eyes suddenly filled, and she turned sharply and stood with the back of one slender hand across her face.

Neither had spoken; neither spoke for a full minute. Then she walked to the window and looked out. The mating sparrows were very noisy.

Not a tear fell; she touched her eyes with a bit of lace, drew a long, deep, steady breath, and turned toward him.

"It is all over—forgive me, Jim. I did not mean to greet you this way. I won't do it again."

She offered her hand with a faint smile, and he lifted it and touched it to his lips.

"It's all over, all ended," she repeated.

"Such a curious phenomenon happened to me at sunrise this morning, Jim."

"What?"

"I was born," she said, laughing. "Isn't it odd to be born at my age? So as soon as I realized what had happened, I went and looked out the window; and there was the world, Jim—a big, round, wonderful planet, all over hills and trees and valleys and brooks! I don't know how I recognized it, having just been born into it, but somehow I did. And I knew the sun, too, the minute I saw it shining on my window and felt it on my face and throat. Isn't that a wonderful way to begin life?"

There was not a tremor in her voice, nothing tremulous in the sweet humor of the lips; and, to his surprise, in her eyes little demons of gaiety seemed to be dancing all at once till they sparkled almost mockingly.

"Dear," he said, under his breath, "I wondered whether you would ever speak to me again."

"*Speak* to you! You silly boy, I expect to do little else for the rest of my life! I intend to converse and argue and importune and insist and nag and nag. Oh, Jim! *Please* ring for breakfast. I had no luncheon yesterday and less dinner."

A slight color glowed under the white skin of her cheeks as Farris entered with the fruit; she lifted a translucent cluster of grapes from the dish, snipped it in half with the silver scissors, glanced at her husband, and laughed.

"*That's* how hungry I am, Jim. I warned you. Of what are you thinking—with that slight and rather fascinating smile crinkling your eyes?"

She bit into grape after grape, watching him across the table.

"Share with me whatever amuses you, please!" she insisted. "Never with my consent shall you ever again laugh alone."

"You haven't seen last evening's and this morning's papers," he said, amused.

"Have they arrived? Oh, Jim! I wish to see them, please!"

He went into his room and brought out a sheaf of clippings. "Isn't this all of the papers that you cared to see, Jacqueline?"



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Do you believe in prayer, dear?" Desboro asked. "Yes—in unselfish prayer," she answered. "Not in the sorrow—that seems to me a logical petition. But I don't know. And, after all, what one does, not to moment with sweet, sincere eyes, sometimes curious, sometimes shy, but always intent could she realize that she belonged there at all—there in her frail morning



acquisitive variety. Such petitions seem ignoble to me. To pray—not for oneself—except that one cause no what one talks about, counts.” She was occupied with her grapes, glancing up at him from moment on this tall, boyish young fellow who, she vainly tried to realize, belonged to her. Nor draperies, at breakfast with him in a house which belonged to him

"Of course! What *do* they say about us? Are they brief or redundant, laconic or diffuse? And are they nice to us?"

She was already immersed in a quarter-column account of "A Romantic Wedding" at "old St. George's"; and she read with dilated eyes all about the "wealthy, fashionable, and well-known clubman," which she understood must mean her youthful husband, and all about Silverwood and the celebrated collections, and about his lineage and his social activities. And by and by she read about herself, her charm and beauty and personal accomplishments, and was amazed to learn that she, too, was not only wealthy and fashionable, but that she was a descendant of an ancient and noble family in France, entirely extinguished by the guillotine during the Revolution, except for her immediate progenitors.

Clipping after clipping she read to the end; then the simple notices under "Weddings." Then she looked at Desboro.

"I—I didn't realize what a very grand young man I had married," she said, with a shy smile. "But I am very willing to admit it. Why do they say such foolish and untrue things about *me*?"

"They meant to honor you by lying about you when the truth about you is far more noble and more wonderful," he said.

"Do you think so?"

"Do you doubt it?"

She remained silent, turning over the clippings in her hand; then, glancing up, found him smiling again.

"Please share with me—because I know your thoughts are pleasant."

"It was seeing you in those pretty Chinese robes," he smiled, "which made me think of that evening in the armory."

"Oh—when I sat under the dragon, with my lute, and said for your guests some legends of old Cathay?"

"Yes. Seeing you here—in your Chinese robes—made me think of their astonishment when you first dawned on their mental and social horizon. They are worthy people," he added, with a shrug.

"They are as God made them," she said demurely.

"Only they have always forgotten, as I have, that God merely begins us—and we are expected to do the rest. For, once made, he merely winds us up, sets our hearts ticking, and places us on top of the world.

Where we walk to, and how, is our own funeral thenceforward. Is that your idea of divine responsibility?"

"I think he continues to protect us after we start to toddle; and after that, too, if we ask him," she answered, in a low voice.

"Do you believe in prayer, dear?"

"Yes—in unselfish prayer. Not in the acquisitive variety. Such petitions seem ignoble to me."

"I understand."

She said gravely: "To pray—not for oneself—except that one cause no sorrow—that seems to me a logical petition. But I don't know. And, after all, what one does, not what one talks about, counts."

She was occupied with her grapes, glancing up at him from moment to moment with sweet, sincere eyes, sometimes curious, sometimes shy, but always intent on this tall, boyish young fellow who, she vainly tried to realize, belonged to her.

In his morning jacket, somehow, he had become entirely another person; his thick, closely brushed hair, the occult air of freshness from ablutions that left a faint fragrance about him, accented their new intimacy, the strangeness of which threatened at moments to silence her. Nor could she realize that she belonged there at all—there in her frail morning draperies, at breakfast with him in a house which belonged to him.

Yet, one thing she was becoming vaguely aware of: this tall, young fellow, in his man's intimate attire, was quietly and unvaryingly considerate of her; had entirely changed from the man she seemed to have known; had suddenly changed yesterday at midnight. And now she was aware that he still remained what he had been when he took the white blossom from her hand the night before and left in her trembling palm, untouched, the symbol of authority which now was his forever.

Even in the fatigue of body and the deadlier mental weariness—in the confused chaos of her very soul, that moment was clearly imprinted on her mind—must remain forever recorded while life lasted.

She divided another grape; there were no seeds; the skin melted in her mouth.

"Men," she said absently, "*are* good."

When he laughed, she came to herself and looked at him with shy, humorous eyes. "They *are* good, Jim. Even the Chinese knew it thousands of years ago. Have you

never heard me recite the three-word classic of San Tzu Ching? Then listen, white man!

*"Jen chih ch'u
Hsing pen shan
Hsing hsiang chin
Hsi hsiang yuan
Kou pu chiao
Hsing nai ch'ien
Chiao chih tao
Kuei i chuan—"*

She sat swaying slightly to the rhythm, like a smiling child who recites a rhyme of the nursery, accenting the termination of every line by softly striking her palms together; and the silken Chinese sleeves slipped back, revealing her white arms to the shoulder.

Softly she smote her smooth little palms together, gracefully she swayed; her silks rustled like the sound of slender reeds in a summer wind, and her cadenced voice was softer. Never had he seen her so exquisite.

She stopped capriciously.

"All that is Chinese to me," he said. "You make me feel solitary and ignorant."

And she laughed and tossed the lustrous hair from her cheeks. "This is all it means, dear:

*"Men at their birth
Are naturally good.
Their natures are much the same;
Their habits become widely different.
If they are not taught,
Their natures will deteriorate.
The right way in teaching
Is to attach the utmost importance to
thoroughness—"*

"And so forth, and so forth," she ended gaily.

"Where on earth did you learn Chinese?" he remonstrated. "You know enough without that to scare me to death! Slowly but surely you are overwhelming me, Jacqueline, and some day I shall leave the house, dig a woodchuck hole out on the hill, and crawl into it permanently."

"Then I'll have to crawl in too, won't I? But, alas, Jim! The three-word classic is my limit. When father took me to Shanghai, I learned it—three hundred and fifty-six lines of it! But it's all the Chinese I know—except a stray phrase or two. Cheer up, dear; we won't have to look for our shadows on that hill."

Breakfast was soon accomplished; she

looked shyly across at him; he nodded, and they rose.

"The question is," she said, "when am I going to find time to read the remainder of the morning paper, and keep myself properly informed from day to day, if you make breakfast so agreeable for me?"

"Have I done that?"

"You know you have," she said lightly. "Suppose you read the paper aloud to me, while I stroll about for the sake of my figure."

They laughed; he picked up the paper and began to read the headlines, and she walked about the room, her hands braced on her hips, listening sometimes, sometimes absorbed in her own reflections, now and then glancing out the window or pausing to rearrange a bowl of flowers.

Little by little, however, her leisurely progress from one point of interest to another became more haphazard, and she moved restlessly, with a tendency to drift in his direction. Perhaps she realized that, for she halted suddenly.

"Jim, I have enough of politics, thank you. And it's almost time to put on more conventional apparel, isn't it? I have a long and hard day before me at the office."

"As hard as yesterday?" he asked, unthinkingly; then reddened.

She had moved to the window as she spoke; but he had seen the quick, unconscious gesture of pain as her hand flew to her breast; and her smiling courage when she turned toward him did not deceive him.

"That was a hard day, Jim. But I think the worst is over. And you may read your paper if you wish until I am ready. You have only to put on your business coat, haven't you?"

So he tried to fix his mind on the paper, and, failing, laid it aside and went to his room to make ready.

When he was prepared, he returned to their sitting-room. She was not there, and the door of her bedroom was open and the window-curtains fluttering.

So he descended to the library, where he found her playing with his assortment of animals, a cat tucked under either arm and a yellow pup on her knees.

"They all came to say good morning," she explained, "and how could I think of my clothing? Would you ask Farris to fetch a whisk-broom?"

Desboro rang. "A whisk-broom for— for Mrs. Desboro," he said.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"You thought of me, Jacqueline?" "Yes—and tried not to. But it was no use; I seemed to see you—to think that now—" Her smile grew vaguer; she dropped her head thoughtfully and rested one to her husband had fallen from Clydesdale's heavy hand. Then, gradually into her head abruptly and gazed straight at him with steady, questioning eyes



laughing at me under every helmet in Grenville's plates. It was rather odd, wasn't it, Jim? And to think hand on the library table, where once her catalogue notes had been piled up—where Elena's letter remote gaze came something else, something Desboro had learned to dread; and she raised in which there was a hint of trouble of some kind—perhaps unbelief

Mrs. Desboro!

She had looked up, startled; it was the first time she had heard it from his lips, and even the reiteration of her maid had not accustomed her to hear herself so named.

Both had blushed before Farris, both had thrilled as the words had fallen from Desboro's unaccustomed lips; but both attempted to appear perfectly tranquil and undisturbed by what had shocked them as no bomb explosion possibly could. And the old man came back with the whisk-broom, and Desboro dusted the cat-fur and puppy-hairs from Jacqueline's brand-new gown.

They were going to town by train.

"It will be full of commuters," he said teasingly. "You don't know what a god-send a bride is to commuters. I pity *you*."

"I shall point my nose particularly high, monsieur. Do you suppose I'll know anybody aboard?"

"What if you don't! They'll know who *you* are! And they'll all read their papers and stare at you from time to time, comparing you with what the papers say about you."

"Jim! Stop tormenting me. Do I look sallow and horrid? I believe I'll run up to my room and do a little friction on my cheeks."

"With nail-polish?"

"How do *you* know? Please, Jim, it isn't nice to know so much about the make-shifts indulged in by my sex."

She stood pinching her cheeks and the tiny lobes of her close-set ears, regarding him with beautiful but hostile eyes.

"You know too much, young man. You don't wish to make me afraid of you, do you? Anyway, you are no expert! Once you thought my hair was painted, and my lips, too. If I'd known what you were thinking I'd have made short work of you that rainy afternoon."

"You *did*."

She laughed. "You *can* say nice things, too. Did you really begin to—to care for me that actual afternoon?"

"That actual afternoon."

"A—about what time—if you happen to remember?" she asked carelessly.

"About the same second that I first set eyes on you."

"Oh, Jim, you *couldn't*!"

"Couldn't what?"

"Care for me the actual second you first set eyes on me. Could you?"

"I *did*."

"Was it *that* very second?"

"Absolutely."

"You didn't show it."

"Well, you know I couldn't very well kneel down and make you a declaration before I knew your name, could I, dear?"

"You did it altogether too soon as it was."

Jim, what *did* you think of me?"

"You ought to know by this time."

"I don't. I suppose you took one look at me and decided that I was all ready to fall into your arms. Didn't you?"

"You haven't done it yet," he said lightly.

There was a pause; the color came into her face, and his own reddened. But she pretended to be pleasantly unconscious of the significance, and only interested in reminiscence.

"Do you know what I thought of you, Jim, when you first came in?"

"Not much, I fancy," he conceded.

"Will it spoil you if I tell you?"

"Have you spoiled me very much, Jacqueline?"

"Of course I have," she said hastily.

"Listen, and I'll tell you what I thought of you when you first came in. I looked up, and of course I knew at a glance that you were nice; and I was very much impressed."

"The deuce you were!" he laughed, unbelievably.

"I was!"

"You didn't show it."

"Only an idiot of a girl would. But I was—very greatly impressed," she continued, with a delightfully pompous emphasis on every word, "very—greatly—impressed by the tall and fashionable and elegant and agreeably symmetrical Mr. Desboro, owner of the celebrated collection of arms and armor."

"I knew it!"

"Knew what?"

"You never even took the trouble to look at me until you found out that the armor belonged to me."

"That is what *ought* to have been true. But it wasn't."

"Did you actually—"

"Yes, I did. Not the very second I laid eyes on you," she added, blushing slightly, "but when you went away—and afterward—that evening when I was trying to read Grenville on Armor."

"You thought of me, Jacqueline?"

"Yes—and tried not to. But it was no use; I seemed to see you laughing at me

under every helmet in Grenville's plates. It was rather odd, wasn't it, Jim? And to think—to think that now—"

Her smile grew vaguer; she dropped her head thoughtfully and rested one hand on the library table, where once her catalogue notes had been piled up—where Elena's letter to her husband had fallen from Clydesdale's heavy hand.

Then, gradually into her remote gaze came something else, something Desboro had learned to dread; and she raised her head abruptly and gazed straight at him with steady, questioning eyes in which there was a hint of trouble of some kind—perhaps unbelief.

"I suppose you are going to your office?" she said.

"After I have taken you to yours, dear."

"You will be at leisure before I am, won't you?"

"Unless you knock off work at four o'clock. Can you?"

"I cannot. What will you do until five, Jim?"

"There will be nothing for me to do except wait for you."

"Where will you wait?"

He shrugged. "At the club, I suppose."

The car rolled up past the library windows.

"I suppose," she said carelessly, "that it would be too stupid for you to wait *chez moi*."

"In your office? No, indeed."

"I meant in my apartment. You could smoke and read—but perhaps you wouldn't care to."

They went out into the hall, where her maid held her ulster for her and Farris put Desboro into his coat. Then they entered the car, which swung around the oval and glided away toward Silverwood station.

"To tell you the truth, dear," he said, "it *would* be rather slow for me to sit in an empty room until you were ready to join me."

"Of course. You'd find it more amusing at your club."

"I'd much rather be with you at your office, dear."

"Thank you. But some of my clients stipulate that no third person shall be present when their business is discussed."

"All right," he said shortly, and closed the discussion.

The faint warmth of their morning's *rapprochement* seemed somehow to have turned colder, now that they were about to separate for the day. Both felt it; neither understood it. But the constraint, which perhaps they thought too indefinite to analyze, persisted. She did not fully understand it, except that, in the aftermath of the storm which had well-nigh devastated her young heart, her physical nearness to him seemed to help the tiny seed of faith which she had replanted in agony and tears the night before.

To see him, hear his voice, somehow aided her; and the charm of his personality for a while had reawakened and encouraged in her the courage to love him. The winning smile in his eyes had, for the time, laid the phantoms of doubt; memory had become less sensitive; the demon of distrust which she had fought off so gallantly lay somewhat inert and almost forgotten in the dim chamber of her mind.

But not dead—no; for somewhere in obscurity she had been conscious for an instant that her enemy was stirring.

Must this always be so? Was faith in this man really dead? Was it only the image of faith which her loyalty and courage had set up once more for an altar amid the ruins of her young heart?

And always, always, even when she seemed unaware, even when she had unconsciously deceived herself, her consciousness of the *other woman* remained alive, like a spark, whitened at moments by its own ashes, yet burning terribly when touched.

Slowly she began to understand that her supposed new belief in this man would endure only while he was within her sight; that the morning's warmth had slowly chilled as the hour of their separation approached; that her mind was becoming troubled and confused, and her heart uncertain and apprehensive.

And as she thought of the future—years and years of it—there seemed no rest for her, only endless effort and strife, only the external exercise of mental and spiritual courage to fight back the creeping shadow which must always threaten her—the shadow that doubt casts, and which men call fear.

The next instalment of "*The Business of Life*" will appear in the August issue.

The Elixir of Life

There are to-day more ways of taking human life with impunity than were ever known before. And this knowledge is so common that almost any man of intelligence may take advantage of it. Do you remember the recent wonderful discoveries by Dr. Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute? Some of these triumphs of medicine were hailed as universal blessings to mankind, particularly that method of healing which, if perfected, will rob anything but a fatal wound of half its terrors. It would not seem possible for a criminal to profit by such a beneficent discovery; but you must remember that the modern criminal fights with science as science fights him. In this story Craig Kennedy solves a murder mystery that involves a man 'high up' in the professional world, a man who knows the secrets of prolonging life—and of taking it

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Silent Bullet," "The Poisoned Pen," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"NOT even a blood spot has been disturbed in the kitchen. Nothing has been altered since the discovery of the murdered chef, except that his body has been moved into the next room."

Emery Pitts, one of the "thousand millionaires of steel," overwrought as he was by a murder in his own household in the large Fifth Avenue mansion, sank back in his easy-chair, exhausted.

Pitts was not an old man; indeed, in years he was in the prime of life. Yet by his looks he might almost have been double his age, the more so in contrast with Minna Pitts, his young and very pretty wife, who stood near him in the quaint breakfast-room and solicitously moved a pillow back of his head.

Kennedy and I looked on in amazement. We knew that he had recently retired from active business, giving as a reason his failing health. But neither of us had thought, when the hasty summons came early one morning to visit him immediately at his house, that his condition was as serious as it now appeared.

"In the kitchen?" repeated Kennedy, evidently not prepared for any trouble in that part of the house.

Pitts, who had closed his eyes, now reopened them slowly and I noticed how contracted were the pupils.

"Yes," he answered somewhat wearily, "my private kitchen which I have had fitted up. You know, I am on a diet, have been ever since I offered the one hundred thousand dollars for the sure restoration of youth. I shall have you taken out there presently."

He lapsed again into a half dreamy state, his head bowed on one hand resting on the arm of his chair. The morning's mail still lay on the table, some letters open, as they had been when the discovery had been announced. Mrs. Pitts was apparently much excited and unnerved by the gruesome discovery in the house.

"You have no idea who the murderer might be?" asked Kennedy, addressing Pitts, but glancing keenly at his wife.

"No," replied Pitts, "if I had I should have called the regular police. I wanted you to take it up before they spoiled any of the clues. In the first place we do not think it could have been done by any of the other servants. At least, Minna says that there was no quarrel."

"How could anyone have got in from the outside?" asked Craig.

"There is a back way, a servants' entrance, but it is usually locked. Of course, some one might have obtained a key to it."

Mrs. Pitts had remained silent throughout the dialogue. I could not help thinking that she suspected something, perhaps was concealing something. Yet each of them seemed equally anxious to have the marauder apprehended, whoever he might be.

"My dear," he said to her at length, "will you call some one and have them taken to the kitchen?"

As Minna Pitts led us through the large mansion preparatory to turning us over to a servant she explained hastily that Mr. Pitts had long been ill and was now taking a new treatment under Dr. Thompson Lord. No one having answered her bell in the present

state of excitement of the house, she stopped short at the pivoted door of the kitchen, with a little shudder at the tragedy, and stood only long enough to relate to us the story as she had heard it from the valet, Edward.

Mr. Pitts, it seemed, had wanted an early breakfast and had sent Edward to order it. The valet had found the kitchen a veritable slaughter-house, with the negro chef, Sam, lying dead on the floor. Sam had been dead, apparently, since the night before.

As she hurried away, Kennedy pushed open the door. It was a marvelous place, that anti-septic or rather aseptic kitchen, with its white tiling and enamel, its huge ice-box, and cooking utensils for every purpose, all of the most expensive and modern make.

There were marks everywhere of a struggle, and by the side of the chef, whose body now lay in the next room awaiting the coroner, lay a long carving-knife with which he had evidently defended himself. On its blade and haft were huge coagulated spots of blood. The body of Sam bore marks of his having been clutched violently by the throat, and in his head was a single, deep wound that penetrated the skull in a most peculiar manner. It did not seem possible that a blow from a knife could have done it. It was a most unusual wound and not at all the sort that could have been made by a bullet.

As Kennedy examined it, he remarked, shaking his head in confirmation of his own opinion, "That must have been done by a Behr bulletless gun."

"A bulletless gun?" I repeated.

"Yes, a sort of pistol with a spring-operated device that projects a sharp blade with great force. No bullet and no powder are used in it. But when it is placed directly over a vital point of the skull so that the aim is unerring, a trigger lets a long knife shoot out with tremendous force, and death is instantaneous."

Near the door, leading to the courtyard that opened on the side street, were some spots of blood. They were so far from the place where the valet had discovered the body of the chef that there could be no doubt that they were blood from the murderer himself. Kennedy's reasoning in the matter seemed irresistible.

He looked under the table near the door, covered with a large light cloth. Beneath the table and behind the cloth he found another blood spot.

"How did that land there?" he mused aloud. "The table-cloth is bloodless."

Craig appeared to think a moment. Then he unlocked and opened the door. A current of air was created and blew the cloth aside.

"Clearly," he exclaimed, "that drop of blood was wafted under the table as the door was opened. The chances are all that it came from a cut on perhaps the hand or face of the murderer himself."

It seemed to be entirely reasonable, for the blood-stains about the room were such as to indicate that he had been badly cut by the carving-knife.

"Whoever attacked the chef must have been deeply wounded," I remarked, picking up the bloody knife and looking about at the stains, comparatively few of which could have come from the one deep fatal wound in the head of the victim.

Kennedy was still engrossed in a study of the stains, evidently considering that their size, shape, and location might throw some light on what had occurred. "Walter," he said finally, "while I'm busy here, I wish you would find that valet, Edward. I want to talk to him."

I found him at last, a clean-cut young fellow of much above average intelligence.

"There are some things I have not yet got clearly, Edward," began Kennedy. "Now where was the body, exactly, when you opened the door?"

Edward pointed out the exact spot, near the side of the kitchen toward the door leading out to the breakfast room and opposite the ice-box.

"And the door to the side street?" asked Kennedy, to all appearances very favorably impressed by the young man.

"It was locked, sir," he answered positively.

Kennedy was quite apparently considering the honesty and faithfulness of the servant. At last he leaned over and asked quickly, "Can I trust you?"

The frank, "Yes," of the young fellow was convincing enough.

"What I want," pursued Kennedy, "is to have some one inside this house who can tell me as much as he can see of the visitors, the messengers that come here this morning. It will be an act of loyalty to your employer, so that you need have no fear about that."

Edward bowed, and left us. While I had been seeking him, Kennedy had telephoned

hastily to his laboratory and had found one of his students there. He had ordered him to bring down an apparatus which he described and some other material.

While we waited Kennedy sent word to Pitts that he wanted to see him alone for a few minutes.

The instrument appeared to be a rubber bulb and cuff with a rubber bag attached to the inside. From it ran a tube which ended in another graduated glass tube with a thin line of mercury in it like a thermometer.

Craig adjusted the thing over the brachial artery of Pitts, just above the elbow.

"It may be a little uncomfortable, Mr. Pitts," he apologized, "but it will be for only a few minutes."

Pressure through the rubber bulb shut off the artery so that Kennedy could no longer feel the pulse at the wrist. As he worked, I began to see what he was after. The reading on the graded scale of the height of the column of mercury indicated, I knew, blood pressure. This time, as he worked, I noted also the flabby skin of Pitts as well as the small and sluggish pupils of his eyes.

He completed his test in silence and excused himself, although as we went back to the kitchen I was burning with curiosity.

"What was it?" I asked. "What did you discover?"

"That," he replied, "was a sphygmomanometer, something like the sphygmograph which we used once in another case. Normal blood pressure is 125 millimeters. Mr. Pitts shows a high pressure, very high. The large life insurance companies are now using this instrument. They would tell you that a high pressure like that indicates apoplexy. Mr. Pitts, young as he really is, is actually old. For, you know, the saying is that a man is as old as his arteries. Pitts has hardening of the arteries, arteriosclerosis—perhaps other heart and kidney troubles, in short pre-senility."

Craig paused; then added sententiously as if to himself: "You have heard the latest theories about old age; that it is due to microbic poisons secreted in the intestines and penetrating the intestinal walls? Well, in premature senility the symptoms are the same as in senility, only mental acuteness is not so impaired."

We had now reached the kitchen again. The student had also brought down to Kennedy a number of sterilized microscope slides and test-tubes, and from here and

there in the masses of blood spots Kennedy was taking and preserving samples. He also took samples of the various foods, which he preserved in the sterilized tubes.

While he was at work Edward joined us cautiously.

"Has anything happened?" asked Craig.

"A message came by a boy for Mrs. Pitts," whispered the valet.

"What did she do with it?"

"Tore it up."

"And the pieces?"

"She must have hidden them somewhere."

"See if you can get them."

Edward nodded and left us.

"Yes," I remarked after he had gone, "it does seem as if the thing to do was to get on the trail of a person bearing wounds of some kind. I notice, for one thing, Craig, that Edward shows no such marks, nor does anyone else in the house as far as I can see. If it were an 'inside job' I fancy Edward at least could clear himself. The point is to find the person with a bandaged hand or plastered face."

Kennedy assented, but his mind was on another subject. "Before we go we must see Mrs. Pitts alone, if we can," he said simply.

In answer to his inquiry through one of the servants she sent down word that she would see us immediately in her sitting-room. The events of the morning had quite naturally upset her, and she was, if anything, even paler than when we saw her before.

"Mrs. Pitts," began Kennedy, "I suppose you are aware of the physical condition of your husband?"

It seemed a little abrupt to me at first, but he intended it to be. "Why," she asked with real alarm, "is he so very badly?"

"Pretty badly," remarked Kennedy mercilessly, observing the effect of his words. "So badly, I fear, that it would not require much more excitement like to-day's to bring on an attack of apoplexy. I should advise you to take especial care of him, Mrs. Pitts."

Following his eyes, I tried to determine whether the agitation of the woman before us was genuine or not. It certainly looked so. But then, I knew that she had been an actress before her marriage. Was she acting a part now?

"What do you mean?" she asked tremulously.



"What's this—a zoo?" I asked, looking about me as I entered the sanctum that evening. There were dogs and guinea-pigs, rats and mice, a menagerie that would have delighted a small boy

"Mrs. Pitts," replied Kennedy quickly, observing still the play of emotion on her delicate features, "some one, I believe, either regularly in or employed in this house or who had a ready means of access to it must have entered that kitchen last night. For what purpose, I can leave you to judge. But Sam surprised the intruder there and was killed for his faithfulness."

Her startled look told plainly that though she might have suspected something of the sort she did not think that anyone else suspected, much less actually perhaps knew it.

"I can't imagine who it could be, unless it might be one of the servants," she murmured hastily; adding, "and there is none of them that I have any right to suspect."

She had in a measure regained her composure, and Kennedy felt that it was no use to pursue the conversation further, perhaps expose his hand before he was ready to play it.

"That woman is concealing something," remarked Kennedy to me as we left the house a few minutes later.

"She at least bears no marks of violence herself of any kind," I commented.

"No," agreed Craig, "no, you are right so far." He added: "I shall be very busy in the laboratory this afternoon, and probably

longer. However, drop in at dinner-time, and in the meantime, don't say a word to anyone, but just use your position on the *Star* to keep in touch with anything the police authorities may be doing."

It was not a difficult commission, since they did nothing but to issue a statement, the net import of which was to let the public know that they were very active, although they had nothing to report.

Kennedy was still busy when I rejoined him, a little late purposely, since I knew that he would be over his head in work.

"What's this—a zoo?" I asked, looking about me as I entered the sanctum that evening.

There were dogs and guinea-pigs, rats and mice, a menagerie that would have delighted a small boy. It did not look like the same old laboratory for the investigation of criminal science, though I saw on a second glance that it was the same, that there was the usual hurly-burly of microscopes, test-tubes, and all the paraphernalia that were so mystifying at first but in the end under his skilful hand made the most complicated cases seem stupidly simple.

Craig smiled at my surprise. "I'm making a little study of intestinal poisons," he commented, "poisons produced by microbes which we keep under more or less control in

healthy life. In death they are the little fellows that extend all over the body and putrefy it. We nourish within ourselves microbes which secrete very virulent poisons, and when those poisons are too much for us—well, we grow old. At least that is the theory of Metchnikoff, who says that old age is an infectious chronic disease. Somehow," he added thoughtfully, "that beautiful white kitchen in the Pitts home had really become a factory for intestinal poisons."

There was an air of suppressed excitement in his manner which told me that Kennedy was on the trail of something unusual.

"Mouth murder," he cried at length, "that was what was being done in that wonderful kitchen. Do you know, the scientific slaying of human beings has far exceeded organized efforts at detection? Of course you expect me to say that; you think I look at such things through colored glasses. But it is a fact, nevertheless.

"It is a very simple matter for the police to apprehend the common murderer whose weapon is a knife or a gun, but it is a different thing when they investigate the death of a person who has been the victim of the modern murderer who slays, let us say, with some kind of deadly bacilli. Authorities say, and I agree with them, that hundreds of murders are committed in this country every year and are not detected because the detectives are not scientists, while the slayers have used the knowledge of the scientists both to commit and to cover up the crimes. I tell you, Walter, a murder science bureau not only would clear up nearly every poison mystery, but also it would inspire such a wholesome fear among would-be murderers that they would abandon many attempts to take life."

He was as excited over the case as I had ever seen him. Indeed it was one that evidently taxed his utmost powers.

"What have you found?" I asked, startled.

"You remember my use of the sphygmomanometer?" he asked. "In the first place that put me on what seems to be a clear trail. The most dreaded of all the ills of the cardiac and vascular systems nowadays seems to be arterio-sclerosis, or hardening of the arteries. It is possible for a man of forty-odd, like Mr. Pitts, to have arteries in a condition which would not be encountered normally in persons under seventy years of age.

"The hard or hardening artery means increased blood pressure, with a consequent increased strain on the heart. This may lead, has led in this case, to a long train of distressing symptoms, and, of course, to ultimate death. Heart disease, according to statistics, is carrying off a greater percentage of persons than formerly. This fact cannot be denied, and it is attributed largely to worry, the abnormal rush of the life of to-day, and sometimes to faulty methods of eating and bad nutrition. On the surface, these natural causes might seem to be at work with Mr. Pitts. But, Walter, I do not believe it, I do not believe it. There is more than that, here. Come, I can do nothing more to-night, until I learn more from these animals and the cultures which I have in these tubes. Let us take a turn or two, then dine, and perhaps we may get some word at our apartment from Edward."

It was late that night when a gentle tap at the door proved that Kennedy's hope had not been unfounded. I opened it and let in Edward, the valet, who produced the fragments of a note, torn and crumpled.

"There is nothing new, sir," he explained, "except that Mrs. Pitts seems more nervous than ever, and Mr. Pitts, I think, is feeling a little brighter."

Kennedy said nothing, but was hard at work with puckered brows at piecing together the note which Edward had obtained after hunting through the house. It had been thrown into a fireplace in Mrs. Pitts's own room, and only by chance had part of it been unconsumed. The body of the note was gone altogether, but the first part and the last part remained.

Apparently it had been written the very morning on which the murder was discovered.

It read simply, "I have succeeded in having Thornton declared . . ." Then there was a break. The last words were legible, and were, " . . . confined in a suitable institution where he can cause no future harm."

There was no signature, as if the sender had perfectly understood that the receiver would understand.

"Not difficult to supply some of the context, at any rate," mused Kennedy. "Whoever Thornton may be, some one has succeeded in having him declared 'insane,' I should supply. If he is in an institution

near New York, we must be able to locate him. Edward, this is a very important clue. There is nothing else."

Kennedy employed the remainder of the night in obtaining a list of all the institutions, both public and private, within a considerable radius of the city where the insane might be detained.

The next morning, after an hour or so spent in the laboratory apparently in confirming some control tests which Kennedy had laid out to make sure that he was not going wrong in the line of inquiry he was pursuing, we started off in a series of flying visits to the various sanatoria about the city in search of an inmate named Thornton.

I will not attempt to describe the many curious sights and experiences we saw and had. I could readily believe that anyone who spent even as little time as we did might almost think that the very world was going rapidly insane. There were literally thousands of names in the lists which we examined patiently, going through them all, since Kennedy was not at all sure that Thornton might not be a first name, and we had no time to waste on taking any chances.

It was not until long after dusk that, weary with the search and dust-covered from our hasty scouring of the country in an automobile which Kennedy had hired after exhausting the city institutions, we came to a small private asylum up in Westchester. I had almost been willing to give it up for the day, to start afresh on the morrow, but Kennedy seemed to feel that the case was too urgent to lose even twelve hours over.

It was a peculiar place, isolated, out-of-the-way, and guarded by a high brick wall that enclosed a pretty good sized garden.

A ring at the bell brought a sharp-eyed maid to the door.

"Have you—er—anyone here named Thornton—er—?" Kennedy paused in such a way that if it were the last name he might come to a full stop, and if it were a first name he could go on.

"There is a Mr. Thornton who came yesterday," she snapped ungraciously, "but you cannot see him. It's against the rules."

"Yes—yesterday," repeated Kennedy eagerly, ignoring her tartness. "Could I—" he slipped a crumpled treasury note into her hand—"could I speak to Mr. Thornton's nurse?"

The note seemed to render the acidity of

the girl slightly alkaline. She opened the door a little further, and we found ourselves in a plainly furnished reception room, alone.

We might have been in the reception-room of a prosperous country gentleman, so quiet was it. There was none of the raving, as far as I could make out, that I should have expected even in a twentieth century Bedlam, no material for a Poe story of Dr. Tarr and Professor Feather.

At length the hall door opened, and a man entered, not a prepossessing man, it is true, with his large and powerful hands and arms and slightly bowed, almost bulldog legs. Yet he was not of that aggressive kind which would make a show of physical strength without good and sufficient cause.

"You have charge of Mr. Thornton?" inquired Kennedy.

"Yes," was the curt response.

"I trust he is all right here?"

"He wouldn't be here if he was all right," was the quick reply. "And who might you be?"

"I knew him in the old days," replied Craig evasively. "My friend here does not know him, but I was in this part of Westchester visiting and having heard he was here thought I would drop in, just for old time's sake. That is all."

"How did you know he was here?" asked the man suspiciously.

"I heard indirectly from a friend of mine, Mrs. Pitts."

"Oh."

The man seemed to accept the explanation at its face value.

"Is he very—very badly?" asked Craig with well-feigned interest.

"Well," replied the man, a little mollified by a good cigar which I produced, "don't you go a-telling her, but if he says the name Minna once a day it is a thousand times. Them drug-dopes has some strange delusions."

"Strange delusions?" queried Craig.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Say," ejaculated the man. "I don't know you. You come here saying you're friends of Mr. Thornton's. How do I know what you are?"

"Well," ventured Kennedy, "suppose I should also tell you I am a friend of the man who committed him?"

"Of Dr. Thompson Lord?"

"Exactly. My friend here knows Dr. Lord very well, don't you, Walter?"

Thus appealed to I hastened to add, "Indeed I do." Then, improving the opening, I hastened: "Is this Mr. Thornton violent? I think this is one of the most quiet institutions I ever saw for so small a place."

The man shook his head.

"Because," I added, "I thought some drug fiends were violent and had to be restrained by force, often."

"You won't find a mark or a scratch on him, sir," replied the man. "That ain't our system."

"Not a mark or scratch on him," repeated Kennedy thoughtfully. "I wonder if he'd recognize me?"

"Can't say," concluded the man. "What's more, can't try. It's against the rules. Only your knowing so many he knows has got you this far. You'll have to call on a regular day or by appointment to see him, gentlemen."

There was an air of finality about the last statement that made Kennedy rise and move toward the door with a hearty "Thank you, for your kindness," and a wish to be remembered to "poor old Thornton."

As we climbed into the car he poked me in the ribs. "Just as good for the present as if we had seen him," he exclaimed. "Drug-fiend, friend of Mrs. Pitts, committed by Dr. Lord, no wounds."

Then he lapsed into silence as we sped back to the city.

"The Pitts house," ordered Kennedy as we bowled along, after noting by his watch that it was after nine. Then to me he added, "We must see Mrs. Pitts once more, and alone."

We waited some time after Kennedy sent up word that he would like to see Mrs. Pitts. At last she appeared. I thought she avoided Kennedy's eye, and I am sure that her intuition told her that he had some revelation to make, against which she was steeling herself.

Craig greeted her as reassuringly as he could, but as she sat nervously before us, I could see that she was in reality pale, worn, and anxious.

"We have had a rather hard day," began Kennedy after the usual polite inquiries about her own and her husband's health had been, I thought, a little prolonged by him.

"Indeed?" she asked. "Have you come any closer to the truth?"

Kennedy met her eyes, and she turned away.

"Yes, Mr. Jameson and I have put in the better part of the day in going from one institution for the insane to another."

He paused. The startled look on her face told as plainly as words that his remark had struck home.

Without giving her a chance to reply, or to think of a verbal means of escape, Craig hurried on with an account of what we had done, saying nothing about the original letter which had started us on the search for Thornton, but leaving it to be inferred by her that he knew much more than he cared to tell.

"In short, Mrs. Pitts," he concluded firmly, "I do not need to tell you that I already know much about the matter which you are concealing."

The piling up of fact on fact, mystifying as it was to me who had as yet no inkling of what it was tending toward, proved too much for the woman who knew the truth, yet did not know how much Kennedy knew of it. Minna Pitts was pacing the floor wildly, all the assumed manner of the actress gone from her, yet with the native grace and feeling of the born actress playing unrestrained in her actions.

"You know only part of my story," she cried, fixing him with her now tearless eyes. "It is only a question of time when you will worm it all out by your uncanny, occult methods. Mr. Kennedy, I cast myself on you."

The note of appeal in her tone was powerful, but I could not so readily shake off my first suspicions of the woman. Whether or not she convinced Kennedy, he did not show.

"I was only a young girl when I met Mr. Thornton," she raced on. "I was not yet eighteen when we were married. Too late, I found out the curse of his life—and of mine. He was a drug-fiend. From the very first life with him was insupportable. I stood it as long as I could, but when he beat me because he had no money to buy drugs, I left him. I gave myself up to my career on the stage. Later I heard that he was dead—a suicide. I worked, day and night, slaved, and rose in the profession—until, at last, I met Mr. Pitts."

She paused, and it was evident that it was with a struggle that she could talk so.

"Three months after I was married to him, Thornton suddenly reappeared, from



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

"You know only part of my story," she cried, fixing him with her now tearless eyes. "It is only a question of time when you will worm it all out by your uncanny, occult methods. Mr. Kennedy, I cast myself on you"

the dead it seemed to me. He did not want me back. No, indeed. All he wanted was money. I gave him money, my own money, for I made a great deal in my stage days. But his demands increased. To silence him I have paid him thousands. He squandered them faster than ever. And finally, when it became unbearable, I appealed to a friend. That friend has now succeeded in placing this man quietly in a sanitarium for the insane."

"And the murder of the chef?" shot out Kennedy.

She looked from one to the other of us in alarm. "Before God, I know no more of that than does Mr. Pitts."

Was she telling the truth? Would she stop at anything to avoid the scandal and disgrace of the charge of bigamy? Was there not something still that she was concealing? She took refuge in the last resort—tears.

Encouraging as it was to have made such progress, it did not seem to me that we were much nearer, after all, to the solution of the mystery. Kennedy, as usual, had nothing to say until he was absolutely sure of his ground. He spent the greater part of the next day hard at work over the minute investigations of his laboratory, leaving me to arrange the details of a meeting he planned for that night.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. Pitts, the former in charge of Dr. Lord. The valet Edward was also there, and in a neighboring room was Thornton in charge of two nurses from the sanitarium. Thornton was a sad wreck of a man now, whatever he might have been when his blackmail furnished him with an unlimited supply of his favorite drugs.

"Let us go back to the very start of the case," began Kennedy when we had all assembled, "the murder of the chef, Sam."

It seemed that the mere sound of his voice electrified his little audience. I fancied a shudder passed over the slight form of Mrs. Pitts, as she must have realized that this was the point where Kennedy had left off, in his questioning her the night before.

"There is," he went on slowly, "a blood test so delicate that one might almost say that he could identify a criminal by his very blood-crystals—the finger-prints, so to speak, of his blood. It was by means of these 'hemoglobin clues,' if I may call them so, that I was able to get on the right trail.

For the fact is that a man's blood is not like that of any other living creature. Blood of different men, of men and women differ. I believe that in time we shall be able to refine this test to tell the exact individual, too.

"What is this principle? It is that the hemoglobin or red coloring-matter of the blood forms crystals. That has long been known, but working on this fact Dr. Reichert and Professor Brown of the University of Pennsylvania have made some wonderful discoveries.

"We could distinguish human from animal blood before, it is true. But the discovery of these two scientists takes us much further. By means of blood-crystals we can distinguish the blood of man from that of the animals and in addition that of white men from that of negroes and other races. It is often the only way of differentiating between various kinds of blood.

"The variations in crystals in the blood are in part of form and in part of molecular structure, the latter being discovered only by means of the polarizing microscope. A blood-crystal is only one two-thousand-two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch in length and one nine-thousandth of an inch in breadth. And yet, minute as these crystals are, this discovery is of immense medico-legal importance. Crime may now be traced by blood-crystals."

He displayed on his table a number of enlarged micro-photographs. Some were labeled, "Characteristic crystals of white man's blood"; others "Crystallization of negro blood"; still others, "Blood-crystals of the cat."

"I have here," he resumed, after we had all examined the photographs and had seen that there was indeed a vast amount of difference, "three characteristic kinds of crystals, all of which I found in the various spots in the kitchen of Mr. Pitts. There were three kinds of blood, by the infallible Reichert test."

I had been prepared for his discovery of two kinds, but three heightened the mystery still more.

"There was only a very little of the blood which was that of the poor, faithful, unfortunate Sam, the negro chef," Kennedy went on. "A little more, found far from his body, is that of a white person. But most of it is not human blood at all. It was the blood of a cat."

The revelation was startling. Before any of us could ask, he hastened to explain.

"It was placed there by some one who wished to exaggerate the struggle in order to divert suspicion. That person had indeed been wounded slightly, but wished it to appear that the wounds were very serious. The fact of the matter is that the carving-knife is spotted deeply with blood, but it is not human blood. It is the blood of a cat. A few years ago even a scientific detective would have concluded that a fierce hand-to-hand struggle had been waged and that the murderer was, perhaps, fatally wounded. Now, another conclusion stands proved infallibly by this Reichert test. The murderer was wounded, but not badly. That person even went out of the room and returned later, probably with a can of animal blood, sprinkled it about to give the appearance of a struggle, perhaps thought of preparing in this way a plea of self-defense. If that latter was the case, this Reichert test completely destroys it, clever though it was."

No one spoke, but the same thought was openly in all our minds. Who was this wounded criminal?

I asked myself the usual query of the lawyers and the detectives— Who would benefit most by the death of Pitts? There was but one answer, apparently, to that. It was Minna Pitts. Yet it was difficult for me to believe that a woman of her ordinary gentleness could be here to-night, faced even by so great exposure, yet be so solicitous for him as she had been and then at the same time be plotting against him. I gave it up, determining to let Kennedy unravel it in his own way.

Craig evidently had the same thought in his mind, however, for he continued: "Was it a woman who killed the chef? No, for the third specimen of blood, that of the white person, was the blood of a man; not of a woman."

Pitts had been following closely, his unnatural eyes now gleaming. "You said he was wounded, you remember," he interrupted, as if casting about in his mind to recall some one who bore a recent wound. "Perhaps it was not a bad wound, but it was a wound, nevertheless, and some one must have seen it, must know about it. It is not three days."

Kennedy shook his head. It was a point that had bothered me a great deal.

"As to the wounds," he added in a

measured tone, "although this occurred scarcely three days ago, there is no person even remotely suspected of the crime who can be said to bear on his hands or face others than old scars of wounds."

He paused. Then he shot out in quick staccato, "Did you ever hear of Dr. Carrel's most recent discovery of accelerating the healing of wounds so that those which under ordinary circumstances might take ten days to heal might be healed in twenty-four hours?"

Rapidly, now, he sketched the theory. "If the factors that bring about the multiplication of cells and the growth of tissues were discovered, Dr. Carrel said to himself, it would perhaps become possible to hasten artificially the process of repair of the body. Aseptic wounds could probably be made to cicatrize more rapidly. If the rate of reparation of tissue were hastened only ten times, a skin wound would heal in less than twenty-four hours and a fracture of the leg in four or five days.

"For five years Dr. Carrel has been studying the subject, applying various extracts to wounded tissues. All of them increased the growth of connective tissue, but the degree of acceleration varied greatly. In some cases it was as high as forty times the normal. Dr. Carrel's dream of ten times the normal was exceeded by himself."

Astounded as we were by this revelation, Kennedy did not seem to consider it as important as one that he was now hastening to show us. He took a few cubic centimeters of some culture which he had been preparing, placed it in a tube, and poured in eight or ten drops of sulphuric acid. He shook it.

"I have here a culture from some of the food that I found was being or had been prepared for Mr. Pitts. It was in the ice-box."

Then he took another tube. "This," he remarked, "is a one-to-one-thousand solution of sodium nitrite."

He held it up carefully and poured three or four cubic centimeters of it into the first tube so that it ran carefully down the side in a manner such as to form a sharp line of contact between the heavier culture with the acid and the lighter nitrite solution.

"You see," he said, "the reaction is very clear cut if you do it this way. The ordinary method in the laboratory and the textbooks is crude and uncertain."

The Elixir of Life

"What is it?" asked Pitts eagerly, leaning forward with unwonted strength and noting the pink color that appeared at the junction of the two liquids, contrasting sharply with the portions above and below.

"The ring or contact test for indol," Kennedy replied, with evident satisfaction. "When the acid and the nitrites are mixed the color reaction is unsatisfactory. The natural yellow tint masks that pink tint, or sometimes causes it to disappear, if the tube is shaken. But this is simple, clear, delicate—unescapable. There was indol in that food of yours, Mr. Pitts."

"Indol?" repeated Pitts.

"Is," explained Kennedy, "a chemical compound—one of the toxins secreted by intestinal bacteria and responsible for many of the symptoms of senility. It used to be thought that large doses of indol might be consumed with little or no effect on normal man, but now we know that headache, insomnia, confusion, irritability, decreased activity of the cells, and intoxication are possible from it. Comparatively small doses over a long time produce changes in organs that lead to serious results.

"It is," went on Kennedy, as the full horror of the thing sank into our minds, "the indol- and phenol-producing bacteria which are the undesirable citizens of the body, while the lactic-acid producing germs check the production of indol and phenol. In my tests here to-day, I injected four one-hundredths of a grain of indol into a guinea-pig. The animal had sclerosis or hardening of the aorta. The liver, kidneys, and supra-renals were affected, and there was a hardening of the brain. In short, there were all the symptoms of old age."

We sat aghast. Indol! What black magic was this? Who put it in the food?

"It is present," continued Craig, "in much larger quantities than all the Metchnikoff germs could neutralize. What the chef was ordered to put into the food to benefit you, Mr. Pitts, was rendered valueless, and a deadly poison was added by what another—"

Minna Pitts had been clutching for support at the arms of her chair as Kennedy proceeded. She now threw herself at the feet of Emery Pitts.

"Forgive me," she sobbed. "I can stand it no longer. I had tried to keep this thing about Thornton from you. I have tried to make you happy and well—oh—tried so hard, so faithfully. Yet that old skeleton of my past which I thought was buried would not stay buried. I have bought Thornton off again and again, with money—my money—only to find him threatening again. But about this other thing, this poison, I am as innocent, and I believe Thornton is as—"

Craig laid a gentle hand on her lips. She rose wildly and faced him in passionate appeal.

"Who—who is this Thornton?" demanded Emery Pitts.

Quickly, delicately, sparing her as much as he could, Craig hurried over our experiences.

"He is in the next room," Craig went on, then facing Pitts added: "With you alive, Emery Pitts, this blackmail of your wife might have gone on, although there was always the danger that you might hear of it—and do as I see you have already done—forgive, and plan to right the unfortunate mistake. But with you dead, this Thornton, or rather some one using him, might take away from Minna Pitts her whole interest in your estate, at a word. The law, or your heirs at law, would never forgive as you would."

Pitts, long poisoned by the subtle microbial poison, stared at Kennedy as if dazed.

"Who was caught in your kitchen, Mr. Pitts, and, to escape detection, killed your faithful chef and covered his own traces so cleverly?" rapped out, Kennedy. "Who would have known the new process of healing wounds? Who knew about the fatal properties of indol? Who was willing to forego a one-hundred-thousand-dollar prize in order to gain a fortune of many hundreds of thousands?"

Kennedy paused, then finished with irresistibly dramatic logic,

"Who else but the man who held the secret of Minna Pitts's past and power over her future so long as he could keep alive the unfortunate Thornton—the up-to-date doctor who substituted an elixir of death at night for the elixir of life prescribed for you by him in the daytime—Dr. Lord."

Another *Craig Kennedy* story, "*The Dream Doctor*," will appear in the August issue.

The Valley of the Moon

THE STORY OF A FIGHT AGAINST ODDS FOR LOVE AND A HOME

By Jack London

Author of "Martin Eden," "Burning Daylight," "Smoke Bellew," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Is this the man? So Saxon questioned of herself when she had met "Big Bill" Roberts, one-time prize-fighter, on the dancing-floor at Weasel Park, whither she and Mary, ironers of fancy starch, had gone for a Sunday outing. Never had she come so near to losing her heart as Billy, blue eyed, boyish, gentlemanly, had come to winning it after a few hours' acquaintance. Planned by Mary and Bert Wanhope, the meeting had taken a happy turn, for both Saxon and Billy had seized the future in the present and grasped at its chance for happiness. Billy was a teamster and knew what hard work meant, so they went home early, Saxon glorying in his refusal to "make a time of it," as Bert suggested. He kissed her good night at the gate, with Wednesday night's dance as their next meeting. Friday's dance was next arranged for, but on Thursday night Charley Long, a rebuffed suitor, met her outside the laundry and warned her that if she did not go with him "somebody'll get hurt." But Saxon bore the notion that Billy, at least, could take care of himself.

Billy did, and Saxon experienced the delightful sensation of knowing that this big boy cared enough for her to risk a fight—which wasn't needed. Billy next proposed a Sunday buggy-ride. They drove out of the city behind a spirited team, Saxon glad to get away from the abuse which Sarah, her sister-in-law, had heaped upon her because she preferred Billy, a prize-fighter, to Charley Long, an honest laboring man. Home cares were soon forgotten as they drove into the hills, each happy in the first true comradeship ever experienced with one of the opposite sex. In the hills they ate a luncheon provided by Billy, and then lingered until warnings of dusk urged them homeward. Darkness overtook them—and silence. Then out of it came Billy's frank proposal, and Saxon, countering only with the objection that she was the older—an objection overruled by Billy's statement that "Love's what counts"—accepted him. Billy wanted to be married the next day, but Saxon put him off for a month—a month that, crowded with preparations, flew by on wings of happiness.

In spite of her sister-in-law's objections, Saxon completed her preparations and married Billy at the promised time. They and Mary and Bert ate the wedding supper at Barnum's, and then Saxon and Billy went to their Pine Street cottage alone. Later Mary and Bert married and became their neighbors. The winter passed without an event to mar their happiness, though Billy's wages were cut. But in the spring came a strike in the railroad shops, a strike that soon grew bitter and deadly, and threw a pall over their whole neighborhood. To Saxon, approaching motherhood, the passing days bore a menace, for Bert was in the strike and Billy saw the time approaching when he would have to join it.

IT began quietly, as the fateful unexpected so often begins. Children, of all ages and sizes, were playing in the street, and Saxon, by the open front window, was watching them and dreaming day-dreams of her child soon to be. The sunshine mellowed peacefully down, and a light wind from the bay cooled the air and gave to it a tang of salt. One of the children pointed up Pine Street toward Seventh. All the children ceased playing, and stared and pointed. They formed into groups, the larger boys, of from ten to twelve, by themselves, the older girls anxiously clutching the small children by the hands or gathering them into their arms.

Saxon could not see the cause of all this, but she could guess when she saw the larger boys rush to the gutter, pick up stones, and sneak into the alleys between the houses. Smaller boys tried to imitate them. The girls, dragging the tots by the arms, banged gates and clattered up the front steps of the small houses. The doors slammed behind them, and the street was deserted, though here and there front shades were drawn aside so that anxious-faced women might peer forth. Saxon heard the up-town train puff-

ing and snorting as it pulled out from Center Street. Then, from the direction of Seventh, came a hoarse, throaty man-roar. Still she could see nothing, and she remembered the words of Mercedes Higgins: "*They are like dogs wrangling over bones. Jobs are bones, you know.*"

The roar came closer, and Saxon, leaning out, saw a dozen "scabs," convoyed by as many special police and Pinkertons, coming down the sidewalk on her side of the street. They came compactly, as if with discipline, while behind, disorderly, yelling confusedly, stooping to pick up rocks, were seventy-five or a hundred of the striking shopmen. Saxon discovered herself trembling with apprehension, knew that she must not, and controlled herself. She was helped in this by the conduct of Mercedes Higgins. The old woman came out of her front door, dragging a chair, on which she coolly seated herself on the tiny stoop at the top of the steps.

In the hands of the special police were clubs. The Pinkertons carried no visible weapons. The strikers, urging on from behind, seemed content with yelling their rage and threats, and it remained for the children to precipitate the conflict. From

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across the street, between the Olsen and Isham houses, came a shower of stones. Most of these fell short, though one struck a scab on the head. The man was no more than twenty feet away from Saxon. He reeled toward her front picket-fence drawing a revolver. With one hand he brushed the blood from his eyes, and with the other he discharged the revolver into the Isham house. A Pinkerton seized his arm to prevent a second shot, and dragged him along. At the same instant a wilder roar went up from the strikers, while a volley of stones came from between Saxon's house and Mrs. Donahue's. The scabs and their protectors made a stand, drawing revolvers. From their hard, determined faces—fighting men by profession—Saxon could augur nothing but bloodshed and death. An elderly man, evidently the leader, lifted a soft felt hat and mopped the perspiration from the bald top of his head. He was a large man, very rotund of belly and helpless looking. His gray beard was stained with streaks of tobacco-juice, and he was smoking a cigar. He was stoop-shouldered, and Saxon noted the dandruff on the collar of his coat.

One of the men pointed into the street, and several of his companions laughed. The cause of it was the little Olsen boy, barely four years old, escaped somehow from his mother and toddling toward his economic enemies. In his right hand he bore a rock so heavy that he could scarcely lift it. With this he feebly threatened them. His rosy little face was convulsed with rage, and he was screaming over and over: "Damn scabs! Damn scabs! Damn scabs!" The laughter with which they greeted him only increased his fury. He toddled closer, and with a mighty exertion threw the rock. It fell a scant six feet beyond his hand.

This much Saxon saw, and also Mrs. Olsen rushing into the street for her child. A rattling of revolver shots from the strikers drew Saxon's attention to the men beneath her. One of them cursed sharply and examined the biceps of his left arm, which hung limply by his side. Down the hand she saw the blood beginning to drip. She knew she ought not remain and watch, but the memory of her fighting forefathers was with her, while she possessed no more than normal human fear—if anything, less. She forgot her child in the eruption of battle that had broken upon her quiet street. And

she forgot the strikers, and everything else, in amazement at what had happened to the round-bellied, cigar-smoking leader. In some strange way, she knew not how, his head had become wedged at the neck between the tops of the pickets of her fence. His body hung down outside, the knees not quite touching the ground. His hat had fallen off, and the sun was making an astounding high light on his bald spot. The cigar, too, was gone. She saw he was looking at her. One hand, between the pickets, seemed waving at her, and almost he seemed to wink at her jocosely, though she knew it to be the contortion of deadly pain.

Possibly a second, or, at most, two seconds, she gazed at this, when she was aroused by Bert's voice. He was running along the sidewalk, in front of her house, and behind him charged several more strikers, while he shouted: "Come on, you Mohicans! We got 'em nailed to the cross!"

In his left hand he carried a pick-handle, in his right a revolver, already empty, for he clicked the cylinder vainly around as he ran. With an abrupt stop, dropping the pick-handle, he whirled half about, facing Saxon's gate. He was sinking down, when he straightened himself to throw the revolver into the face of a scab who was jumping toward him. Then he began swaying, at the same time sagging at the knees and waist. Slowly, with infinite effort, he caught a gate-picket in his right hand, and, still slowly, as if lowering himself, sank down, while past him leaped the crowd of strikers he had led.

It was battle without quarter—a massacre. The scabs and their protectors, surrounded, backed against Saxon's fence, fought like cornered rats, but could not withstand the rush of a hundred men. Clubs and pick-handles were swinging, revolvers were exploding, and cobblestones were being flung with crushing effect at arm's distance. Saxon saw young Frank Davis, a friend of Bert's and a father of several months' standing, press the muzzle of his revolver against a scab's stomach and fire. There were curses and snarls of rage, wild cries of terror and pain. Mercedes was right. These things were not men. They were beasts, fighting over bones, destroying one another for bones.

Jobs are bones; jobs are bones. The phrase was an incessant iteration in Saxon's brain. Much as she might have wished it, she was

powerless now to withdraw from the window. It was as if she were paralyzed. Her brain no longer worked. She sat numb, staring, incapable of anything save seeing the rapid horror before her eyes that flashed along like a moving-picture film gone mad. She saw Pinkertons, special police, and strikers go down. One scab, terribly wounded, on his knees and begging for mercy, was kicked in the face. As he sprawled backward, another striker, standing over him, fired a revolver into his chest, quickly and deliberately, again and again, until the weapon was empty. Another scab, backed over the pickets by a hand clutching his throat, had his face pulped by a revolver butt. Again and again, continually, the revolver rose and fell, and Saxon knew the man who wielded it—Chester Johnson. She had met him at dances and danced with him in the days before she was married. He had always been kind and good natured. It was impossible that this could be the same Chester Johnson. And as she looked, she saw the round-bellied leader, still wedged by the neck between the pickets, draw a revolver with his free hand, and, squinting horribly sideways, press the muzzle against Chester's side. She tried to scream a warning. She did scream, and Chester looked up and saw her. At that moment the revolver went off, and he collapsed prone upon the body of the scab. And the bodies of three men hung on her picket fence.

Anything could happen now. Quite without surprise, she saw the strikers leaping the fence, trampling her few little geraniums and pansies into the earth as they fled between Mercedes's house and hers. Up Pine Street, from the railroad yards, was coming a rush of railroad police and Pinkertons, firing as they ran; while down Pine Street, gongs clanging, horses at a gallop, came three patrol-wagons packed with police. The strikers were in a trap. The only way out was between the houses and over the back-yard fences. The jam in the narrow alley prevented them all from escaping. A dozen were cornered in the angle between the front of her house and the steps. And as the strikers had done, so were they done by. No effort was made to arrest. They were clubbed down and shot down to the last man by the guardians of the peace, who were infuriated by what had been wreaked on their brethren.

It was all over, and Saxon, moving as in a dream, clutching the bannister tightly, came down the front steps. The gate was off its hinges, which seemed strange, for she had been watching all the time and had not seen it happen.

Bert's eyes were closed. His lips were blood-flecked, and there was a gurgling in his throat as if he were trying to say something. As she stooped above him, with her handkerchief brushing the blood from his cheek where some one had stepped on him, his eyes opened. The old defiant light was in them. He did not know her. The lips moved, and faintly, almost reminiscently, he murmured, "The last of the Mohicans, the last of the Mohicans." Then he groaned, and the eyelids drooped down again. He was not dead. She knew that. The chest still rose and fell, and the gurgling still continued in his throat.

She looked up. Mercedes stood beside her. The old woman's eyes were very bright, her withered cheeks flushed.

"Will you help me carry him to the house?" Saxon asked.

Mercedes nodded, turned to a sergeant of police, and made the request to him. The sergeant gave a swift glance at Bert, and his eyes were bitter and ferocious as he refused.

"To hell with 'm. We'll care for our own."

"Maybe you and I can do it," Saxon said.

"Don't be a fool." Mercedes was beckoning to Mrs. Olsen across the street. "You go into the house, little mother that is to be. This is bad for you. We'll carry him in. Mrs. Olsen is coming, and we'll get Mrs. Donahue."

Saxon led the way into the back bedroom. As she opened the door, the carpet seemed to fly up into her face as with the force of a blow, for she remembered Bert had laid that carpet. And as the women placed him on the bed she recalled that it was Bert and she, between them, who had set the bed up one Sunday morning.

And then she felt very queer, and was surprised to see Mercedes regarding her with questioning, searching eyes. After that her queerness came on very fast, and she descended into the hell of pain that is given to women alone to know. She was supported, half carried, to the front bedroom. Many faces were about her—Mercedes, Mrs. Olsen, Mrs. Donahue. It seemed she must ask Mrs. Olsen if she had saved little Emil



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Saxon was aroused by Bert's voice. He was running along the sidewalk in front of her house, and behind
242 cross!" In his left hand he carried a pick-handle, in his right a revolver.



him charged several more strikers, while he shouted: "Come on, you Mohicans. We got 'em nailed to the already empty, for he clicked the cylinder vainly around as he ran

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from the street, but Mercedes cleared Mrs. Olsen out to look after Bert, and Mrs. Donahue went to answer a knock at the front door. From the street came a loud hum of voices, punctuated by shouts and commands, and from time to time there was a clanging of the gongs of ambulances and patrol-wagons. Then appeared the fat, comfortable face of Martha Skelton, and, later, Doctor Hentley came. Once, in a clear interval, through the thin wall Saxon heard the high opening notes of Mary's hysteria. And, another time, she heard Mary repeating over and over: "I'll never go back to the laundry. Never. Never."

XX

BILLY could never get over the shock, during that period, of Saxon's appearance. Morning after morning, and evening after evening when he came home from work, he would enter the room where she lay and fight a royal battle to hide his feelings and make a show of cheerfulness and geniality. She looked so small lying there, so small and shrunken and weary, and yet so child-like in her smallness. Tenderly, as he sat beside her, he would take up her pale hand and stroke the slim, transparent arm, marveling at the smallness and delicacy of the bones.

One of her first questions, puzzling alike to Billy and Mary, was, "Did you save little Emil Olsen?"

And when she told them how he had attacked, single handed, the whole twenty-four fighting men, Billy's face glowed with appreciation.

"The little cuss!" he said. "That's the kind of a kid to be proud of."

He halted awkwardly, and his very evident fear that he had hurt her touched Saxon. She put her hand out to his.

"Billy," she began; then waited till Mary had left the room. "I never asked before—not that it matters now—but I waited for you to tell me. Was it—?"

He shook his head. "No; it was a girl, a perfect little girl."

She pressed his hand, and almost it was she that sympathized with him in his affliction. "I never told you, Billy—you were so set on a boy; but I planned, just the same, if it was a girl, to call her Daisy. You remember, that was my mother's name."

He nodded his approbation. "Say, Saxon, you know I did want a boy like the

very dickens. Well, I don't care now. I think I'm set just as hard on a girl, an', well, here's hopin' the next will be called—you wouldn't mind, would you?"

"What?"

"If we call it the same name, Daisy?"

"Oh, Billy! I was thinking the very same thing."

Then his face grew stern, as he went on. "Only there ain't goin' to be a next. I didn't know what havin' children was like before. You can't run any more risks like that."

"Hear the big, strong, afraid-man talk!" she jeered, with a wan smile. "You don't know anything about it. How can a man? I am a healthy, natural woman. Everything would have been all right this time if—if all that fighting hadn't happened." Her lips trembled, and she began to cry weakly, clinging to Billy's hand with both of hers. "I—I can't help it," she sobbed. "I'll be all right in a minute. Our little girl, Billy. Think of it! And I never saw her!"

As Saxon's strength came back to her she herself took up the matter of the industrial tragedy that had taken place before her door. The militia had been called out immediately, Billy informed her, and was encamped then at the foot of Pine Street on the waste ground next the railroad yards. As for the strikers, fifteen of them were in jail. A house-to-house search had been made in the neighborhood by the police, and in this way nearly the whole fifteen, all wounded, had been captured. It would go hard with them, Billy foreboded gloomily. The newspapers were demanding blood for blood, and all the ministers in Oakland had preached fierce sermons against the strikers. The railroad had filled every place, and it was well known that the striking shopmen not only would never get their old jobs back, but were blacklisted by every railroad in the United States. Already they were beginning to scatter. A number had gone to Panama, and four were talking of going to Ecuador to work in the shops of the railroad that ran over the Andes to Quito.

With anxiety keenly concealed, she tried to feel out Billy's opinion on what had happened. "That shows what Bert's violent methods come to," she said.

He shook his head slowly and gravely. "They'll hang Chester Johnson anyway," he answered indirectly. "You know him."

You told me you used to dance with him. He was caught red handed, lyin' on the body of a scab he beat to death. Old Jelly Belly's got three bullet-holes in him, but he ain't goin' to die, and he's got Chester's number. They'll hang 'm on Jelly Belly's evidence. It was all in the papers. Jelly Belly shot him, too, a hangin' by the neck on our pickets."

Vainly Saxon waited for Billy to say something that would show he did not countenance the killing of the scabs.

"It was wrong," she ventured finally.

"They killed Bert," he countered. "An' a lot of others. An' Frank Davis. Did you know he was dead? Had his whole lower jaw shot away—died in the ambulance before they could get him to the receiving hospital. There was never so much killin' at one time in Oakland before."

"But it was their fault," she contended. "They began it. It was murder."

"What of it?" Billy laughed harshly, as if in answer to her unuttered questions. "It's dog eat dog, I guess, and it's always been that way. Take that scrap outside there. They killed each other just like the North an' South did in the Civil War."

"But workin' men can't win that way, Billy. You say yourself that it spoiled their chance of winning."

"I suppose not," he admitted reluctantly. "But what other chance they've got to win I don't see. Look at us. We'll be up against it next."

"Not the teamsters?" she cried.

He nodded gloomily. "The bosses are cuttin' loose all along the line for a high old time. Say they're goin' to beat us to our knees till we come crawlin' back a-beggin' for our jobs. They've bucked up real high an' mighty, what of all that killin' the other day. Havin' the troops out is half the fight, along with havin' the preachers an' the papers an' the public behind 'em. They're shootin' off their mouths already about what they're goin' to do. They're sure gunning for trouble. First, they're goin' to hang Chester Johnson an' as many more of the fifteen as they can. They say that flat. They're all union-bustin' to beat the band. No more closed shop. Fine, eh? You bet it's fine."

"Look at us. It ain't a case any more of a sympathetic strike for the mill-workers. We got our own troubles. They've fired our four best men—the ones that was al-

ways on the conference committees. Did it without cause. They're lookin' for trouble, as I told you, an' they'll get it, too, if they don't watch out. We got our tip from the Frisco Water Front Confederation. With them backin' us we'll go some."

"You mean you'll—strike?" Saxon asked. He bent his head.

"But isn't that what they want you to do—from the way they're acting?"

"What's the difference?" Billy shrugged his shoulders, then continued: "It's better to strike than to get fired. We beat 'em to it, that's all, an' we catch 'em before they're ready. Don't we know what they're doin'? They're collectin' gradin'-camp drivers an' mule-skinners all up an' down the state. They got forty of 'em, feedin' 'em in a hotel in Stockton right now, an' ready to rush 'em in on us, an' hundreds more like them. So this Saturday's the last wages I'll likely bring home for some time."

Saxon closed her eyes and thought quietly for five minutes. It was not her way to take things excitedly. The coolness of poise that Billy so admired never deserted her in time of emergency. She realized that she herself was no more than a mote caught up in this tangled, nonunderstandable conflict of many motives.

"We'll have to draw from our savings to pay for this month's rent," she said brightly.

Billy's face fell. "We ain't got as much in the bank as you think," he confessed. "Bert had to be buried, you know, an' I coughed up what the others couldn't raise."

"How much was it?"

"Forty dollars. I was goin' to stand off the butcher an' the rest for a while. They knew I was good pay. But they put it to me straight. They'd been carryin' the shopmen right along an' was up against it themselves. An' now, with that strike smashed, they're pretty much smashed themselves. So I paid them, too. I knew you wouldn't mind. You don't, do you?"

She smiled bravely, and bravely overcame the sinking feeling at her heart. "It was the only right thing to do, Billy. I would have done it if you were lying sick, and Bert would have done it for you an' me if it had been the other way around."

His face was glowing. "Gee, Saxon, a fellow can always count on you. You're like my right hand. That's why I say no more babies. If I lose you I'm crippled for life."

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"We've got to economize," she mused, nodding her appreciation. "And you must watch out for yourself, Billy. I don't want to lose you either."

"Aw, that's all right. I can take care of myself. An' besides, it ain't as though we was licked. We got a good chance."

"But you'll lose if there's any killing."

"Yep; we gotta keep an eye out against that."

"No violence."

"No gun-fightin' or dynamite," he assented. "But a heap of scabs'll get their heads broke. That has to be."

"But you won't do any of that, Billy."

"Not so as any slob can testify before a court to havin' seen me."

XXI

WITH Billy on strike and away doing picket duty, Saxon was left much to herself in a loneliness that even to one as healthy minded as she, could not fail to produce morbidness. Mary, too, had left, having spoken vaguely of taking a job at housework in Piedmont.

Billy could help Saxon little in her trouble. He dimly sensed her suffering, without comprehending the scope and intensity of it. He was too man-practical, and, by his very sex, too remote from the intimate tragedy that was hers. He was an outsider at the best, a friendly onlooker who saw little. To her the baby had been quick and real. It was still quick and real. That was her trouble. By no deliberate effort of will could she fill the aching void of its absence. Its reality became, at times, an hallucination. Somewhere it still was, and she must find it. She would catch herself, on occasion, listening with strained ears for the cry she had never heard, yet which, in fancy, she had heard a thousand times in the happy months before the end. Twice she left her bed in her sleep and went searching—each time coming to herself beside her mother's chest of drawers in which were the tiny garments. To herself, at such moments, she would say, "I had a baby once." And she would say it, aloud, as she watched the children playing in the street.

One day, on the Eighth Street cars, a young mother sat beside her, a crowing infant in her arms. And Saxon said to her:

"I had a baby once. It died."

The mother looked at her, startled, half

drew the baby tighter in her arms, jealously, or as if in fear; then she softened as she said, "You poor thing."

"Yes," Saxon nodded. "It died."

Tears welled into her eyes, and the telling of her grief seemed to have brought relief. But all the day she suffered from almost overwhelming desire to recite her sorrow to the world—to the paying teller at the bank, to the elderly floor-walker in Salinger's, to the blind woman, guided by a little boy, who played on the concertina—to everyone save the policeman. The police were new and terrible creatures to her now. She had seen them kill the strikers as mercilessly as the strikers had killed the scabs. And, unlike the strikers, the police were professional killers. They were not fighting for jobs. They did it as a business. They could have taken prisoners that day, in the angle of her front steps and the house. But they had not. Unconsciously, whenever approaching one, she edged across the sidewalk so as to get as far as possible away from him. She did not reason it out, but deeper than consciousness was the feeling that they were typical of something inimical to her and hers.

As the summer months dragged along, the industrial situation grew steadily worse. Capital everywhere seemed to have selected this city for the battle with organized labor. So many men in Oakland were out on strike, or were locked out, or were unable to work because of the dependence of their trades on the other tied-up trades, that odd jobs at common labor were hard to obtain. Billy occasionally got a day's work to do, but did not earn enough to make both ends meet, despite the small strike wages received at first, and despite the rigid economy he and Saxon practised.

The table she set had scarcely anything in common with that of their first married year. Not alone was every item of cheaper quality, but many items had disappeared. Meat, even the poorest, was very seldom on the table. Cow's milk had given place to condensed milk, and even the sparing use of the latter had ceased. A roll of butter, when they had it, lasted half a dozen times as long as formerly. Where Billy had been used to drinking three cups of coffee for breakfast, he now drank one. Saxon boiled this coffee an atrocious length of time, and she paid twenty cents a pound for it.

The blight of hard times was on all the neighborhood. The families not involved in one strike were touched by some other strike or by the cessation of work in some dependent trade. Many single young men who were lodgers had drifted away, thus increasing the house rent of the families which had sheltered them.

"Gott!" said the butcher to Saxon. "We working class all suffer together. My wife she cannot get her teeth fixed now. Pretty soon I go smash broke maybe."

Once, when Billy was preparing to pawn his watch, Saxon suggested his borrowing the money from Billy Murphy.

"I was plannin' that," Billy answered, "only I can't now. I didn't tell you what happened Tuesday night at the Sporting Life Club. You remember that square-head champion of the United States navy? Bill was matched with him, an' it was sure easy money. Bill had 'm goin' south by the end of the sixth round, an' at the seventh went in to finish 'm. And then—just his luck, for his trade's idle now—he snaps his right forearm. Of course the squarehead comes back at 'm on the jump, an' it's good night for Bill. Gee! Us Mohicans are gettin' our bad luck handed to us in chunks these days."

"Don't!" Saxon cried, shuddering involuntarily.

"What?" Billy asked with open mouth of surprise.

"Don't say that word again. Bert was always saying it."

"Oh, Mohicans. All right, I won't. You ain't superstitious, are you?"

"No; but just the same there's too much truth in the word for me to like it. Sometimes it seems as though he was right. Times have changed. They've changed even since I was a little girl. We crossed the plains and opened up this country, and now we're losing even the chance to work for a living in it. And it's not my fault, it's not your fault. We've got to live well or bad just by luck, it seems. There's no other way to explain it."

"It beats me," Billy concurred. "Look at the way I worked last year. Never missed a day. I wanted to never miss a day this year, an' here I haven't done a tap for weeks an' weeks an' weeks. Say! Who runs this country anyway?"

Saxon had stopped the morning paper, but frequently Mrs. Donahue's boy, who

served a *Tribune* route, tossed an "extra" on her steps. From its editorials Saxon gleaned that organized labor was trying to run the country, and that it was making a mess of it. It was all the fault of domineering labor—so ran the editorials, column after column, day by day; and Saxon was convinced, yet remained unconvinced. The social puzzle of living was too intricate.

The teamsters' strike, backed financially by the teamsters of San Francisco and by the allied unions of the San Francisco Water Front Confederation, promised to be long-drawn, whether or not it was successful. The Oakland harness-washers and stablemen, with few exceptions, had gone out with the teamsters. The teaming firms were not half-filling their contracts, but the employers' association was helping them. In fact, half the employers' associations of the Pacific Coast were helping the Oakland Employers' Association.

Saxon was behind a month's rent, which, when it is considered that rent was paid in advance, was equivalent to two months. Likewise, she was two months behind in the instalments on the furniture. Yet she was not pressed very hard by Salingers, the furniture-dealers.

"We're givin' you all the rope we can," said their collector. "My orders is to make you dig up every cent I can and at the same time not be too hard. Salingers are trying to do the right thing, but they're up against it, too. You've no idea how many accounts like yours they're carrying along. Sooner or later they'll have to call a halt or get it in the neck themselves. And in the meantime just see if you can't scrape up five dollars by next week—just to cheer them along, you know."

One of the stablemen who had not gone out, Henderson by name, worked at Billy's stables. Despite the urging of the bosses to eat and sleep in the stable like the other men, Henderson had persisted in coming home each morning to his little house around the corner from Saxon's on Fifth Street. Several times she had seen him swinging along defiantly, his dinner-pail in his hand, while the neighborhood boys dogged his heels at a safe distance and informed him in yapping chorus that he was a scab and no good. But one evening, on his way from work, in a spirit of bravado he went into the Pile-Driver's Home, the saloon at Seventh and Pine. There it was his mortal

The Valley of the Moon

mischance to encounter Otto Frank, a striker who drove from the same stable. Not many minutes later an ambulance was hurrying Henderson to the receiving hospital with a fractured skull, while a patrol wagon was no less swiftly carrying Otto Frank to the city prison.

Mrs. Donahue it was, eyes shining with gladness, who told Saxon of the happening. "Served him right, too, the dirty scab," she concluded.

"But his poor wife!" was Saxon's cry. "She's not strong. And then the children. She'll never be able to take care of them if her husband dies."

"An' serves her right. 'Tis all she or anny woman deserves that'll put up an' live with a scab. What about her children? Let 'm starve, an' her man a-takin' the food out of other children's mouths."

Mrs. Olsen's attitude was different. Beyond passive sentimental pity for Henderson's children and wife, she gave them no thought, her chief concern being for Otto Frank and Otto Frank's wife and children—herself and Mrs. Frank being full sisters.

"If he dies, they will hang Otto," she said. "And then what will poor Hilda do? She has varicose veins in both legs, and she never can stand on her feet all day an' work for wages. And me, I cannot help. Ain't Carl out of work, too?"

Billy had still another point of view. "It will give the strike a black eye, especially if Henderson croaks," he worried, when he came home. "They'll hang Frank in record time. Besides, we'll have to put up a defense, an' lawyers charge like Sam Hill. They'll eat a hole in our treasury you could drive every team in Oakland through. An' if Frank hadn't been screwed up with whiskey he'd never a-done it. He's the mildest, good-naturedest man sober you ever seen."

Twice that evening Billy left the house to find out if Henderson was dead yet. In the morning the papers gave little hope, and the evening papers published his death. Otto Frank lay in jail without bail. The *Tribune* demanded a quick trial and summary execution, calling on the prospective jury manfully to do its duty and dwelling at length on the moral effect that would be so produced upon the lawless working class. It went further, emphasizing the salutary effect machine guns would have on the mob that had taken the fair city of Oakland by the throat.

And all such occurrences struck at Saxon personally. Practically alone in the world, save for Billy, it was her life, and his, and their mutual love-life, that was menaced. From the moment he left the house to the moment of his return, she knew no peace of mind. Rough work was afoot, of which he told her nothing, and she knew he was playing his part in it. On more than one occasion she had noticed fresh-broken skin on his knuckles. At such times he was remarkably taciturn, and would sit in brooding silence or go almost immediately to bed. She was afraid to have this habit of reticence grow on him, and bravely she bid for his confidence. She climbed into his lap and inside his arms, one of her arms around his neck, and with the free hand she caressed his hair back from the forehead and smoothed out the moody brows.

"Now listen to me, Billy Boy," she began lightly. "You haven't been playing fair, and I won't have it. No!" She pressed his lips shut with her fingers. "I'm doing the talking now, and because you haven't been doing your share of the talking for some time. You remember we agreed at the start to always talk things over. You're not talking things over with me. You are doing things you don't tell me about."

"Billy, you're dearer to me than anything else in the world. You know that. We're sharing each other's lives; only, just now, there's something you're not sharing. Every time your knuckles are sore, there's something you don't share. If you can't trust me, you can't trust anybody. And, besides, I love you so that no matter what you do I'll go on loving you just the same."

Billy gazed at her with fond incredulity.

"Don't be a pincher," she teased. "Remember, I stand for whatever you do."

"And you won't buck against me?" he queried.

"How can I? I'm not your boss, Billy. I wouldn't boss you for anything in the world. And if you'd let me boss you I wouldn't love you half as much."

He digested this slowly, and finally nodded. "An' you won't be mad?"

"With you? You've never seen me mad yet. Now come on and be generous and tell me how you hurt your knuckles. It's fresh to-day. Anybody can see that."

"All right. I'll tell you how it happened." He stopped and giggled with genuine boyish glee at some recollection. "It's like this.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

It was all over, and Saxon, moving as in a dream, came down the front steps. Bert's eyes were closed. His lips moved, and faintly, almost reminiscently, he murmured, "The last of the Mohicans, the last of the Mohicans!"

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You won't be mad, now? We gotta do these sort of things to hold our own. Well, here's the show, a regular movin' picture except for the talkin'. Here's a big rube comin' along, hayseed stickin' out all over, hands like hams an' feet like Mississippi gunboats. He'd make half as much again as me in size, an' he's young, too. Only he ain't lookin' for trouble, an' he's as innocent as—well, he's the innocentest scab that ever come down the pike an' bumped into a couple of pickets. Not a regular strike-breaker, you see, just a big rube that's read the bosses' ads an' come a-humpin' to town for the big wages.

"An' here's Bud Strothers an' me comin' along. We always go in pairs that way, an' sometimes bigger bunches. I flag the rube. 'Hello,' says I, 'lookin' for a job?' 'You bet,' says he. 'Can you drive?' 'Yep.' 'Four horses?' 'Show me to 'em,' says he. 'No josh, now,' says I; 'you're sure wantin' to drive?' 'That's what I come to town for,' he says. 'You're the man we're lookin' for,' says I. 'Come along, an' we'll have you busy in no time.'

"You see, Saxon, we can't pull it off there, because there's a cop only a couple of blocks away an' pipin' us off, though not recognizin' us. So away we go, the three of us, Bud an' me leadin' that boob to take our jobs away from us, I guess nit. We turn into the alley back of Campwell's grocery. Nobody in sight. Bud stops short, and the rube an' me stop.

"'I don't think he wants to drive,' Bud says, considerin'. An' the rube says quick, 'You betcher life I do.' 'You're dead sure you want that job?' I says. Yes, he's dead sure. Nothin' 's goin' to keep him away from that job. Why, that job's what he come to town for, an' we can't lead him to it too quick.

"'Well, my friend,' says I, 'it's my sad duty to inform you that you've made a mistake.' 'How's that?' says he. 'Go on,' I says; 'you're standin' on your foot.' And honest to God, Saxon, that gink looks down at his feet to see. 'I don't understand,' says he. 'We're goin' to show you,' says I.

"An' then—Biff! Bang! Bingo! Swat! Zooie! Ker-slam-bango-blam! Fireworks, Fourth of July, Kingdom Come, blue lights, sky-rockets, an' hell fire—just like that. It don't take long when you're scientific an' trained to tandem work. Of course it's

hard on the knuckles. But say, Saxon, if you'd seen that rube before an' after you'd thought he was a lightnin'-change artist. You'd 'a' busted."

Billy halted to give vent to his own mirth. Saxon forced herself to join with him, but down in her heart was horror. Mercedes was right. The stupid workers wrangled and snarled over jobs. The clever masters rode in automobiles and did not wrangle and snarl. They hired other stupid ones to do the wrangling and snarling for them. It was men like Bert and Frank Davis, like Chester Johnson and Otto Frank, like Henderson and all the rest of the scabs who were beaten up, shot, clubbed, or hanged. Ah, the clever ones were very clever. Nothing happened to them. They only rode in their automobiles.

"'You big stiffs,' the rube snivels as he crawls to his feet at the end," Billy was continuing. "'You think you want still that job?' I ask. He shakes his head. Then I read 'm the riot act: 'They's only one thing for you to do, old hoss, an' that's beat it. D'ye get me? Beat it. Back to the farm for you. An' if you come monkeyin' around town again, we'll be real mad at you. We was only foolin' this time. But next time we catch you your own mother won't know you when we get done with you.'

"An' say! you oughta seen 'm beat it. I bet he's goin' yet. An' when he gets back to Milpitas, or Sleepy Hollow, or wherever he hangs out, an' tells how the boys does things in Oakland, it's dollars to doughnuts they won't be a rube in his district that'd come to town to drive if they offered ten dollars an hour."

"It was awful," Saxon said, then laughed well-simulated appreciation.

"But that was nothin'," Billy went on. "A bunch of the boys caught another one this morning. They didn't do a thing to him. My goodness gracious, no. In less 'n two minutes he was the worst wreck they ever hauled to the receivin' hospital. The evenin' papers gave the score: nose broken, three bad scalp wounds, front teeth out, a broken collarbone, an' two broken ribs. Gee! He certainly got all that was comin' to him. But that's nothin'. D'ye want to know what the Frisco teamsters did in the big strike before the Earthquake? They took every scab they caught an' broke both his arms with a crowbar. That was so he couldn't drive, you see. Say, the hospitals

was filled with 'em. An' the teamsters won that strike, too."

"But is it necessary, Billy, to be so terrible? I know they're scabs, and that they're taking the bread out of the strikers' children's mouths to put in their own children's mouths, and that it isn't fair and all that; but just the same is it necessary to be so terrible?"

"Sure thing," Billy answered confidently. "We just gotta throw the fear of God into them—when we can do it without bein' caught."

"And if you're caught?"

"Then the unions hires the lawyers to defend us, though that ain't much good now, for the judges are pretty hostile, an' the papers keep hammerin' away at them to give stiffer an' stiffer sentences. Just the same, before this strike's over there'll be a whole lot of guys a 'wishin' they'd never gone scabbin'."

Very cautiously, in the next half-hour, Saxon tried to feel out her husband's attitude, to find if he doubted the rightness of the violence he and his brother teamsters committed. But Billy's ethical sanction was rock-bedded and profound. It never entered his head that he was not absolutely right. It was the game. Caught in its tangled meshes, he could see no other way to play it than the way all men played it. He did not stand for dynamite and murder, however. But then the unions did not stand for such. Quite naive was his explanation that dynamite and murder did not pay; that such actions always brought down the condemnation of the public and broke the strikes. But the healthy beating up of a scab, he contended—the "throwing of the fear of God into a scab," as he expressed it—was the only right and proper thing to do.

"Our folks never had to do such things," Saxon said finally. "They never had strikes nor scabs in those times."

"You bet they didn't," Billy agreed. "Them was the good old days. I'd like to a-lived then." He drew a long breath and sighed. "But them times will never come again."

"Would you have liked living in the country?" Saxon asked.

"Sure thing."

"There's lots of men living in the country now," she suggested.

"Just the same I notice them a-hikin' to town to get our jobs," was his reply.

A gleam of light came when Billy got a job driving a grading team for the contractors of the big bridge then building at Niles. Before he went he made certain that it was a union job. And a union job it was for two days, when the concrete-workers threw down their tools. The contractors, evidently prepared for such a happening, immediately filled the places of the concrete-men with non-union Italians. Whereupon the carpenters, structural ironworkers, and teamsters walked out; and Billy, lacking train fare, spent the rest of the day in walking home. "I couldn't work as a scab," he concluded his tale.

"No," Saxon said; "you couldn't work as a scab."

But she wondered why it was that when men wanted to work, and there was work to do, they were yet unable to work because their unions said no. Why were these unions? And if unions had to be, why were not all workmen in them? Then there would be no scabs, and Billy could work every day. Also, she wondered where she was to get the next sack of flour, for she had long since ceased the extravagance of baker's bread. And so many other of the neighborhood women had done this that the little Welsh baker had closed up shop and gone away, taking his wife and two little daughters with him. Look where she would, everybody was being hurt by the industrial strife.

XXII

ONE afternoon came a caller at her door, and that evening came Billy with dubious news. He had been approached that day. All he had to do, he told Saxon, was say the word, and he could go into the stable as foreman at one hundred dollars a month.

The nearness of such a sum, the possibility of it, was almost stunning to Saxon, sitting at a supper which consisted of boiled potatoes, warmed-over beans, and a small dry onion which they were eating raw. There was neither bread, coffee, nor butter. The onion Billy had pulled from his pocket, having picked it up in the street. *One hundred dollars a month!* She moistened her lips and fought for control.

"What made them offer it to you?" she questioned.

"That's easy," was his answer. "They got a dozen reasons. The guy the boss has

had exercisin' Prince and King is a dub. King has gone lame in the shoulders. Then they're guessin' pretty strong that I'm the party that's put a lot of their scabs outa commission. Macklin's been their foreman for years an' years—why, I was in knee pants when he was foreman. Well, he's sick an' all in. They gotta have somebody to take his place. Then, too, I've been with 'em a long time. An' on top of that, I'm the man for the job. They know I know horses from the ground up."

"Think of it, Billy!" she breathed. "A hundred dollars a month!"

"An' throw the fellows down," he said.

It was not a question. Nor was it a statement. It was anything Saxon chose to make of it. They looked at each other. She waited for him to speak; but he continued merely to look. It came to her that she was facing one of the decisive moments of her life, and she gripped herself to face it in all coolness. Nor would Billy proffer the slightest help. Whatever his own judgment might be, he masked it with an expressionless face. His eyes betrayed nothing. He looked and waited.

"You, you can't do that, Billy," she said finally. "You can't throw the fellows down."

His hand shot out to hers, and his face was a sudden, radiant dawn. "Put her there!" he cried. "You're the truest true-blue wife a man ever had. If all the other fellows' wives was like you, we could win any strike we tackled."

"What would you have done if you weren't married, Billy?"

"Seen 'em in hell first."

"Then it doesn't make any difference being married. I've got to stand by you in everything you stand by. I'd be a nice wife if I didn't."

She remembered her caller of the afternoon, and knew the moment was too propitious to let pass. "There was a man here this afternoon, Billy. He wanted a room. I told him I'd speak to you. He said he would pay six dollars a month for the back bedroom. That would pay half a month's instalment on the furniture and buy a sack of flour, and we're all out of flour."

Billy's old hostility to the idea was instantly uppermost, and Saxon watched him anxiously. "Some scab in the shops, I suppose?"

"No; he's firing on the freight run to San Jose. Harmon, he said his name was,

James Harmon. They've just transferred him from the Truckee division. He'll sleep days mostly, he said; and that's why he wanted a quiet house without children in it."

In the end, with much misgiving, and only after Saxon had insistently pointed out how little work it entailed on her, Billy consented, though he continued to protest, as an afterthought: "But I don't want you makin' beds for any man. It ain't right, Saxon. I oughta take care of you."

"And you would," she flashed back at him, "if you'd take the foremanship. Only you can't. It wouldn't be right. And if I'm to stand by you it's only fair to let me do what I can."

James Harmon proved even less a bother than Saxon had anticipated. For a fireman he was scrupulously clean, always washing up in the roundhouse before he came home. He used the key to the kitchen door, coming and going by the back steps. To Saxon he barely said how-do-you-do or good day; and, sleeping in the daytime and working at night, he was in the house a week before Billy laid eyes on him.

Billy had taken to coming home later and later, and to going out after supper by himself. He did not offer to tell Saxon where he went. Nor did she ask. For that matter, it required little shrewdness on her part to guess. The fumes of whiskey were on his lips at such times. His slow, deliberate ways were even slower, even more deliberate. Liquor did not affect his legs. He walked as soberly as any man. There was no hesitancy, no faltering, in his muscular movements. The whiskey went to his brain, making his eyes heavy lidded and the cloudiness of them more cloudy. Not that he was flighty, nor quick, nor irritable. On the contrary, the liquor imparted to his mental processes a deep gravity and brooding solemnity. He talked little, but that little was ominous and oracular. At such times there was no appeal from his judgment, no discussion. He knew, as God knew. And when he chose to speak a harsh thought, it was tenfold harsher than ordinarily, because it seemed to proceed out of such profundity of cogitation, because it was as prodigiously deliberate in its incubation as it was in its enunciation.

It was not a nice side he was showing to Saxon. It was almost as if a stranger had come to live with her. Despite herself,



Howard Chandler Christy 1913

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Saxon, won't you strike a light?" asked Billy. "My fingers is all thumbs." Saxon hastened to light the lamp. . . . When she turned to look at him, though she had heard his voice and knew him to be Billy, for the instant she did not recognize him

she found herself beginning to shrink from him. And little could she comfort herself with the thought that it was not his real self, for she remembered his gentleness and considerateness, all his finenesses of the past. Then, he had made a continual effort to avoid trouble and fighting. Now he enjoyed it, exulted in it, went looking for it. All this showed in his face. No longer was he the smiling, pleasant-faced boy. He smiled infrequently now. His face was a man's face. The lips, the eyes, the lines, were harsh as his thoughts were harsh.

He was rarely unkind to Saxon; but, on the other hand, he was rarely kind. His attitude toward her was growing negative. He was disinterested. Despite the fight for the union she was enduring with him, putting up with him shoulder to shoulder, she occupied but little space in his mind. When he acted toward her gently, she could see that it was merely mechanical, just as she was well aware that the endearing terms he used, the endearing caresses he gave, were only habitual. The spontaneity and warmth had gone out. Often, when he was not in liquor, flashes of the old Billy came back, but even such flashes dwindled in frequency. He was growing preoccupied, moody. Hard times and the bitter stresses of industrial conflict strained him.

One thing, however, Saxon saw clearly. By no deliberate act of Billy's was he becoming this other and unlovely Billy. Were there no strike, no snarling and wrangling over jobs, there would be only the old Billy she had loved in all absoluteness. This sleeping terror in him would have lain asleep. It was something that was being awakened in him, an image incarnate of outward conditions, as cruel, as ugly, as maleficent as were those outward conditions. But if the strike continued, then she feared, with reason, would this other and grisly self of Billy strengthen to fuller and more forbidding stature. And this, she knew, would mean the wreck of their love-life. Such a Billy she could not love; in its nature such a Billy was not lovable nor capable of love. And then, at the thought of offspring, she shuddered. It was too terrible. And at such moments of contemplation, from her soul the inevitable plaint of the human went up: *Why? Why? Why?*

Billy, too, had his unanswerable queries. "Why won't the building trades come out?" he demanded wrathfully of the ob-

scurity that veiled the ways of living and the world. "But no; O'Brien won't stand for a strike, and he has the Building Trades Council under his thumb. But why don't they chuck him and come out anyway? We'd win hands down all along the line. If all the railroad boys had come out, wouldn't the shop-men have won instead of bein' licked to a frazzle? Lord, I ain't had a smoke of decent tobacco or a cup of decent coffee in a coon's age. I've forgotten what a square meal tastes like. I weighed myself yesterday. Fifteen pounds lighter than when the strike begun. If it keeps on much more I can fight middleweight. An' this is what I get after payin' dues into the union for years and years. I can't get a square meal, an' my wife has to make other men's beds. It makes my tired ache. Some day I'll get real huffy an' chuck that lodger out."

"But it's not his fault, Billy," Saxon protested.

"Whosaid it was?" Billy snapped roughly. "Can't I kick in general if I want to? Just the same it makes me sick. What's the good of organized labor if it don't stand together. What's the good of supportin' a union that can't win a strike? What's the good of knockin' the blocks off of scabs when they keep a-comin' thick as ever? The whole thing's bughouse, an' I guess I am, too."

Such an outburst on Billy's part was so unusual that it was the only time Saxon knew it to occur. Always he was sullen, and dogged, and unwhipped; while whiskey only served to set the maggots of certitude crawling in his brain.

XXIII

FROM now on, to Saxon, life seemed bereft of its last reason and rhyme. It had become senseless, nightmarish. Anything irrational was possible. There was nothing stable in the anarchic flux of affairs that swept Saxon on she knew not to what catastrophic end. Had Billy been dependable, all would still have been well. With him to cling to she would have faced everything fearlessly. But he had been whirled away from her in the prevailing madness. So radical was the change in him that he seemed almost an intruder in the house. Spiritually he was such an intruder. Another man looked out of his eyes—a man whose

thoughts were of violence and hatred; a man to whom there was no good in anything, and who had become an ardent protagonist of the evil that was rampant and universal. This man no longer condemned Bert, himself muttering vaguely of dynamite, and sabotage, and revolution.

Saxon strove to maintain that sweetness and coolness of flesh and spirit that Billy had praised in the old days. Once, only, she lost control. He had been in a particularly ugly mood, and a final harshness and unfairness cut her to the quick.

"Who are you speaking to?" she flamed out at him.

He was speechless and abashed, and could only stare at her face, which was white with anger.

"Don't you ever speak to me like that again, Billy," she commanded imperatively.

"Aw, can't you put up with a piece of bad temper?" he muttered, half apologetically yet half defiantly. "God knows I got enough to make me cranky."

After he left the house she flung herself on the bed and cried heart-brokenly. For she, who knew so thoroughly the humility of love, was a proud woman. Only the proud can be truly humble, as only the strong may know the fullness of gentleness. But what was the use, she demanded, of being proud and game, when the only being in the world who mattered to her lost his own pride and gameness and fairness and gave her the worse share of their mutual trouble?

And now, as she had faced alone the deeper, organic hurt of the loss of her baby, she faced alone another, and, in a way, an even greater personal trouble. Perhaps she loved Billy none the less, but her love was changing into something less proud, less confident, less trusting; it was becoming shot through with pity—with the pity that is parent to contempt. Her own loyalty was threatening to weaken, and she shuddered and shrank from the contempt she could see creeping in.

She struggled to steel herself to face the situation. Forgiveness stole into her heart, and she knew relief until the thought came that in the truest, highest love forgiveness should have no place. And again she cried, and continued her battle. After all, one thing was incontestable: *This Billy was not the Billy she had loved.* This Billy was another man, a sick man, and no more to be

held responsible than a fever-patient in the ravings of delirium. She must be Billy's nurse, without pride, without contempt, with nothing to forgive. Besides, he was really bearing the brunt of the fight, was in the thick of it, dizzy with the striking of blows and the blows he received. If fault there was, it lay elsewhere—somewhere in the tangled scheme of things that made men snarl over jobs like dogs over bones.

So Saxon arose and buckled on her armor again for the hardest fight of all in the world's arena—the woman's fight. She ejected from her thought all doubting and distrust. She forgave nothing, for there was nothing requiring forgiveness. She pledged herself to an absoluteness of belief that her love and Billy's was unsullied, unperturbed—serene as it had always been, as it would be when it came back again after the world settled down once more to rational ways.

That night, when he came home, she proposed, as an emergency measure, that she should sell some of her needlework and help keep the pot boiling until the strike was over. But Billy would hear nothing of it.

"It's all right," he assured her repeatedly. "They ain't no call for you to work. I'm goin' to get some money before the week is out. An' I'll turn it over to you. An' Saturday night we'll go to the show—a real show, no movin' pictures. Harvey's nigger minstrels is comin' to town. We'll go Saturday night. I'll have the money before that, as sure as beans is beans."

Friday evening he did not come home to supper, which Saxon regretted, for Mrs. Donahue had returned a pan of potatoes and two quarts of flour (borrowed the week before), and it was a hearty meal that awaited him. Saxon kept the stove going till nine o'clock, when, despite her reluctance, she went to bed. Her preference would have been to wait up, but she did not dare, knowing full well what the effect would be on him did he come home in liquor.

The clock had just struck one when she heard the click of the gate. Slowly, heavily, ominously, she heard him come up the steps and fumble with his key at the door. He entered the bedroom, and she heard him sigh as he sat down. She remained quiet, for she had learned the hypersensitiveness induced by drink, and was fastidiously careful not to



Howard Chandler Christy

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"'You can't win,' Bill says. 'Watch me,' says I. An' with that I make a rush for the Terror, catchin' him unexpected. I'm that groggy I can't stand, but I just keep a-goin', wallopin' the Terror clean across the ring to his corner'."

hurt him even with the knowledge that she had lain awake for him. It was not easy. Her hands were clenched till the nails dented the palms, and her body was rigid in her passionate effort for control. Never had he come home as bad as this.

"Saxon?" he called thickly. "Saxon?"

She stirred and yawned. "What is it?" she asked.

"Won't you strike a light? My fingers is all thumbs."

She hastened to light the lamp, but so violent was the nervous trembling of her hands that the glass chimney tinkled against the globe, and the match went out.

"I ain't drunk, Saxon," he said in the darkness, a hint of amusement in his thick voice. "I've only had two or three jolts—of that sort."

On her second attempt with the lamp she succeeded. When she turned to look at him, though she had heard his voice and knew him to be Billy, for the instant she did not recognize him. His face was a face she had never known. Swollen, bruised, discolored, every feature had been beaten out of all semblance of familiarity. One eye was entirely closed, the other showed through a narrow slit of blood-congested flesh. One ear seemed to have lost most of its skin. The whole face was a swollen pulp. His right jaw, in particular, was twice the size of the left. No wonder his speech had been thick, was her thought, as she regarded the fearfully cut and swollen lips that still bled. She was sickened by the sight, and her heart went out to him in a great wave of tenderness. She wanted to put her arms around him, and cuddle and soothe him; but her practical judgment bade otherwise.

"You poor, poor boy," she cried. "Tell me what you want me to do first. I don't know about such things."

"If you could help me get my clothes off," he suggested meekly and thickly. "I got 'em on before I stiffened up."

"And then hot water—that will be good," she said, as she began gently drawing his coat sleeve over a puffed and helpless hand.

"I told you they was all thumbs," he grimaced, holding up his hand and squinting at it with the fraction of sight remaining to him.

"You sit and wait," she said, "till I start the fire and get the hot water going. I won't be a minute. Then I'll finish getting your clothes off."

From the kitchen she could hear him mumbling to himself, and when she returned he was repeating over and over:

"We needed the money, Saxon. We needed the money."

Drunken he was not, she could see that, and from his babbling she knew he was partly delirious.

"He was a surprise box," he wandered on, while she proceeded to undress him; and bit by bit she was able to piece together what had happened. "He was an unknown from Chicago. They sprang him on me. The secretary of the Acme Club warned me I'd have my hands full. An' I'd 'a' won if I'd been in condition. But I'd been drinkin' pretty regular, an' I didn't have my wind."

But Saxon, stripping his undershirt, no longer heard him. As with his face, she could not recognize his splendidly muscled back. The white sheath of silken skin was torn and bloody. The lacerations occurred oftenest in horizontal lines, though there were perpendicular lines as well.

"How did you get all that?" she asked.

"The ropes. I was up against 'em more times than I like to remember. Gee! He certainly gave me mine. But I fooled 'm. He couldn't put me out. I lasted the twenty rounds, an' I wanta tell you he's got some marks to remember me by. If he ain't got a couple of knuckles broke in the left hand I'm a geezer. Here, feel my head here. Swollen, eh? Sure thing. He hit that more times than he's wishin' he had right now. But, oh, what a lacin'! What a lacin'! I never had anything like it before. The Chicago Terror, they call 'm. I take my hat off to 'm. He's some bear. But I could 'a' made 'm take the count if I'd been in condition an' had my wind. Oh! Ouch! Watch out! It's like a boil!"

Fumbling at his waistband, Saxon's hand had come in contact with a brightly inflamed surface larger than a soup-plate.

"That's from the kidney blows," Billy explained. "He was a regular devil at it. Most every clinch, like clockwork, down he'd chop one on me. It got so sore I was wincin' until I got groggy an' didn't know much of anything. It ain't a knockout blow, you know, but it's awful wearin' in a long fight. It takes the starch out of you."

When his knees were bared, Saxon could see the skin across the knee-caps was broken and gone.

The Valley of the Moon

"The skin ain't made to stand a heavy fellow like me on the knees," he volunteered. "An' the rosin in the canvas cuts like Sam Hill."

The tears were in Saxon's eyes, and she could have cried over the manhandled body of her beautiful sick boy. As she carried his pants across the room to hang them up, a jingle of money came from them. He called her back, and from the pocket drew forth a handful of silver.

"We needed the money, we needed the money," he kept muttering, as he vainly tried to count the coins; and Saxon knew that his mind was wandering again.

It cut her to the heart, for she could not but remember the harsh thoughts that had threatened her loyalty during the week past. After all, Billy, the splendid physical man, was only a boy, her boy. And he had faced and endured all this terrible punishment for her, for the house and the furniture that were their house and furniture. He said so, now, when he scarcely knew what he said. He said, "We needed the money." She was not so absent from his thoughts as she had fancied. Here, down to the naked tie-ribs of his soul, when he was half unconscious, the thought of her persisted, was uppermost. We needed the money. *We!*

The tears were trickling down her cheeks as she bent over him, and it seemed she had never loved him so much as now.

"Here; you count," he said, abandoning the effort and handing the money to her. "How much do you make it?"

"Nineteen dollars and thirty-five cents," said Saxon.

"That's right—the loser's end—twenty dollars. I had some drinks, an' treated a couple of the boys, an' then there was carfare. If I'd 'a' won, I'd 'a' got a hundred. That's what I fought for. It 'd 'a' put us on Easy Street for a while. You take it an' keep it. It's better 'n nothin'."

In bed, he could not sleep because of his pain, and hour by hour she worked over him, renewing the hot compresses over his bruises, soothing the lacerations with witch hazel and cold cream and the tenderest of finger-tips. And all the while, with broken intervals of groaning, he babbled on, living over the fight, seeking relief in telling her his trouble, voicing regret at loss of the money, and crying out the hurt to his pride. Far worse than the sum of his physical hurts was his hurt pride.

"He couldn't put me out, anyway. He had full swing at me in the times when I was too much in to get my hands up. The crowd was crazy. I showed 'em some stamina. They was times when he only rocked me, for I'd evaporated plenty of his steam for him in the openin' rounds. I don't know how many times he dropped me. Things was gettin' too dreamy. . . . Sometimes, toward the end, I could see three of him in the ring at once, an' I wouldn't know which to hit an' which to duck.

"But I fooled 'm. When I couldn't see, or feel, an' when my knees was shakin' an' my head goin' like a merry-go-round, I'd fall safe into clinches just the same. I bet the referee's arms is tired from draggin' us apart.

"But what a lacin'! What a lacin'! Say, Saxon, where are you? Oh, there, eh? I guess I was dreamin'. But, say, let this be a lesson to you. I broke my word an' went fightin', an' see what I got. Look at me, an' take warnin' so you won't make the same mistake an' go to makin' an' sellin' fancy work.

"But I fooled 'em—everybody. At the beginnin' the bettin' was even. By the sixth round the wise gazabas was offerin' two to one against me. I was licked from the first drop outa the box—anybody could see that; but he couldn't put me down for the count. By the tenth round they was offerin' even that I wouldn't last the round. At the eleventh they was offerin' I wouldn't last the fifteenth. An' I lasted the whole twenty. But some punishment, I want to tell you, some punishment.

"Why, they was four rounds I was in dreamland all the time—only I kept on my feet an' fought, or took the count to eight an' got up, an' stalled an' covered an' whanged away. I don't know what I done, except I must 'a' done like that, because I wasn't there. I don't know a thing from the thirteenth; when he sent me to the mat on my head, till the eighteenth. . . .

"Where was I? Oh, yes. I opened my eyes, or one eye, because I had only one that would open. An' there I was, in my corner, with the towels goin' an' ammonia in my nose an' Bill Murphy with a chunk of ice at the back of my neck. An' there, across the ring, I could see the Chicago Terror, an' I had to do some thinkin' to remember I was fightin' him. It was like I'd been away somewhere an' just got back.

'What round's this comin'?' I ask Bill. 'The eighteenth,' says he. 'The hell,' I says. 'What's come of all the other rounds? The last I was fightin' in was the thirteenth.' 'You're a wonder,' says Bill. 'You've been out four rounds, only nobody knows it except me. I've been tryin' to get you to quit all the time.' Just then the gong sounds, an' I can see the Terror startin' for me. 'Quit,' says Bill, makin' a move to throw in the towel. 'Not on your life,' I says. 'Drop it, Bill.' But he went on wantin' me to quit. By that time the Terror had come across to my corner an' was standin' with his hands down, lookin' at me. The referee was lookin', too, an' the house was that quiet, lookin', you could hear a pin drop. An' my head was gettin' some clearer, but not much.

"You can't win," Bill says.

"Watch me," says I. An' with that I make a rush for the Terror, catchin' him unexpected. I'm that groggy I can't stand, but I just keep a-goin', wallopin' the Terror clear across the ring to his corner, where he slips an' falls, an' I fall on top of 'm. Say, that crowd goes crazy. . . .

"Where was I? My head's still goin' around, I guess. It's buzzin' like a swarm of bees."

"You'd just fallen on top of him in his corner," Saxon prompted.

"Oh, yes. Well, no sooner are we on our feet—an' I can't stand—I rush 'm the same way back across to my corner an' fall on 'm. That was luck. We got up, an' I'd 'a' fallen, only I clinched an' held myself up by him.

"I got your goat," I says to him. 'An' now I'm goin' to eat you up.'

"I hadn't his goat, but I was playin' to get a piece of it, an' I got it, rushin' 'm as soon as the referee drags us apart an' fetchin' 'm a lucky wallop in the stomach that steadied 'm an' made 'm almighty careful. Too almighty careful. He was afraid to chance a mix with me. He thought I had more fight left in me than I had. So, you see, I got that much of his goat anyway.

"An' he couldn't get me. He didn't get me. An' in the twentieth we stood in the middle of the ring an' exchanged wallops even. Of course I'd made a fine showin' for a licked man, but he got the decision, which was right. But I fooled 'm. He couldn't get me. An' I fooled the gazabas

that was bettin' he would put me out on short order."

At last, as dawn came on, Billy slept. He groaned and moaned, his face twisting with pain, his body vainly moving and tossing in quest of easement.

So this was prize-fighting, Saxon thought. It was much worse than she had dreamed. She had had no idea that such damage could be wrought with padded gloves. He must never fight again. Street rioting was preferable. She was wondering how much of his silk had been lost, when he mumbled and opened his eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, ere it came to her that his eyes were unseeing and that he was in delirium.

"Saxon! Saxon!" he called.

"Yes, Billy. What is it?"

His hand fumbled over the bed where ordinarily it would have encountered her. Again he called her, and she cried her presence loudly in his ear. He sighed with relief and muttered brokenly:

"I had to do it, Saxon. We needed the money."

His eyes closed, and he slept more soundly, though his muttering continued. She had heard of congestion of the brain, and was frightened. Then she remembered his telling her of the ice Billy Murphy had held against his head.

Throwing a shawl over her head, she ran to the Pile-Drivers' Home on Seventh Street. The barkeeper had just opened, and was sweeping out. From the refrigerator he gave her all the ice she wished to carry, breaking it into convenient pieces for her. Back in the house, she applied a compress of the ice to the base of Billy's brain, placed hot irons to his feet, and bathed his head with witch hazel made cold by resting on the ice.

He slept in the darkened room until late afternoon, when, to Saxon's dismay, he insisted on getting up.

"Gotta make a showin'," he explained defiantly. "They ain't goin' to have the laugh on me."

In torment he was helped by her to dress, and in torment he went forth from the house so that his world should have ocular evidence that the beating he had received did not keep him in bed.

It was another kind of pride, different from a woman's, and Saxon wondered if it were the less admirable for that.

The next instalment of "*The Valley of the Moon*" will appear in the August issue.

An Artiste Without Hobbles

By Alan Dale

THERE are very few actresses who possess a personality that seems absolutely unfitted to modern rôles.

To talk of Edith Wynne Matthison, for instance, as being "handsomely gowned" is almost ludicrous, and to think of her swishing through drawing-rooms and talking platitudes on golden chairs and upholstered sofas gives one a sense of the incongruous. But, oddly enough, this season Miss Matthison, forgetting *Rosalind*, *Viola*, and a dozen other parts that wotted nothing of hobble skirts and the barbarisms of the modern woman, was cast for a rôle in "*The Spy*," a very Parisian play that tried to adorn this peculiar epoch. It was quite extraordinary to watch this eerie proceeding, and one wondered at the managerial logic that prompted it; but, alas! there was but a morbid interest in it, and Miss Matthison's many admirers will endeavor to forget it. It will be among the things best unremembered.

However, though many people believe that Edith Wynne Matthison, who first ap-



PORTRAITS (C) NUBIEL WEATHERS

peared in these United States as *Everyman* in that melancholy "morality" play, has devoted her life to poetic rôles, and has known nothing of the banalities of the every-day stage, she herself told me that this is by no means the case. In the one long talk I had with her she made that point remarkably plain.

"You mustn't think," she said, "that because you all associate me with '*Everyman*'—and it was '*Everyman*' that brought me to America—this was the beginning of my stage career. I don't

The royal pair in "*The Winter's Tale*." Edith Wynne Matthison as the queen. She has played twenty-two Shakespearian rôles, besides many lesser parts—and has found time to be a very domestic wife to Charles Rann Kennedy, the playwright

want to spoil your illusions, but—but I feel that I must tell you that I have played everything that it is possible to play, and—don't laugh!—I have even appeared in musical comedy."

Let that fact sink in well. Edith Wynne

Matthison, whose American repertoire has included "As You Like It," "Everyman," "Twelfth Night," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Servant in the House," "Winterfeast," "Sister Beatrice"—the most impressive production the defunct New Theater ever made—"A Winter's Tale," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Piper"—also at the New Theater—"The Arrow Maker," and "The Palace of the Flower of Han"—actually appeared once upon a time in musical comedy! Wouldn't you like to have seen her? Of course it was in the days when musical comedy wasn't quite what it is—or isn't—at the present time. The Tired Business Man wasn't ruling the roost.

"Yes," she said, "I appeared with Miss Minnie Palmer in 'The School Girl.' I had a small singing voice, and I used it. Then I have played in melodrama—regular out-and-out melodrama. I have had experience of all sorts. There is scarcely anything that I haven't done. I can assure you

the play was originally intended to run for one week only. Just think of that!"

Of course I always expect the unexpected to happen on the stage, so I'm a bad audience for actresses when they want to surprise me. If the expected always happened we should have nothing but horrible



that I have been through it all.

When Miss Evelyn Millard threw up her part in Henry Arthur Jones's play, 'The Lackey's Carnival,' at the Duke of York's Theater in London, I took her place, and perhaps that was the beginning of my success. 'Everyman' was first produced by the Elizabethan Society at the Charterhouse, with an amateur in the leading rôle. Afterward I was selected for the rôle, little thinking what it would mean to me. And

successes with fat personalities in them. It is when expected failures succeed that we get results!

"It is Shakespeare that I love," said Miss Matthison—and in this case one can't possibly regard the statement as an affectation—"and even before I went on the stage I used to read and recite Shakespeare. I have played twenty-two Shakespearian parts, and perhaps you wonder how I have managed to do that. Well, I have played various parts in each play. For instance, in 'As You Like It' I have played both Rosalind and

As Everyman in the play of the same name, which first brought her to America—(Center). As Sister Beatrice in Maeterlinck's impressive play at the New Theater

Celia; in 'Much Ado About Nothing' I have played both Beatrice and Hero, and in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' I have impersonated several characters. Some Shakespearian plays I have never done—'Measure for Measure' and 'Cymbeline,' for instance—but I adore Shakespeare. Juliet is my favorite part, and I have played it very often. So on the whole I think you will agree that my experience has been a very wide one."

Nothing but this wide experience could have given Miss Matthison the ease and delicacy that have charmed the admirers of her work. Perhaps even that little incursion into the ribald realms of musical comedy left its traces in her art.

For on the stage everything counts, and it is only with the mushroom-stars of the particularly present moment that experience seems unnecessary. Miss Matthison belongs that has won out by persistent work, and that when you talk she has enthusiasm of course, but lived the "vicis-stagelife." So, you announce this season in Peter Le Marchant,

"I don't want to spoil your illusions, but—but I feel that I must tell you that I have played everything that it is possible to play, and—don't laugh!—I have even appeared in musical comedy"

to the class hard and you realize with her, and illusions, they have "vicissitudes" of see, her appearance "The Spy," by was not as

surprising to her as it was to us. Possibly if she were asked to act in "Peter Pan" or to sing Julia Sanderson's rôle in "The Sunshine Girl" she would start rehearsals without a misgiving, and I feel convinced that she would give a good performance in either play. In fact, it is impossible to conceive of Edith Wynne Matthison failing absolutely in anything, even if we have learned to associate her with a certain brand of rôle.

Hers is a rare and pellucid art, an art devoid of "nationality,"

(C) BY REEL STRAITSMORE

Who said an actress couldn't also be a housewife?

and she has none of the "frills" of the less successful actress. Also she has no stage mommer, no dog, no tame tiger—nothing but a husband, and—well, what's a husband?



Charming Billie

So, sudden-like, Miss Burke emerged as leading lady with John Drew. She won her way without seeming effort, yet in such subtle fashion that even after

two or three

seasons her admirers still had an idea it was all in her smile, or else in the way she wore her reddish-golden, fluffy hair. Then she branched

DURING the long New York run of "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl," some one had the sky-scraping effrontery to interrogate Miss Billie Burke in the following terms:

"Leaving talent out of the question, which do you think most essential to an actress' success—character, dress, or personal beauty?"

"She may require all three," answered Miss Burke demurely, "and then not have a certainty of winning out."

Miss Burke herself has "all three," and it is not necessary to leave talent out of the question in her case. Neither is there any uncertainty as to her having won out, in her special line, which is romantic comedy of the first order.

It was only a very few years ago that Charles Frohman, after hearing an unadvertised ingénue sing a song at the Adelphi Theater, London, sent for the "girl who acts that song so well." The song was "My Little Canoe," and the singer was Miss Billie Burke.

"Don't sing any more," was the disconcerting advice vouchsafed her by the laconic manager. But that meant, Why remain an unidentified singer, when you can simply smile and have things all your own way as an individual actress? For he recognized unmistakably the fascinating individuality that is behind every fine artistic achievement.

Billie Burke, who played most of the season just past in "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl"

Charming Billie

out as an undivided attraction in "Love Watches," and it became apparent that she had either unusual talent or else phenomenal luck in always being cast for precisely the part that suited her style, in just the sort of play where that style of part stands out advantageously. It is the same, only more so, in this season's successful piece, "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl." A Mona Lisa of modern comedy—that's what she is, with her ever-mysterious smile.

Such being the case, the interviewer instinctively approaches Miss Burke with a line of talk that more or less identifies her with the character she happens to be impersonating at the time. Thus—since Lily is the show-girl who marries the nobleman—she is asked, "Do actresses make good wives?"

"Ha! you might as well ask, Do auburn-haired girls marry well? or, Should a suffragette

strawberry shortcake? How can I tell, unless you specify which particular actress you mean? I know lots of actresses who are the best little wives ever: And

then, again, I know women who have never been on the stage at all, and who ought never to have married. Theoretically, all men and women ought

to marry, or else it is liable just to happen to them, anyway. And yet it is true that a good many stage people have what is called the artistic temperament, and that is essentially a single-life proposition. For my part, I am willing to admit that I have not yet solved the problem." And the smile that bespeaks a bubbling soul shows that she is not worrying about it.

Almost everybody wants to know how Miss Burke "keeps beautiful." For one thing, you must first have your beauty before you can hope for any success in keeping it. "Taking plenty of rest is the main thing," says Miss Burke. "Alarm-clocks have ruined more good-looks than cosmetics"



An Actress from the "Movies"

FROM Film Play to Belasco Fairy-Land; or, A Good Little Graduate of the "Movies." That is the real professional-life romance of Mary Pickford.

Her golden-blonde curls and big wistful violet eyes and budding

Around last Christmas-time, Mr. Belasco plucked this wildflower from the photo-play circuits and transplanted her to Broadway stardom. The motion-picture people opposed the scheme, and



Mary Pickford, who came from the "movies" to the "legit." Her popularity with the motion-picture devotees has been equaled by her success in the fairy play, "A Good Little Devil"



the regular theatrical folk were by no means enthusiastic over it. Even Miss Mary herself felt fearful pangs of uncertainty. Now the result has surprised everybody, and the little leading lady is as pleased and proud as she can be without being spoiled.

This is how she accounts for herself, so far as she knows:

"You see, it isn't as though I were a novice or a débutante. I have had many years of technical training, in the best possible schools of experience—though, even at that, I think imagination counts for more than experience. But I was an Uncle Tomer, playing Little Eva, before I was ten years old. Only about three years ago I was a Confederate kid in 'The Warrens of Virginia.'

"All the same," continues Miss Pickford, in her childlike enthusiasm, "it was the movies that gave me my great opportunity. I got more practical experience out of a few

girlish figure are also her real self, just as you see them in the exquisite blind child, Juliet, in "A Good Little Devil."

Although still in her teens and an unsophisticated believer in fairies, Miss Pickford is a pet of playgoers all over the country who don't even know her name. Her acting has thrilled hundreds of thousands of people who never heard the sound of her voice. The answer to this paradox is: the "Movies."

An Actress from the "Movies"



(C) MURIEL STRATHMORE

There's where you get the pantomime! Yes, and the speaking parts, too. Didn't you know that in these picture plays we speak the speeches and put in all the vocal trimmings, the same as if we were before the footlights in a regular theater? The same with make-up. The eye of the camera is more sensitive and critical than any first-night audience on Broadway. If you overdo the penciling of your eyebrows or put too much powder on your nose, it will show on the film and maybe queer the picture."

"Do you find it difficult to tone down your pantomime expression, and adapt your speaking voice and make-up to the smaller scale of the indoor theater?"

"Yes, of course. As it says in my piano-lesson book, there's 'No Success Without

short years with the movies than some star actresses do in a whole lifetime with the legitimate. I have played such big rôles as Gloria Quayle in 'The Christian,' and the Indian squaw girl in 'Ramona.'

Drudgery.' But it is a great help to have a new part like this Juliet in the Rostand fairy play to begin with, that nobody has set a pattern in before you. Yes, I feel that this is a splendid promotion for me, otherwise I shouldn't have left the movies. I guess I had done all I could there, and I want to advance, never go backward."

"Then, it isn't true that you tried to induce Mr. Belasco to rehearse the 'Good Little Devil' as a moving-picture play?"

"Oh, gubbertymumps! as old Auntie MacMiche says."



Miss Pickford believes in the "movies." "Do you know," she says, "if I were married and had children, I'd begin when they were a year old and have a lot of moving pictures made every birthday until they grew up, and then I'd give them all the films for a wedding present."

(C) MURIEL STRATHMORE

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

In one of his "Wallingford" stories Mr. Chester made the remark that young "Jimmy" was a little shy on ear-lobes and that Wallingford was afraid it meant a tendency in his son toward crookedness. Several readers have been trying out the test. One of them writes that a friend of his is engaged to a young lady "whose ears and cheeks are too close"—and wants to know if it's all right. We'll leave Mr. Chester to answer. The point that chiefly interests us is that you are evidently reading these stories closely and that those who have written in have paid Mr. Chester the highest kind of compliment—the ability to size up and make you see a character in one word. Incidentally, this gift is one of the big charms of the Wallingford stories. In this story Wallingford reduces himself and the other fellow's bank-roll

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

IF you could only see yourself bulge in a chair, Jim, you'd have yourself turned down in a lathe," observed Violet Bonnie Daw complacently.

Wallingford refused to be worried. "Everybody tries to make a comfortable fat man suffer," he replied. "I suppose you want me to go up to Professor Crackling's Reduction Academy and be rolled over a barrel."

"Take the full course," she quickly recommended. "I wish you'd all go."

Blackie Daw, who was shaped like a figure one, looked over his attenuated length with much concern. "I think you're mistaken about me, friend wife," he considered.

"That lump which you suspect as embonpoint is a mosquito bite. Why all this boosting?"

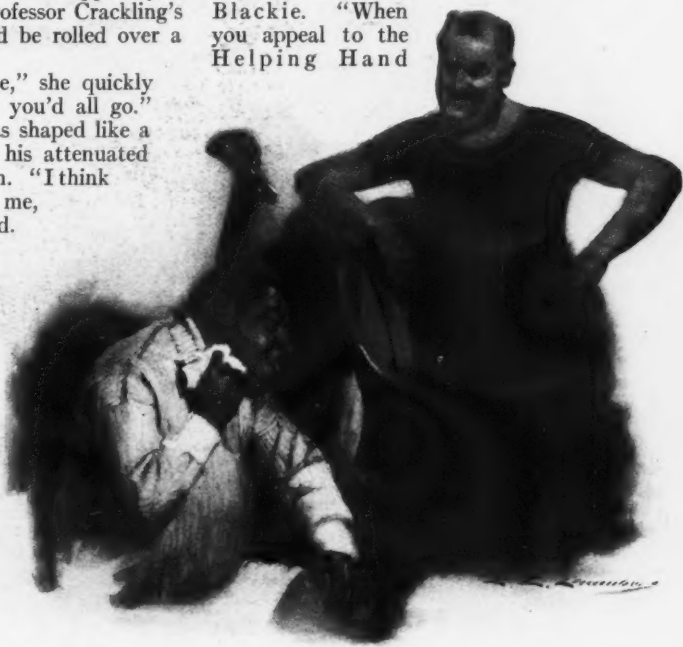
"I'm strong for the professor," explained Violet Bonnie simply. "He's too old to jump through hoops any more, and he's trying to land his business on an old squeeze by the name of Grippendorf."

Wallingford glanced at Blackie, and lost his listless attitude. "Grippendorf," he repeated; "the name's familiar. Has he any money?"

"Gobs, I think; but

he keeps it indexed," reported Violet Bonnie. "There's nothing in it for you, but if you'd come up there and give the professor a boom, I think little old cutie could pull the sale across."

"Now you put it so we can understand it," declared Blackie. "When you appeal to the Helping Hand



Wallingford felt keenly the absence of clothing. All he had to work with was a genial smile

The New Adventures of Wallingford

Society, and mention a guy with money, you do not shriek in vain."

II

GLOOMY and full of pain, J. Rufus Wallingford, in a blue gymnasium suit with yellow stripes, bestrode an electric horse and allowed it to jolt him. Facing him, on a similar instrument of torture, was a round-faced gentleman of generous avoirdupois.

The door of the gymnasium opened, and a tall, black-mustached athlete, who was so thin that it seemed dangerous to have split part of him into legs, dashed in and pranced around the running-track, head up, elbows to ribs, fists to chest, and breathing according to the rigid rule laid down for fat men. This athlete was Blackie Daw, and, after he had made the rounds of the track three times and chinned himself on a horizontal

bar, he came to rest between the two heavy-weight equestrians, and grinned aggravatingly up at them.

"I think I'm improving my figure," he confided to them.

The gentleman facing Wallingford stopped his electric horse, and viewed Blackie with puzzled speculation. "I don't see why you're taking this treatment," he observed.

"I'm to have a job in the anatomy class at a surgical college," responded Blackie gravely. "Bone department." He looked around the gymnasium thoughtfully. "There's one thing I miss here," he went on. "They haven't any reducing apparatus for one-legged fat men."

Wallingford, who had been trying to turn the orange-shaped Mr. Grippendorff's thought into serious commercial channels, stopped his own horse with a jerk, and shot Blackie a venomously warning glance; but



"These are only rough sketches which I made to show the professor," explained Blackie, producing his packet of diagrams. "This one is for the lady, bless her. It is for reducing the expansive upper arms of fussy dressers"

he was too late. Mr. Grippendorf was a sober-minded man, and folly pained him.

"One-legged men are almost never fat," he informed Blackie. "Suffering thins them."

Blackie swung to the top of the horizontal bar, and perched himself on the precarious roost for a comfortable chat. "You don't get my meaning, Mr. Grippendorf," he argued. "My idea is to save the suffering which a fat man always endures, by reducing the leg before he omits it."

Mr. Grippendorf lost patience with the idiot. "A man never knows which leg he's to lose," he pointed out.

"That's just it!" explained Blackie triumphantly. "I'd have right-legged machines and left-legged machines, so that a man could reduce both legs. Now, I'd have these machines—"

Here Mr. Daw gestured a little too far to the right, clutched the bar in time to save himself from a fall, finished with a giant swing, and trotted out of the room.

"That fellow couldn't have been in earnest," pondered Mr. Grippendorf, gazing thoughtfully at the door through which Blackie had disappeared.

"His gourd rattles," pronounced Wallingford, who always had his troubles when Blackie enjoyed himself. "I guess he must have been joking with you."

"Maybe so,"

slowly agreed Mr. Grippendorf, climbing down from his mechanical steed; "but since I'm thinking of going into the business, I don't like to overlook any helpful ideas."

Wallingford mopped his brow, and climbed groaningly from his saddle. "You're the kind of a man I like to do business with,"

"My arm's thin enough from the elbow down," protested the lady. "Ain't there any machines that will work your arms from the elbows up without working them from the elbows down?"



he declared. "You are progressive, and at the same time cautious."

"You bet I am," Mr. Grippendorf answered, with a smile which was stiff from disuse, and he viewed his fellow rider with the eye of critical judgment. "I always investigate new ideas if it don't cost me anything."

Wallingford felt keenly the absence

of clothing. In a broad white waistcoat, a cutaway suit, a silk hat, and a dark red cravat with a four-carat diamond in it, he could probably impress this man, but now all he had to work with was a genial smile.

"I knew it!" he declared, using the smile. It fairly radiated from his big, round, pink

face; it begot and nurtured confidence; it expressed a candid open nature. "I said to myself, 'Mr. Grippendorf is just the man to head a large corporation requiring cautious management.' I'll let you in on a world-beater."

"Well, I always listen," Mr. Grippendorf stated, his eyes puckering until they looked as if they had been screwed in; and he surveyed Wallingford critically from the chin down.

"Maybe we'd better smoke over it after we dress," suggested Wallingford, recognizing what that scrutiny meant.

"No, I can listen here better," insisted Mr. Grippendorf, sitting on the platform of his horse. "A smart man never talks over a business scheme where there's pen and ink handy. Now, what is it?"

Wallingford could have throttled the man, and for once he almost lost his suavity. However, he was too much of an artist in his business to let personal feelings stand in his road; also, he was too much of an artist to injure his chances by talking at the wrong time. He had intended to interest Mr. Grippendorf in a lurid stock company scheme which would give Grippendorf the stock and Wallingford the money, but he felt that the stage setting was not right.

"I haven't my papers with me," he evaded. "Were you thinking of going into general athletics, or a reduction specialty?"

"Reduction," replied Grippendorf, his face now wearing the calmly intent look of a man who knew his business. "I don't know anything about athletics, but I know advertising to the queen's taste; and I've figured out a plan for advertising obesity treatment which should bring every fat person in the United States on the run. Mr. Wallingford, would you change to a brand-new reducing gymnasium if the same treatment was offered at a cheaper rate?"

"I am perfectly satisfied," answered J. Rufus, remembering his friendly errand for Violet Bonnie. "Professor Crackling's Reduction Academy is getting a better reputation every day, and as long as it is here I'll stick."

"Much obliged," said Mr. Grippendorf, digesting that statement slowly. "I've been wondering whether it would be better to buy this one or invite the customers here to patronize a new one."

"An established business is always better than a new one," Wallingford tritely told

him. "Professor Crackling's name is worth money," and having done his duty toward the rheumatic little professor, whose attempts to demonstrate athletics were painfully pathetic, he glanced with loathing at his electric horse, and prepared to go.

Blackie Daw, dressed blithely in his street clothes, from silk hat to patent leathers, returned with his cigarette and his cane, and with him was Professor Crackling, the latter a hollow-chested little man with a bald spot which just escaped his ears.

"I'm glad you're still here, Mr. Grippendorf," said Blackie earnestly. "I've been developing my machine for reducing one-legged men. The fundamental principle of it would be this rowing-apparatus. Right here, on this side, or on whichever side would be opposite to the one from which the patient might eventually happen to have a leg removed, I would place a stirrup which would move twice as fast as the one on the side from which the man might expect to lose a leg; because, you see, there would be no use in a man's wasting as much energy on a leg which was to be cut off as on a leg which he would keep. You get that, don't you?" and with an air of child-like confidence, he gazed frankly into the eyes of Mr. Grippendorf.

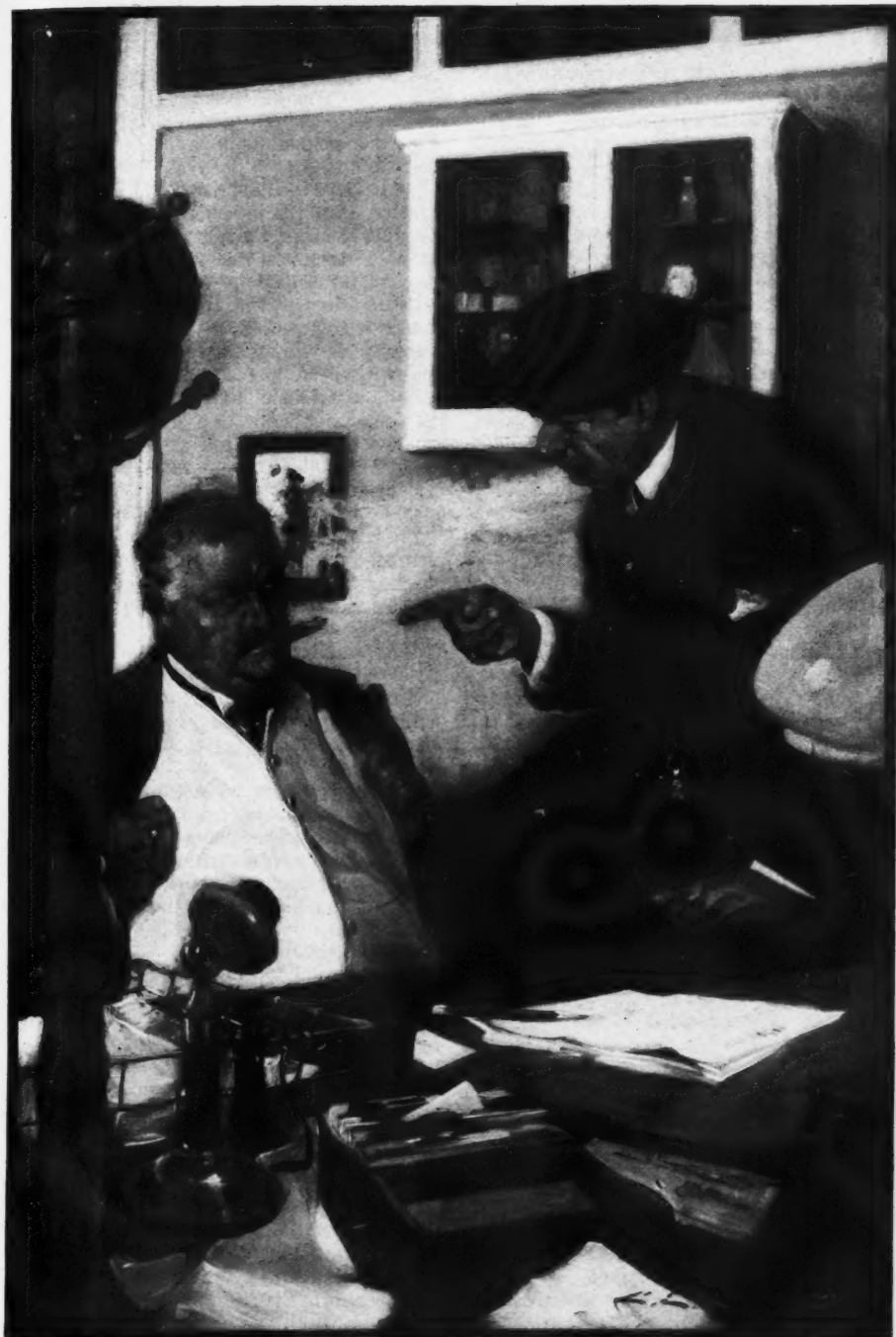
"You're a great joker, Mr. Daw," laughed the professor, who had become very fond of both members of the Daw family; "but, after all, I believe you've struck a valuable idea. A machine which would operate the two sides of the body unequally and alternately would be extremely beneficial in its results. Why, I have a dumb-bell drill on that very principle."

Mr. Grippendorf crowded forward. "What did you say that machine would be like?" he interestedly inquired.

"The two foot-stirrups would work independently, and either one of them would move twice as fast as the other," kindly explained the professor. "It could be done very easily by placing a toggle joint just here," and he indicated the mechanism.

"Do you think it would be any good?" asked Grippendorf, stooping down to study the machine in detail.

"Splendid," the professor assured him, projecting the imaginary machine into actuality. "It would not only be beneficial physically, but mentally, since it would shock the patient into a forgetfulness of monotony, and it would be a most attractive novelty."



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

Mr. Grippendorf ran over to Philadelphia to see Mr. Wallingford. "Wallingford, I'm not satisfied with the way you're running the outside academics," said the office-managing partner roughly. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Wallingford, surveying him coldly

"How much would such a machine cost?" Mr. Grippendorf wanted to know, and when the grinning Blackie walked away, Grippendorf was still asking questions of the professor.

III

As Mr. Grippendorf emerged from the bathroom he recognized, in J. Rufus Wallingford, a far different gentleman from the formless mass with which he had talked in the gymnasium; for J. Rufus was broad of waistcoat, heavy of watch-fob, sleek of attire, and, above all things, prosperous; that was the keynote of him—prosperity!

"I'll buy you a little drink," offered the picture of money, beaming with the cordiality of one who takes his appetizer cheerfully.

"It's against the rules," returned Grippendorf, with that little-used smile which had no merriment in it. "However, I'll go you, if you'll let me off with just one."

"I never take more myself," Wallingford readily stated, classifying Grippendorf on the instant. He was a man who bought a drink for himself at about this time every day, and, if he excused himself beforehand from treating back, he had his drink for nothing.

Wallingford walked him four blocks up the street to a hotel barroom which was well supplied with cozy corners. "Now I'll tell you about that business scheme," he began, when they had their drinks in front of them. "I've been figuring on the fat-reducing business myself."

"I thought you was trying to get a lot of information out of me," immediately returned Grippendorf. "Have you been talking to Crackling about buying his academy?"

"Not me," chuckled Wallingford. "If we're both after him, his price goes up."

"Well, that's sensible anyhow," conceded Grippendorf, giving Wallingford his approval for the first time. "I suppose you'll be starting a new academy?"

"Several of them," replied Wallingford. "Grippendorf, you're too good a man to waste yourself on a small proposition. Come in with me, and let's monopolize the obesity-reducing business. Suppose we buy out Crackling, keep his name, which has stood the test of twenty-five years, start a string of a dozen Crackling obesity parlors, and have something to advertise?"

Mr. Grippendorf regarded him with eye-

narrowing interest. "You were thinking of doing that yourself, you say?"

"Yes, I was," returned Wallingford; "but I need a man of your ability to help me carry it on."

"I haven't the money for such large operations," stated Grippendorf, after a certain amount of silent thought; "but if you had intended to invest the money anyhow, we might talk terms."

Wallingford waved away that consideration most magnificently. "We won't worry about money," he laughed, expanding his chest until he presented the convincing weight of visible millions. "I tell you what I'll do, Grippendorf. I've heard of your operations, and I think so much of your ability that I'll put up two-thirds of the money."

Mr. Grippendorf's whole face puckered. "I'll have to tell you one thing," he observed. "I never go into a business expecting to stay in it. I go in expecting to sell out at a profit."

"There's no fault to find with that," smiled Wallingford.

"Well, I just wanted you to understand it," said Grippendorf. "Now let's have this clear. You're to put up two-thirds of the capital, and I'm to have a half interest in the business."

"Well, yes," agreed Wallingford, with a sufficient amount of hesitation.

"Who's to handle the money?"

"The treasurer, under proper bonds. We'll make you treasurer if you like."

Again Mr. Grippendorf fell into a puckered silence. "This money; it's to be cash?" he suspiciously hinted.

"On the nail," promptly replied Wallingford, absolutely princely in his method of throwing down three bank-books. "Kindly examine those balances."

Mr. Grippendorf examined the handsome bank balances with a sigh. "By jingo, I'll go you!" he decided, and, in an unprecedented burst of enthusiasm he pressed the button and ordered another drink.

IV

ONE week after the purchase of the academy by J. Rufus Wallingford and Samuel Grippendorf, Blackie Daw, who had been careless about his flesh all this while, dropped in to see Professor Crackling, and was both pained and surprised to find that eminent

instructor gone; moreover, he chose a day when Mr. Wallingford was locating branch academies.

"'Twas ever thus," complained Blackie. "I wanted to ask the professor's advice about a private gymnasium."

"Sorry I can't give you his address," returned Mr. Grippendorf, who had carefully refrained from having such information in his possession. "If you'll take my advice, however, I'd say that no private gymnasium can take the place of an old established institution like the Crackling Academies."

"True, quite true," assented Blackie, placing one long finger in the center of his palm, for dramatic effect; "but mine are special needs. I've figured out some apparatus to fight off my particular kind of increase, and I wanted to show them to the professor."

The eyes of Mr. Grippendorf began to pucker. "If my advice will help you, you're welcome to it," he offered.

"I don't like to bother you," hesitated Blackie, reaching into his breast pocket.

"Don't mention it," begged Grippendorf, following eagerly the hand which went into the pocket.

"These are only rough sketches which I made to show the professor," explained Blackie, producing his packet of diagrams. "This one is for the lady, bless her. It is for reducing the expansive upper arms of fussy dressers. As you observe, it requires the same motion of the arms as the well-known and justly famous taffy-pulling machine. Here is one for producing a waist-line where no waist-line previously existed. It consists, as you will take note, of a turntable, upon which the human globe slowly revolves, while gently vibrating rollers oppress the periphery. Here is one for reducing the back, and its operation is similar to that of being put through a clothes-wringer."

"Ingenious, but hardly practical commercially," smiled Mr. Grippendorf, nevertheless examining the drawings with interest, one by one.

Blackie was contemptuous of any commercial idea as applied to his little devices. "I don't give a hoot whether there's a cent in them or not," he stated. "You wouldn't buy them, for instance?"

"Certainly not," responded Mr. Grippendorf hastily.

"That's what I thought," answered Blackie. "I wouldn't even take the trouble

to protect them," and glancing carelessly sidewise he noticed that Mr. Grippendorf's eyes puckered. "What do you think of them for private use?"

"It can't hurt to try them," laughed Mr. Grippendorf, fingering over the drawings again. "You can't damage yourself with them, because nobody sticks with these things long enough to find out their actual value."

"That's right," agreed Blackie. "I'd probably only be wasting my money."

"That's what I think," announced Grippendorf, with an air of superior wisdom.

"Then I won't do anything with them," impulsively stated Blackie, and gathering up the sketches, he threw them in the waste-basket, a course which, in him, by no means surprised the new half-proprietor of Crackling's Academy.

When he left the office, Blackie peered back through the ground-glass of the door. He was not quite sure, but he thought he saw the silhouette of Mr. Grippendorf against the window, reaching into the waste-basket.

V

ALL business, the field-managing partner of the Crackling Academies breezed into the office and found Mr. Grippendorf poring earnestly over some rough pencil sketches.

"Fine location in Philadelphia," reported Wallingford, sitting in the big armchair and lighting a long black cigar. Somehow, when he put his silk hat on top of the desk, he seemed to become the proprietor of the works, and Grippendorf an under foreman. "Low rent, and from month to month, with an option on a long-time lease."

"You're a very fair organizer, Wallingford," admitted Grippendorf, who was most grudging of praise; "in fact, I might say you are a good organizer."

"I hope so," responded Wallingford amiably. "We'll have eight places running full blast inside of a month, and our total investment, including the advertising appropriation, will fall well within our sixty thousand dollars."

"Yes," assented Grippendorf absently. He was tracing out the rather ingenious mechanical construction of the girth-reducing apparatus. It was a fool proposition, but one about which people might talk; and Grippendorf really knew advertising.

"What are you dopping out?" asked Wallingford, fumbling through a pile of letters.

The New Adventures of Wallingford

"Some drawings that fellow Daw left here," answered Grippendorf, with a dry laugh.

"Daw," repeated Wallingford. "Oh, yes that skinny comedian," and he chuckled with reminiscent enjoyment. "Some crazy reducing-machines, I suppose. Want to buy them?"

"No," stated Grippendorf, turning again to the apparatus which was like a clothes-wringer. There was something fascinating in the very absurdity of the devices. "He was going to build them for his private use, but after I told him he'd be wasting his money, he threw the sketches in the wastebasket."

"He'll probably never think of them again," laughed Wallingford. "That idiot's mind is loose in his head. I met him on the street just now, and he showed me some tickets for a trip around the world. He's to be gone a year."

"I think I'd better save these sketches for him," decided Grippendorf, and locked them in his safe.

That afternoon, the office-manager of the Crackling Academies, the same being Mr. Grippendorf, was reminded of the Blackie Daw drawings in rather a curious way. The reminder came from a new patient, known to his intimates as Chinchilla Williams, because of his many whiskers. Mr. Williams had been exercising as unobtrusively as possible, and apparently as little, for about a week, and now he complained that he was becoming lop sided.

"Just measure me up," he invited. "My right leg's half an inch bigger around than my left one, and, in fact, my whole right side is plumper than my left."

Mr. Grippendorf, considerable startled, brought a tape-measure immediately, and was forced to admit that Mr. Williams was right.

"I don't see how that happened," puzzled Grippendorf. "You must have been that way when you came in."

"Not by any means!" indignantly objected Mr. Williams, thereby conveying a lie; for his general bilateral inequality, extending to his brains and even to his morals, had existed from birth. "I got this in the past week, because I suppose I just naturally kick harder with one foot than with the other. You should have a machine to even me up."

"It might not be a bad idea," conceded Mr. Grippendorf, studying Mr. Williams'

slightly over-developed right side with a troubled brow. "There's a lot of people don't measure quite the same, but we have exercises which can be used for that."

"You don't get the right effect," objected Williams. "The regular machines should be adjustable. Take that rowing arrangement, for instance. Why couldn't it be rigged up to work either leg harder than the other?"

"I'll have to study that somewhat," said Grippendorf, with a great appearance of concentrated thought. "I need a few novelties for people to talk about anyhow."

The next afternoon, in the ladies' class, a large person who had been provided by Chinchilla Williams came to Grippendorf in despair about her upper arms.

"I've tried everything," she complained; "but it still takes a yard of lace to span above a twenty-buttoned glove. It's rough lines on a lady that has refinement to have to look like a meat market, and you certainly got to do something."

"I must speak to your instructor," returned Grippendorf. "Have you tried the pulley weights?"

"My arm's thin enough from the elbow down," protested the lady. "Ain't there any machines that will work your arms from the elbows up without working them from the elbows down?" and, to illustrate her needs, she made a motion similar to that of a taffy-pulling machine.

That evening, Mr. Grippendorf spent quite a little time in pondering over the rejected drawings of Blackie Daw, and, in the morning, he spoke to Wallingford about them.

"Maybe those Daw machines would be good business," he speculated. "They're catchy, they wouldn't cost much to make, and they'd take up so much room that, when we come to sell out, the man would think he was getting something for his money."

"All right, put them in," carelessly advised Wallingford, who was preparing for a run to Chicago.

"What about Mr. Daw?" hesitated Grippendorf. "If we'd let him know we want these things, he'd ask us all the money in the world for them."

"Two poohs and a tush for Mr. Daw," laughed Wallingford contemptuously. "That lollop don't know he's alive."

"He is pretty forgetful," mused Grippendorf; "but, just the same, if he saw us

advertising and using any of these machines, he'd remember quick enough."

"Suppose he did," replied Wallingford snapping a rubber band around some papers. "Has he any witnesses to prove that he told you about them?"

"That's so, he hasn't!" exclaimed Grippendorf, brightening quite visibly.

"Well?" queried Wallingford, and put on his hat.

That afternoon, a stocky new patient by the name of Paul Pollet, who wore thick spectacles and a bristling pompadour and a heart full of bitterness toward Wallingford, who had sent him here, came to Grippendorf with a contempt which was not all assumed.

"Your treatment is no better than the rest of them," he declared. "I'm too young to sport a bay-window, but here it is."

"You haven't tried the treatment long enough to know what it will do for you," stated Grippendorf.

"I've tried the others, and they're just like it," said Pollet. "Isn't there some way that continuous massage could be applied around a man's equator?"

"Yes, I think there is," replied Mr. Grippendorf slowly. "I've been figuring on a machine of that kind. You stand on a platform and a circle of vibrating massage-rolls moves slowly around you."

It was wonderful how quickly Paul Pollet grasped that idea. "You've hit it!" he exclaimed with admiration. "Lead me up to a machine like that, and I'll bring all my fat friends. How soon can I step on that platform?"

"In about a week, I think," promised Mr. Grippendorf, after careful deliberation.

"Fine," approved Paul, joyously buttoning his coat. "I'll be back in a week."

One Onion Jones, so named because of the shameless nudity of his head, joined the class that day. "I can't seem to get the

cushions off my back," he stated. "None of these disguises get me there at all, and if I take much more off the rest of me, I'll look hump-shouldered."

"We'll fix that all right," Mr. Grippendorf was pleased to inform him. "I'm having a machine made for just that purpose. Its operation will be like putting you through a clothes-wringer."

When Wallingford came back from Chicago, he found Grippendorf busy with a manufacturer of exercising-apparatus.

"I'm getting estimates on those new machines," the office-manager informed his partner.

"What do you think of taking a chance on Mr. Daw?"

"I don't think it's a chance at all," advised Wallingford. "What can he prove on you?"

"Nothing," claimed Grippendorf, reassured.

"I could even swear he got the ideas from me."

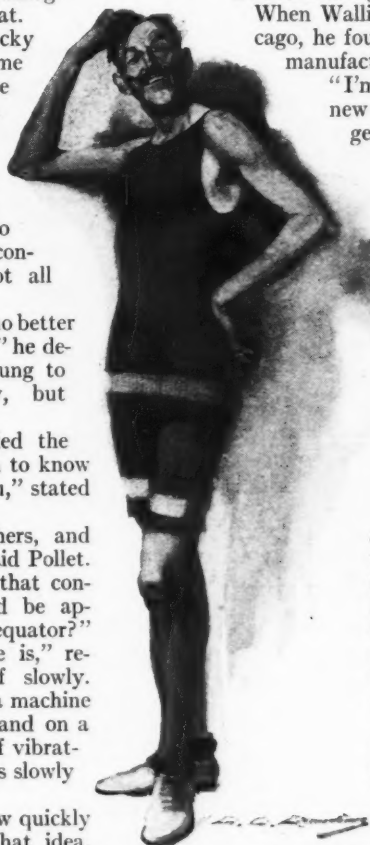
VI

ONION JONES proved to be a cheerful talker, and friendly with cigars and drinks, but the new Daw machines were installed and in operation before he revealed his secret reason for taking the famous Crackling reduction treatment.

"I'm trying to trim down to a cutaway figure," he finally confided to Grippendorf. "A rich uncle left me a quarter of a million, and I want to trapse Fifth Avenue in a shiny hat and a gardenia. It takes a sway-back to do that."

"A quarter of a million is a lot of money," declared Grippendorf, with an immediately heightened interest in this heretofore rather obtrusively unattractive patient. "I hope you have it properly invested."

"You bet it is," complacently asserted Mr. Jones. "It's invested in money, and you can't beat that for handy use."



A tall, black-mustached athlete, who was so thin that it seemed dangerous to have split part of him into legs

"That's a criminally foolish way of looking at it," reproved Grippendorf, genuinely shocked. "The first thing you know you'll have all your capital spent."

"I'll have a bright spot to look back on the rest of my life," boasted Mr. Jones.

"I can't understand extravagance," worried Grippendorf; "but, if you enjoy that way of living, why not invest your money in some good, safe business, and be extravagant on the income?"

"That's a hot idea," applauded Mr. Jones, considering it thoughtfully. "But that ain't as easy as spending the money. It sounds like a cinch to you because you already have a good paying business."

"Yes, that's a fact," hastily assented Mr. Grippendorf, and hurried into the office to think.

He found Onion Jones again in a bathrobe, and he passed his finger-tips waveringly across his forehead.

"I just had another spell of dizziness," he said faintly. "I'm afraid this business is too much for me."

Jones came into the gymnasium next morning, glowing with admiration. "I've just seen your new advertising," he commented. "It's immense! You ought to have a fat man's convention here inside of a week."

"I probably will have," complacently responded Grippendorf. "I know how to build up a big business, but I'm afraid my health won't let me keep it."

"You're not thinking of selling out?" inquired the sympathetic Jones, with an eagerness which was most gratifying to Mr. Grippendorf. It was not often that a prospective investor followed a lead so promptly.

"I may be compelled to," wanly stated Grippendorf. "I'll hold on as long as I can, though. I'll see the eight Crackling Academies filled to their class capacity before I give up," and, walking weakly away, he went into the office and telephoned the first of his brigade of fat men to report for duty.

VII

As a matter of fact, Mr. Grippendorf's advertising was effective. Fat patients, attracted by the glittering guarantee to make them slender and graceful in forty days or their money back, began enrolling themselves in the eight Crackling Academies in goodly numbers; and Grippendorf's

twelve hired reducers, added to the normal increase in business, made the original academy such a hive of industry that W. O. Jones, alias Onion, became worried about Mr. Grippendorf's health.

"You're getting ready to kill yourself," he warned the pucker-eyed man. "If you was only doing a decent business you might get along; but with a rush like this, you'll die ten years before your time."

"I don't see anything to do about it," responded Mr. Grippendorf in a weak voice.

"Sell out," advised Jones.

"To whom?" asked Grippendorf, holding his breath. If he could lead the other party into making the first proposition, he always secured a better price.

"To me," offered Mr. Jones, who was frank and aboveboard, and without thought of guile. "Make the price right, and I'm your party."

Mr. Grippendorf led Mr. Jones carefully about the academy. He protested that it was a sad blow indeed to him to even dream of relinquishing this gold-mine; he showed Mr. Jones the rotund people working dismally at their tasks; he pointed out, one by one, the ingenious machines which were destined to reduce humanity to a slender equality; he laid particular stress on the large and priceless Blackie Daw apparatuses, and he asked Mr. Jones, for the eight prosperous Crackling Academies, the small sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

"You're on," unexpectedly accepted Mr. Jones, apparently desiring to clinch the bargain while Mr. Grippendorf was willing to let it go so cheaply. "I'll give you five thousand dollars cash this afternoon to bind the deal, and my ten-day note for the balance."

VIII

With Onion Jones's five thousand dollars in his pockets, Mr. Grippendorf ran over to Philadelphia to see Mr. Wallingford.

"Wallingford, I'm not satisfied with the way you're running the outside academies," said the office-managing partner roughly. "Our main establishment has fifteen more new patients than any of the others."

"Certainly," acquiesced Wallingford. "You have a well-known location."

"The people who are coming now are strangers," insisted Grippendorf sternly. "They're people who answered the adver-

tising, and you don't turn your inquiries into customers."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Wallingford, surveying his indignant partner coldly.

"Either buy or sell!" declared Mr. Grippendorf, slapping his hands on Wallingford's desk, and working himself into a righteous wrath. "I won't stay in business with a partner who don't handle his people."

Mr. Wallingford's round pink face turned red. "Name your price! he angrily demanded. "What will you give me for my share?"

"Your half of the original sixty thousand dollars' investment!" fiercely offered Grippendorf. "You're lucky to get that, because we'd lose it all if you stayed in the business."

Wallingford leaned calmly back in his chair, and looked Mr. Grippendorf in the eyes. "You cheap bluff!" he scorned. "You can't work any sanded deck on me. The game looks good or you wouldn't offer to buy, at any price. You'll pay me fifty-five thousand dollars, or I'll stick. You can't compel me to either buy or sell."

Mr. Grippendorf blustered, then argued, then he pleaded; but J. Rufus Wallingford was adamant. He said that he had money enough to see the thing through to the finish, and he looked the part. Since he was so immovable, Mr. Grippendorf did a little more careful figuring. He had invested twenty thousand dollars to Wallingford's forty. If he paid his partner fifty-five thousand dollars, Wallingford would make fifteen thousand on the deal. Grippendorf's investment would then amount to seventy-five thousand, but if he sold out to Jones, his own profit would be forty-five thousand. Those figures being satisfactory, he closed with Wallingford on the spot, and gave him a check, which J. Rufus deposited for collection within fifteen minutes. Grippendorf now positively owned the Crackling Academies—with all their assets and liabilities. Grippendorf was satisfied. He had five thousand dollars of Jones's money, and Jones, like all other men, would follow that amount with all he had, rather than lose it.

IX

Blackie Daw swooped down on Samuel Grippendorf like an avenging demon! "I've

come to collect for my patents," he announced, his black mustaches pointing forward with rage.

"What patents?" asked Grippendorf, with an insolent scorn which he did not in the least feel.

"On my reducing-machines," Blackie informed him. "You have thirty-two of them in your eight gymnasiums, and I need a hundred thousand dollars quick!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," sullenly returned Grippendorf, trying to appear busy, as if the interview were over.

"Liar," cheerfully responded Blackie, pulling back his mustaches and curling them. "Professor Crackling was present when I gave you the idea for the one-legged machine; and your former partner, Wallingford, has just confessed to me that you told him you built your machines from my sketches. Of course I had applied for patents before I talked to a crook like you. Cash will do. If you give me a check, I want it certified."

"I'll not say another word to you!" stormed Grippendorf, preserving a brave front to the last, and, leaving Blackie Daw with a rudeness which no gentleman should display to another, he hurried out to see his lawyer.

"You haven't a leg to stand on," advised Grippendorf's legal counselor. "I'll defend your suit, if you insist on standing one, but you'll get off a lot cheaper if you compromise."

The compromise price was fifty thousand dollars, and when it was paid, Grippendorf sat dismally down to figure.

"I don't make a cent," he discovered. "I've already paid out five thousand more than Jones is to give me," and he started to hunt the Onion.

However, W. O. Jones, whose note of hand was a sheer waste of paper, was, at that approximate moment, receiving two thousand dollars for his enactment of the part of uncle's heir.

"Fifty-four thousand to the good, Jim, with everybody paid," calculated Blackie. "Not so bad."

Wallingford surveyed his girth critically. "I believe I lost a couple of pounds on that fool revolving platform, Blackie," he chuckled wonderingly. "I think I'll have one of them built in my garage."

The next story of "*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*" will appear in the August issue.



DRAWN BY M. LÉON BRACKER

While the young couple were welcoming the rabbi, Lapidowitz swooped down upon the refreshment table. Holding a sandwich between his teeth, as if he feared that it might escape him, he tucked half a dozen more into the pockets of his swallow-tailed coat

("Lapidowitz")

Lapidowitz

Did you ever take a laugh instead of a dose of medicine? We recommend it—or, since we have thousands of good physician friends, let us recommend the laugh in addition to the pill. There has come to our attention the case of a man who had to undergo an unfortunate sojourn in a hospital. The enemies of life were battling a little more successfully than the doctors, and the silver cord was loosing—because the spirits were dull—when some one recommended a course of Bruno Lessing's stories. It worked. And the man gives them the credit. We hope you are not "down in the dumps"; but whether you are or not you should enjoy this story, in which the "schnorrer" plans a wedding. The "schnorrer," you remember, is a sure recipe for a laugh

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

OF all the phenomena of life the most curious—to me, at least—has always been the tendency of one thing to lead to another. No sooner do you extricate yourself from one dilemma than you find yourself in another so closely related to and consequent upon the first that they might actually be mother and child. The philosophers do not go very exhaustively into this subject, which is a great pity, but if any philosopher should ever be inclined to make a special study of it he is welcome to all the facts in this narrative that may be of service to him.

The late lamented Plansky was a violinist and, according to his widow, fiddled divinely. This, of course, was before his death. Whether or not his musical talent stood him in good stead in his new sphere is not germane to this narrative. The important point is that he left a widow and a violin behind him. To make both ends meet after her husband's death, the widow Plansky took in a lodger. The name of the lodger was Lapidowitz, a gentleman who lived by his wits, despised labor, and loved the good things of life. The widow Plansky spent the greater part of her time expressing her opinion of her lodger, and when Lapidowitz ran short of other subjects of conversation he could talk for hours about the widow Plansky. For the sake of brevity Lapidowitz's estimate of his landlady may be tabulated as follows:

Her shortcomings: *A terrible temper; extremely suspicious; stingy and grasping; lied; cross-eyed; gossiped; constantly threatened to have people arrested; cold-hearted; ignorant; vindictive; impudent; sycophantic.*

Under the heading, "Her good points,"

is one lone item: *Cooked good coffee for breakfast.*

The widow's estimate of her lodger was much simpler. In her eyes the schnorrer was absolutely and hopelessly good for nothing. Only a woman could have elaborated this quality into the long dissertations the widow Plansky could deliver upon the subject. How near either of them came to the truth has also no bearing upon this narrative. Suffice it that there was no love lost between them.

Lapidowitz owed two weeks' room rent, and rather than discuss the matter with the widow Plansky he had fallen into the habit of leaving his room early in the morning and returning very late at night. He was sitting one afternoon in Milken's café, idly speculating upon what he would do if he were Sultan of the Earth—a favorite pastime of his when he was not busy trying to borrow money—when Milken handed him a letter.

"It has been here nearly two weeks, unt always I forget it to gif it to you," explained Milken.

Lapidowitz would have upbraided Milken for his neglect if he had not owed him so much money. As it was, he gazed at the letter long and intently, wondering who his correspondent could be. It bore a Russian postmark and was dated nearly five weeks before. He finally opened it and read:

DEAR MR. LAPIDOWITZ:

Your father was a good friend of mine and I owe him a great deal for his kindness to me many years ago. In a few days I shall start for America, and the first thing I shall do will be to call on you. Your father often said if he should die before me he wanted me to keep an eye on his son. I hope we will be good friends.

With great esteem,

IGNATZ BIMBERG.

Bimberg! The name seemed strangely familiar to Lapidowitz, but for a long time he could not place it. He was quite sure that he knew no one of that name in Russia, personally and yet—oh, yes! Now he remembered that an immigrant from his native town, in retailing his store of gossip, had mentioned a man named Bimberg as the wealthiest Jew in the place. And, with Lapidowitz's impulsive, rosy optimism he leaped immediately to the conclusion that it was no other than this wealthy Bimberg who was coming to America and who would surely befriend him out of gratitude to his father.

"Look, Milken!" he cried and handed the proprietor the letter.

"Bimberg?" repeated Milken, when he had read it. "Who iss Bimberg?"

"What? You don't know Bimberg? My! Where did you come from? He is the richest Jew in Russia. He and my father were great friends."

Milken was profoundly impressed, but refused, nevertheless, to lend Lapidowitz a cent upon the strength of the letter.

"Maybe Mr. Bimberg comes unt maybe he don't come unt maybe he gifs you a million dollars unt maybe he don't. But till you pay der last ten dollars vot you got off'n me, not vun cent!" was Milken's ultimatum.

Lapidowitz returned to his room determined to establish friendly relations with his landlady and to wheedle a loan out of her upon the strength of the Bimberg letter. He showed her the letter. The widow Plansky scrutinized it carefully, turned it upside down, and held it up to the light. Then she handed it back to Lapidowitz.

"You read it," said she. "I don't know where my glasses are."

Suddenly remembering that the widow could not read, Lapidowitz recited the contents of the letter with such additions, embellishments, embroideries, and improvements that Mrs. Plansky's eyes opened wide with surprise.

"My! What a lot he says in such a little letter!" was her comment. "Who is he?"

"He is the finest man in Russia!" explained Lapidowitz enthusiastically. "He has so much money he couldn't count it in a year. You see, he says in the letter anything I want I can have. So when he comes maybe you can let him have a room."

"He can have the parlor. I never have visitors. When will he be here?"

"He don't say exactly," said Lapidowitz, "but he is sure to come almost any day now. Better get the parlor ready. And, oh, by the way, Mrs. Plansky, I owe you six dollars, don't I?"

Lapidowitz's face wore its most ingratiating smile, and even the widow's stern countenance relaxed.

"You have right," she said.

"So lend me five dollars till comes my friend, and it will make just an even eleven dollars what I owe you."

Lapidowitz's smile had deepened into a smirk that was meant to be playfully affectionate, but every muscle of the widow's face suddenly stiffened.

"People what has rich friends shouldn't borrow money from poor ones," she said.

"Mr. Plansky told me I never should lend money, and you get bad luck if you break a promise to the dead."

Lapidowitz retired to his room cursing the widow and her departed husband through every known phase of existence both here and hereafter. There came a tap upon his door a few minutes later, and the widow entered bearing a violin-case.

"I am getting the parlor ready for your friend," she explained. "You never keep anything in your closet, so I guess I'll keep Mr. Plansky's violin there. Nobody ever uses it, but I want to keep it in a safe place."

Lapidowitz cursed Mr. Plansky's violin. Then he sat down and drew up a list of all his friends on the East Side to whom Mr. Bimberg's letter might appeal as a basis for a loan. After making up the list he began to check off those to whom he already owed money, and when he had completed this task he found that he had checked off the entire list. Lapidowitz sighed. Still, he thought, the unexpected often happens and he might really be doing some of his friends a great injustice. He decided to give them a chance.

For the next two hours Lapidowitz wandered through the Ghetto showing everyone the letter he had received, increasing Mr. Bimberg's fortune with each telling and strengthening the bonds of friendship that had existed between Bimberg and the schnorrer's father. Lubarsky took a "flier" and lent Lapidowitz a dollar. Beyond that no amount of coaxing could induce him to go, and he made it clear to Lapidowitz that if Bimberg ever purchased a house in New York and did not transact his real estate

business through Lubarsky he would sue Lapidowitz for all the money he had lent him.

Late that afternoon Lapidowitz returned to Milken's café, seated himself at a table, heaved a long sigh, and ordered a cup of coffee. Then he bought a cigar, lit it, and began to blow smoke rings and, gradually, his mood of dejection passed away and he began to feel at peace with all the world. Lapidowitz never was unhappy long. Having been accustomed to being without money all his life, the lack of it never depressed him beyond the moment when he needed it. As a matter of fact, borrowing a dollar in an afternoon was not such a bad day's work, and the prospect of a friend of his father's coming to America to help him looked better and better the more he thought of it. As is the case with most liars, the stories that Lapidowitz had told about Bimberg's wealth had made a profound impression on himself. In a little while he began to feel positively happy and looked around the café for company.

At a table near the window sat a young man with his head bowed upon his hands, a very picture of dejection. Lapidowitz knew him slightly—Morris Litoff was his name—and feeling at peace with all the world, hailed him cheerfully.

"You look sad, Mr. Litoff," he exclaimed. "Have you got troubles?"

The young man gazed at him and shook his head with the air of a person to whom life is a despairing void. Lapidowitz crossed the room and seated himself opposite the young man.

"You should cheer up," he said. "I got troubles, too, but it's no use being sad. Is it money?"

Litoff smiled, for he was well acquainted with the characteristics of Lapidowitz.

"No. It ain't money," he said. "If it was money, money would help it. But it's something that nothing in the world can help."

"Well, if it ain't money," said Lapidowitz, as an axiom, "it ain't trouble."

Lapidowitz's success as a schnorrer was largely due to the fact that everyone liked him. Erratic, unreliable, and irresponsible as he was, he nevertheless possessed one of those magnetic natures that attract friends, and Litoff, almost before he knew it, found himself pouring into Lapidowitz's ear his tale of woe.

"Monday night I got to go to Chicago," he said. "My uncle has a place in his business for me, and if I don't start Monday night I lose it. Last night Sammy Levine and I go to a ball, and there we meet a girl. We get introduced. Right away I fall head over heels in love. Oh, if you only could see her! Such a shape! Such a face! Such high-toned manners! Sammy gets just as stuck on her as me, and I bet you he goes calling on her every day and some day marries her. To-day is Friday. In three days I got to go away. What kind of a chance have I got? Tell me! If I could only stay I bet she'd like me."

"I bet she would," said Lapidowitz sympathetically. "Who is she?"

"Oh, you don't know her. Her name is Lillie Krauskopf. She's awfully stylish."

"Sure I know her," said Lapidowitz eagerly. "Ain't she old Solly Krauskopf, the delicatessen man's daughter?"

"That's her," said Litoff sadly. "And on Monday I got to go to Chicago!"

Lapidowitz gazed at him in amazement.

"Well, if you like her so much," said he, "why you don't marry her and take her with you?"

An unmarried man whose soul is free of romance takes a less complicated view of a love affair than a lover. But Litoff shook his head.

"Girls ain't like that," he said. "It's easy to see you never had any experience."

"Listen!" said Lapidowitz. "If she would be willing to marry you—right away—to-night—would you take her to Chicago with you?"

"What a question! Sure I would!"

Lapidowitz gazed at him reflectively.

"You know I'm a good talker," he said. "And I know Lillie better than you do. I could say things to her that you couldn't. Besides I was once a schatchen. How would you like it if I went around and had a talk with her? It wouldn't do any harm and—"

"Mr. Lapidowitz," cried the young man, his face aglow with excitement, "if you could get her to do it you'll be best man at the wedding—and I'll give you a fine present!"

"How much?" asked Lapidowitz. The young man hesitated.

"Twenty dollars," he finally said and seeing the glitter in Lapidowitz's eyes, "after the wedding and not before," he added. Lapidowitz made him swear upon the books

of Moses that he would pay the money as soon as the rabbi pronounced them man and wife.

"Now come with me," he said.

"Oh, I couldn't talk to her," said Litolff hastily. "When I see her I lose all my courage."

"Don't be a donkey. You ain't going to see her just yet. You come with me."

He led the young man to the house where his divinity lived and then pointed to a butcher's shop directly opposite it.

"Stand over there," he said. "If I open the window and wave my hand you come up-stairs as fast as you can and rush into the room and give her a kiss—a quick one. Don't lose any time, and don't wait to talk to her. Rush in, say, 'Lillie, my darling!' and kiss her!"

"But—"

"Don't 'but'! Go across the street and wait."

And before Litolff could add another word Lapidowitz was on his way up the stairs. He was in his element. An undertaking more to his taste than to play John Alden with a reward of twenty dollars dangling before his eyes it would have been difficult to imagine. Here was a field for all his powers of persuasion, and he knew, from experience, that women would always listen to him.

Miss Lillie Krauskopf received him with great cordiality.

"I was awfully lonesome," she said, "and I was just wishing some one would drop in and entertain me."

Lillie was undeniably pretty and pleasing to the eye, but Lapidowitz knew that her father was not in affluent circumstances and wondered why Litolff wanted to marry a girl without a dowry.

"Lillie," he said impressively, "you ought to get married."

"Sure," said Lillie. "Is this a proposal?"

"No! No!" cried Lapidowitz hastily.

"But you know how much I think of you, and it would be for your interest to get married—soon. If I were you I'd get married to-night if I had a chance."

Lillie laughed merrily.

"How can I get married unless I'm asked?" she said.

"I know a fine young fellow who is crazy about you," said Lapidowitz. "His name is Morris Litolff."

The blush that mantled in the girl's

cheeks told him in a twinkling just how matters stood, and Lapidowitz was shrewd enough to take full advantage of the situation.

"Do you mind if I open the window? It's hot in here." And before the girl could answer he had opened the window and waved his arm.

"Listen, Lillie," he said, and spoke quickly, "Morris is a splendid fellow. He's got to go to Chicago on Monday night. It's the best chance he will ever have. He will get rich out there. He is terribly in love with you, only he is bashful and he is afraid to ask you to marry him right away—to-night, maybe. He didn't tell me to ask you, but I didn't like to see him so unhappy. He can't eat and he can't sleep because he's so crazy about you."

He then went on to describe Litolff's character, his honesty, his courage, the warmth of his feelings. He painted in glowing terms the happiness that would be Lillie's married to so fine a young man, how all the girls would envy her, how beautiful her children were sure to be, and how stylishly she could dress on the fortune Litolff was sure to make. As the words came pouring in a torrent from his lips, Lillie, with glistening eyes and mouth agape, stood staring at him, dumfounded. And just as he reached the climax of his peroration, hasty steps were heard upon the stairs, the door was flung open, and in rushed Litolff, pale with excitement.

"Lillie, my darling!" he cried and throwing his arms about her kissed her again and again. For a moment the girl stood stunned and seemed incapable of speech or action. Then her cheeks turned rosy red, and Lapidowitz, the sly rascal, saw her arms slowly fold around the young man's neck.

"Hooray!" he cried, waving his hat. "Now I run out and get the rabbi!"

Before a word could be uttered he was gone. Litolff and Lillie looked at each other, and then they laughed and began kissing anew. Presently they sat down and began to talk like sane beings. Litolff, emboldened now that he knew the girl was fond of him, pleaded and explained and argued—and occasionally kissed—to such good effect that Lillie finally yielded to his entreaty to be married immediately. She even confessed that she had fallen in love with him at first sight and had been thinking of him all that day.

"What will everybody say?" was the thought that worried her most.

"As long as we got to live in Chicago, what difference does it make?" responded Litolff. "As long as your mother doesn't object."

"Oh, mama won't mind," said Lillie calmly. "She got married when she was sixteen. I'm nineteen now, and she thinks I ought to get married long ago."

Then Lapidowitz returned with a long face.

"I seen the rabbi, but he says you got to have a license before you can get married, and it's too late to get a license to-night."

Lillie clapped her hands.

"I'm glad!" she said. "We can get married to-morrow night, and I'll have a chance

to get some clothes. And we can invite some of our friends."

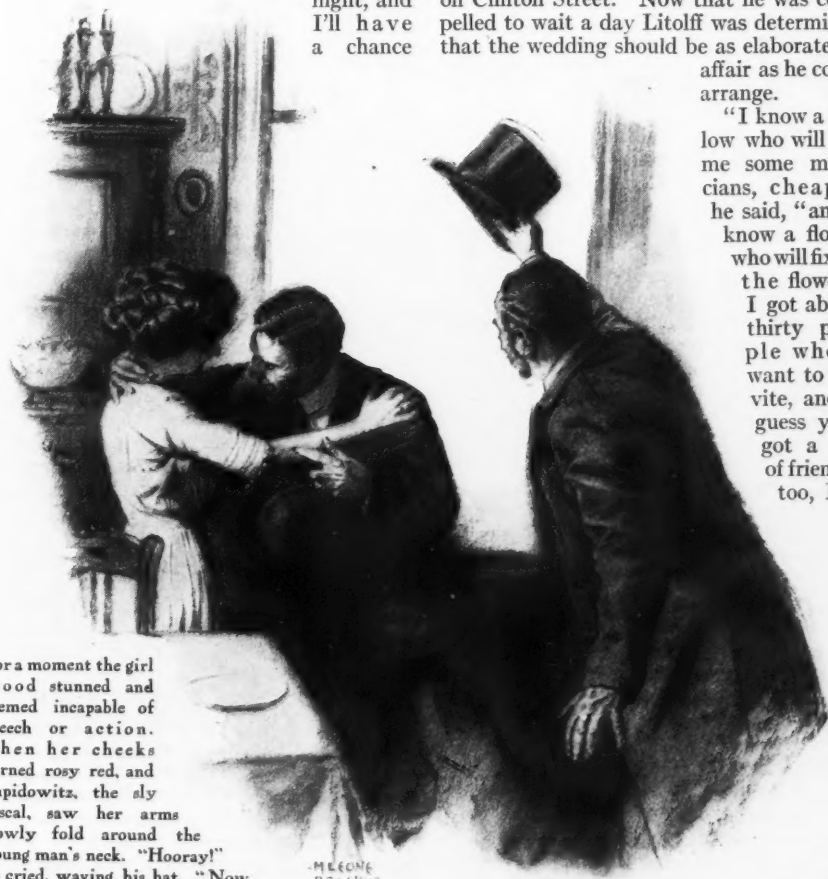
Litolff was forced to assent.

"Anyway," he said, "you'll come out to dinner with me to-night, and we'll talk everything over. Mr. Lapidowitz will come too. I owe him a lot."

Lapidowitz held up his two hands behind Lillie's back, shut them and opened them again to indicate the number twenty, but Litolff shook his head. They all went to the nearest restaurant, where Litolff ordered a more festive meal than Lapidowitz had eaten in many a day. During the dinner it was arranged that Lapidowitz should accompany them to the marriage-license bureau in the morning and, after the license had been secured, he was to hire a small hall on Clinton Street. Now that he was compelled to wait a day Litolff was determined that the wedding should be as elaborate an affair as he could arrange.

"I know a fellow who will get me some musicians, cheap," he said, "and I know a florist who will fix up the flowers. I got about thirty people who I want to invite, and I guess you got a lot of friends, too, Lil.

For a moment the girl stood stunned and seemed incapable of speech or action. Then her cheeks turned rosy red, and Lapidowitz, the sly rascal, saw her arms slowly fold around the young man's neck. "Hooray!" he cried, waving his hat. "Now I run out and get the rabbi!"



MELVYN
BRACY

So I'll have some swell refreshments. All you got to do, Mr. Lapidowitz, is to arrange for the hall and tell the rabbi what time to be there. After that you got nothing to do but go home and put on your dress suit and wait for the wedding. You got to be my best man to bring us luck."

"I ain't got a dress suit," said Lapidowitz.

"Oh, never mind. We don't have to have a best man. We can get married just as tight without it, hey, Lil?"

"Oh, I can easy get a dress suit," said Lapidowitz hastily. The prospect of playing an important part at a function where there was to be music and good things to eat was too alluring to be so easily abandoned.

At the license bureau the following morning Lapidowitz answered so many questions on behalf of both the bride and the groom and dominated the proceedings to such an extent that the clerk asked him sarcastically:

"Say, who's getting married, you or the young chap?"

Lapidowitz insisted on taking possession of the license.

"If I don't show it to the rabbi, he won't come," he explained.

It was with a feeling of great importance that Lapidowitz accomplished his task of hiring the hall and engaging the rabbi, but this satisfactory sensation immediately vanished when he found himself face to face with the problem of equipping himself with a dress suit. He knew that it would be useless to go the rounds of his friends and attempt to borrow money, for he had called upon them all the day before. He had found, from experience, that five days was the minimum of time that must elapse between visits for any chance of success. He called upon Harris on Rivington Street, who made a specialty of renting wedding garments for both men and women. Harris peered at him over his spectacles.

"I'm to be best man at Litoff's wedding," said Lapidowitz in the most nonchalant tone he could assume. "Can I hire a dress suit?"

"Best man?" repeated Harris, with a grin. "Sure you can hire a suit. The last one I got left. Four dollars a day and ten dollars deposit."

"Ten dollars deposit? What for?"

"Because the suit is worth twenty dollars,

and it don't go out of the shop unless I get a deposit. I couldn't sleep all night if I didn't have a deposit."

"Look here, Harris," said Lapidowitz, in a more genial tone, "I'm a little short, just now. But you know me. And look at this letter that I just got. Mr. Bimberg will hire all his dress suits here if I recommend you. And he's got enough money to hire a dress suit every day of his life."

Harris perused the letter, which by this time was somewhat frayed and finger-marked.

"You're a lucky dog, Lapidowitz," he said, handing back the letter.

"And you'll let me have a dress suit without a deposit, won't you?" said Lapidowitz eagerly. "I'll tell Mr. Bimberg about it so soon as he comes. And I'll bring the suit back in the morning."

"Who? Me? Without a deposit? Never!"

Lapidowitz strode from the store, slamming the door behind him. He went to his room and for an hour tried to devise some method of raising ten dollars. Milken, he knew, would refuse to lend it. Litoff would see no reason for his having a dress suit at all. The widow Plansky—a sudden thought shot into his mind, and Lapidowitz sat bolt upright. The violin! Why not pawn it for ten dollars? With the money he was to get from Litoff after the wedding he could redeem it the first thing in the morning and replace it without anyone being the wiser. It seemed a brilliant thought, but presently doubts arose in his mind. Could anyone possibly say he was stealing the violin? Pshaw! How could a man steal a thing and bring it back? That was only borrowing. That's all. Only borrowing!

He began to reason the matter out. When a man begins to reason out a thing that he has made up his mind to do, it is wonderful how fertile his brain suddenly becomes and how promptly his arguments overwhelm his conscience. Lapidowitz reasoned thus:

"I rent this room, don't I? And I rent everything in it. And as long as I pay my rent I have the use of everything in the room, don't I? As long as I don't keep anything I can use it, can't I? If I wanted to take the clock off the mantel and carry it around with me, I could, couldn't I? That is, as long as I was sure to bring it back. So what's the difference if the fiddle is in the

closet
or in the
p a w n -
shop? I'm
responsible for
it, and when I
give up this
room the fiddle
will be here,
won't it? Any-
way, it's safer in
the pawn-shop."

His reasoning
satisfied him
completely, yet
nevertheless,
when he de-
scended the
stairs a few min-
utes later with
the violin hidden
under his over-
coat it was with
the stealthy tread
and the furtive
glances around him of a man who would
have felt embarrassed had he been
observed. A friendly pawn-broker ad-
vanced him ten dollars on the instru-
ment, and with joy in his heart Lapidowitz
returned to Harris' store.



A moment later Lap-
idowitz was climb-
ing down the iron
ladder of the fire-
escape

"Here is your deposit,"
he said loftily. "See that
you give me a good suit."

Harris selected a suit
that he thought likely to
fit the schnorrer and wrap-
ped it up for him.

"It's four dollars a day,"
he said. "How many days
do you want it?"

"How many days does
anybody want a dress
suit? One day, of
course."

"There is no telling,"
responded Harris.

Lapidowitz spent all of
the afternoon and early
evening in Milken's café.
As it grew dark he became
somewhat depressed, and the
thought of the widow's
violin preyed on his mind.
What would she do if she
detected her loss? He had
known her to call a policeman
on the slightest provocation
and, in fact, had often told
his friends about her mania
for having everyone arrested.

"It's too bad about young
Lezinsky," Milken happened
to remark in Yiddish.

"Lezinsky? What did he
do?"

"Haven't you heard? He
borrowed twenty-five dollars from
his boss's cashdrawer without telling
him about it and intended to put it
back in the morning. He said he often
did it. But his boss caught him this time,
and he had to go to Jersey while his father
is trying to settle it."

A cold shudder thrilled up and down
Lapidowitz's spine.

"Why did he have to go to Jersey?" he
asked.

"Oh, he's safe over there for a few days.
The New York police can't arrest you in
Jersey. I guess the boss will take the
money from the young fellow's father when
he cools down. The boy ain't bad."

"Are you sure they can't arrest you in
Jersey?" asked Lapidowitz eagerly.

"Sure I am. It's another state."

Here, at any rate, was a grain of comfort,
for, if anything unpleasant happened, he

could go to Jersey and wait until Mr. Bimberg arrived. Behind a partition in the rear of the café he changed his clothes, and when he reappeared Milken gazed at him in admiration.

"You look good!" he said.

A few minutes later Lapidowitz was in the hall helping Litolf and Lillie receive their guests. A goodly number of people had already arrived.

"Did you arrange with the rabbi?" asked Litolf.

"Sure I did," said Lapidowitz. "Here he comes by the door, now."

"And the license?"

"I got it in my pocket."

While the young couple were welcoming the rabbi, Lapidowitz swooped down upon the refreshment table. Holding a sandwich between his teeth, as if he feared that it might escape him, he tucked half a dozen more into the pockets of his swallow-tailed coat. The hall was quite small and, by this time, was beginning to fill. The air resounded with the chatter of many voices and the tuning of the orchestra. And, just then, a shrill voice in the doorway cried,

"Is Mr. Lapidowitz here?"

Lapidowitz stood on tiptoe and caught a glimpse of the widow Plansky. He turned pale and let a sandwich fall from his hand. Close by him was an open window. And, oh, joy! a fire-escape ran all the way to the yard in the rear of the building. A quick glance around the room convinced him that he was unobserved. A moment later he was climbing down the iron ladder of the fire-escape.

"I want Mr. Lapidowitz!" repeated the shrill voice. Litolf hastened to approach the speaker.

"What is it you want?" he said.

"I don't want you, anyway," was the snappy response. "Mr. Milken told me Mr. Lapidowitz is here, and I want to see him."

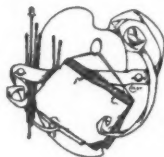
"I'll find him for you," said Litolf.

In a few minutes the entire room resounded with repetitions of Lapidowitz's name, but there came no response from Lapidowitz.

"I guess he went out for a minute," said Litolf. And then the perspiration suddenly stood upon his forehead.

"He's got the wedding license!"

This story of "**Lapidowitz**" will be concluded in the August issue.



Get the Harrison Fisher Picture

on this month's cover. It is entitled "A Helping Hand," and depicts a dainty maid learning to handle the oars under the tuition of a grizzled old salt, whose weatherbeaten face offers a contrasting background to the fresh beauty of his pupil.

This charming composition is fairly replete with the plash of sunlit waves, the sting of the salt breeze, and the joyous freedom of the open sea, and is printed, without any lettering, on high-grade pebbled paper, size 14x11 inches. Price 15c. Should you have failed to take advantage of any of our previous offers of FISHER PICTURES, or should your set be still incomplete, you may include this in your selection of any four for 50c. For your convenience an illustrated circular has been prepared. It will accompany your order, or will be sent free on request.

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is painting a series of striking **CARTOONS IN COLOR**, the first two of which have just been published.

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New York City

Easy Money in Coonville

By E. W. Kemble



I

"De professor done say he gib me ten cents for ebery butterfly
I done ketch for him wif dis ole fish-net."



II

"Honey, you is mine, dat you is!"



III

"An' de ten cents what goes wif you."



IV.

"Moses in de bulrushes, sabe dis chile!"

HOW "THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER"

PIONEERED IN ADVERTISING ADVERTISING

THIS is the plain tale of how a great newspaper advertised its advertising columns and succeeded not only in increasing the volume of its advertising patronage but also in obtaining additional circulation on the strength of the fact that it prints far more advertising than any other newspaper in its own city.

The campaign described below arose from our desire to learn how many every day, human stories of success result from the use of Want Ads in *The Chicago Tribune*.

Early in the year 1911 we published a prize offer asking for true stories concerning the successful use of *Tribune* Want Ads. We expected to get a few testimonials which our representatives might use in soliciting further business. We were astonished and delighted at receiving over a thousand of the most stirring manuscripts that ever came into our office. In an introduction which he wrote for a booklet which was subsequently printed, containing many of these Little Stories of Success, Herbert Kaufman said in part: "This is a book of tabloid biographies—a collection of life stories—a series of adventures with success. It makes pretense neither to literary merit nor romance and yet it vibrates with the basic quality of all good literature—conviction—and throbs with the mightiest of all romance—truth."

Instead of using the expected testimonials in our Advertising Department, our Sunday Department seized upon these manuscripts with a justifiable eagerness and printed the eight prize-winning letters as front page stories for eight consecutive Sundays, in our *Workers' Magazine*. In addition to these eight Sunday stories, many others were printed in a news department established on the spot and appropriately called, "Little Stories Of Success."

The first prize was given to Charles Wolff, a German chauffeur who arrived in Chicago with a capital of five cents and a total ignorance of the English language. His whole career in his adopted country was settled by a series of little *Tribune* Want Ads and the account of his struggles, of how he was later joined by his wife and baby from Paris and of his subsequent happiness, would move a heart of stone. The concluding paragraph in Charles' letter was this: "I shall be an American citizen next October and we think never to leave the United States except for a trip back to see our friends. Should there be need

to fight for this country, I know how to handle a rifle as I was a crack shot in one of the best armies in Europe."

The other stories that were printed were equally stirring and in addition to being published as news features in *The Tribune* itself, many of them were subsequently made up into advertisements and inserted in other Chicago newspapers, in a highly successful attempt to center public interest upon the Want Ad columns of *The Tribune*. So successful was this campaign of advertising Advertising that the "Situations Wanted" Ads in *The Tribune* increased by 20 per cent. over the previous year. By placing before the public the human stories traceable to Want Ads, *The Tribune* increased the readers of its Want Ad columns by many hundreds, with a consequent benefit to every advertiser in these columns.

Encouraged by the unexpected success of this campaign, we then made plans to teach the people of Chicago the economic value of reading display advertising and consequently of buying the one newspaper in Chicago that printed the largest amount of advertising.

For many years *The Tribune* has printed far more advertising than any other Chicago paper and for the past few months even more than the leading paper in New York City. Upon this point was centered the campaign of advertising our display advertising. Another contest was announced, offering a series of prizes for the best letters telling of successful experiences in buying from display advertising in *The Tribune*. The response from the public was again genuine and generous. From among the hundreds of letters received, ten prize winners were selected whose stories were verified both by personal investigation and by affidavit, as was the case with the Want Ad stories, and subsequently made into advertisements which were inserted in *The Tribune* and in several of the other Chicago papers.

The intimate nature of these stories and their human appeal attracted the attention of everyone. A bride wrote us how she and her husband had saved nearly \$100 on their first purchase of furniture for the new home. A resident of a nearby city described how he had come to Chicago as a result of an advertisement in *The Tribune*, purchased a complete outfit of clothes and, deducting his railroad fare both ways, saved \$15 on the day's shopping. This man said in conclusion:

"All my friends are now following my example in reading and buying from *Tribune* advertisements. They too have learned to appreciate their worth."

Naturally this kind of advertising is of inestimable value to the patrons of *The Tribune's* advertising columns. It is absolute insurance against an unresponsive market—insurance upon which *The Tribune* itself pays the premiums. It produced a more careful reading of advertisements in *The Tribune* and consequently made more productive all the advertisements in our columns. But the surprising part of it was found in the fact that we actually secured additional circulation by means of this advertising. In common with other publications, we had from time to time previously advertised our sources of news, our cartoons and our features, but as far as our experience goes, no publication, whether newspaper or magazine, has ever before increased circulation by advertising its advertising columns to the public.

Encouraged by this second success, we went a step further and endeavored to back up the salesmen of our merchandise by advertising in just the same way that the manufacturer of any product seeks to increase the sale of it through publicity. We selected sixteen cities outside of Chicago from which the major part of the so-called national advertising comes. In one or more of the leading newspapers in each of these cities we inserted a series of advertisements describing the opportunities offered by Chicago as a market and by *The Tribune* as a medium to reach that market. Some of our friends were aghast at our hardihood in paying for the entire circulation of these metropolitan newspapers when our own possible market among their circulations was less than 1 per cent. But we believed that we were on the right track and proceeded to carry out our plans.

Many have asked us, "What was the result of all this expenditure—What did you actually receive in dollars and cents from this unique investment?" The answer is simple and convincing. The most important result of these campaigns, we believe, is to be found in the increased advertising of the advertising business on the part of publications and organizations both on this and on the other side of the water. While we could not be so bold as to claim that every move in this direction is a direct result of our own efforts and an emulation of our own example, at the same time we feel somewhat responsible for starting the ball rolling. You who read this story do not need

to be told of the increasing activity among the various Advertising Clubs and Associations; of the spotlight that is now being thrown upon the crooked advertiser and his methods; of the premium that is being placed upon honesty and efficiency in advertising. In our own columns during the past year there have appeared over 40,000 lines from publications other than our own, which have advertised their merits as advertising mediums. This is an increase of 348 per cent. over the same kind of advertising in the previous year. The amount of space devoted by newspapers and magazines during the last year to advertising Advertising has been many times the amount used for that purpose in the previous year. The advertisers of England have but recently appropriated \$1,000,000 to advertising Advertising and to "elevate the advertising profession."

The effect upon our own business has been no less apparent. As this story is written, the circulation of *The Daily Tribune* is 8 per cent. greater than last year, while the circulation of *The Sunday Tribune* shows an increase of 3 per cent.

At the end of the calendar year 1912, which for several reasons not the fault of the newspapers themselves, was not a good year for Chicago newspapers, *The Tribune* increased its advertising patronage by nearly 2,000 columns over the previous year, while the combined decrease of the seven other Chicago papers was nearly 6,000 columns. From the testimony of our regular advertisers, the increased efficiency of *The Tribune's* advertising columns by reason of the increased interest created in them through the campaigns above described, has been distinctly apparent.

The story which you are now reading is part of a new campaign into which we have entered. While again our possible market among advertisers is less than 1 per cent. of the combined circulation of all the magazines in which we are now advertising, we believe that the investment is a wise one and that the returns from it for our readers, for our advertisers and for ourselves will justify this belief. We seek the same reputation among all the national advertisers of the United States that we now enjoy among such of them as have already used our columns, and among our own local houses, many of whom have built up their present reputations solely through the use of advertising in *The Tribune*.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

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